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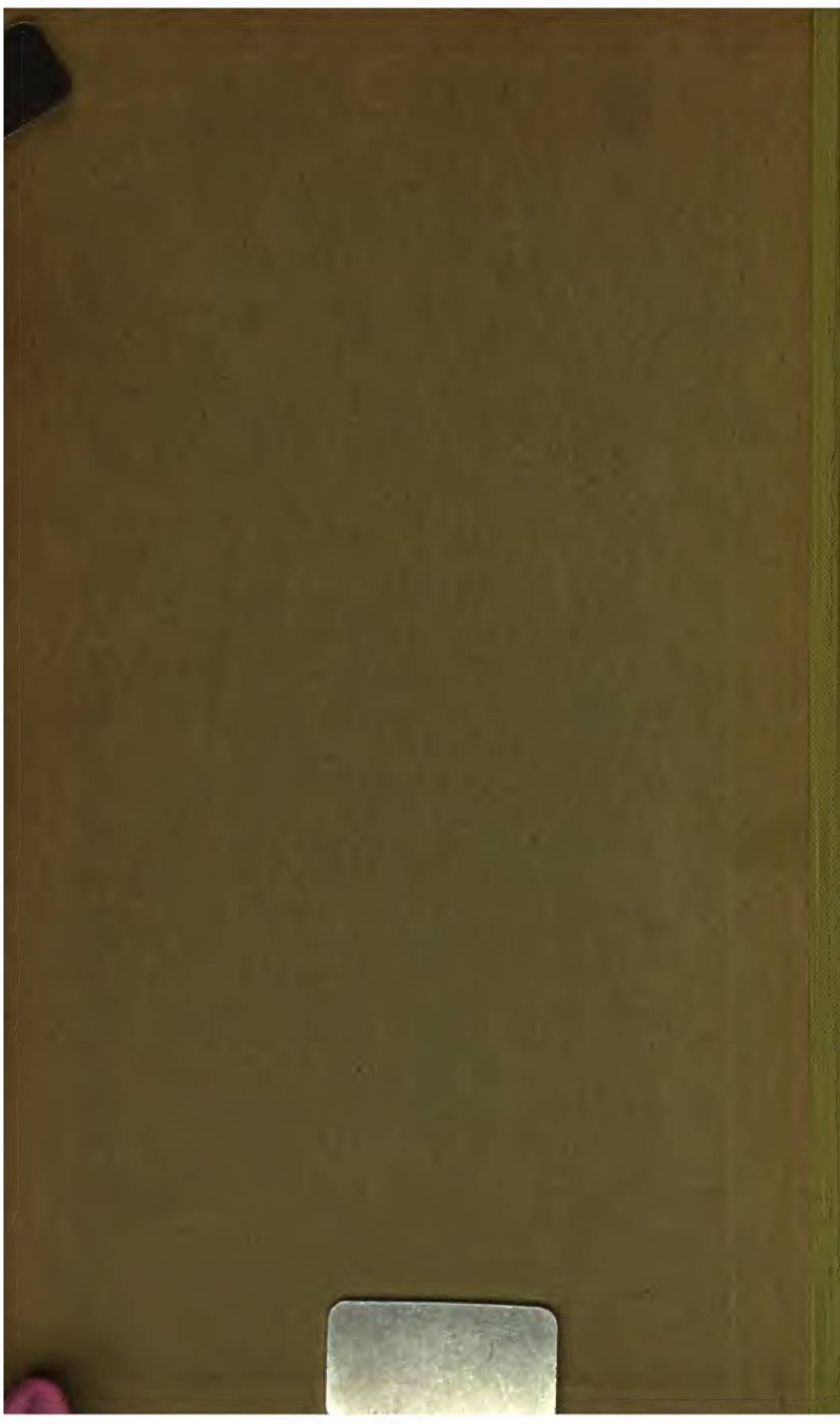
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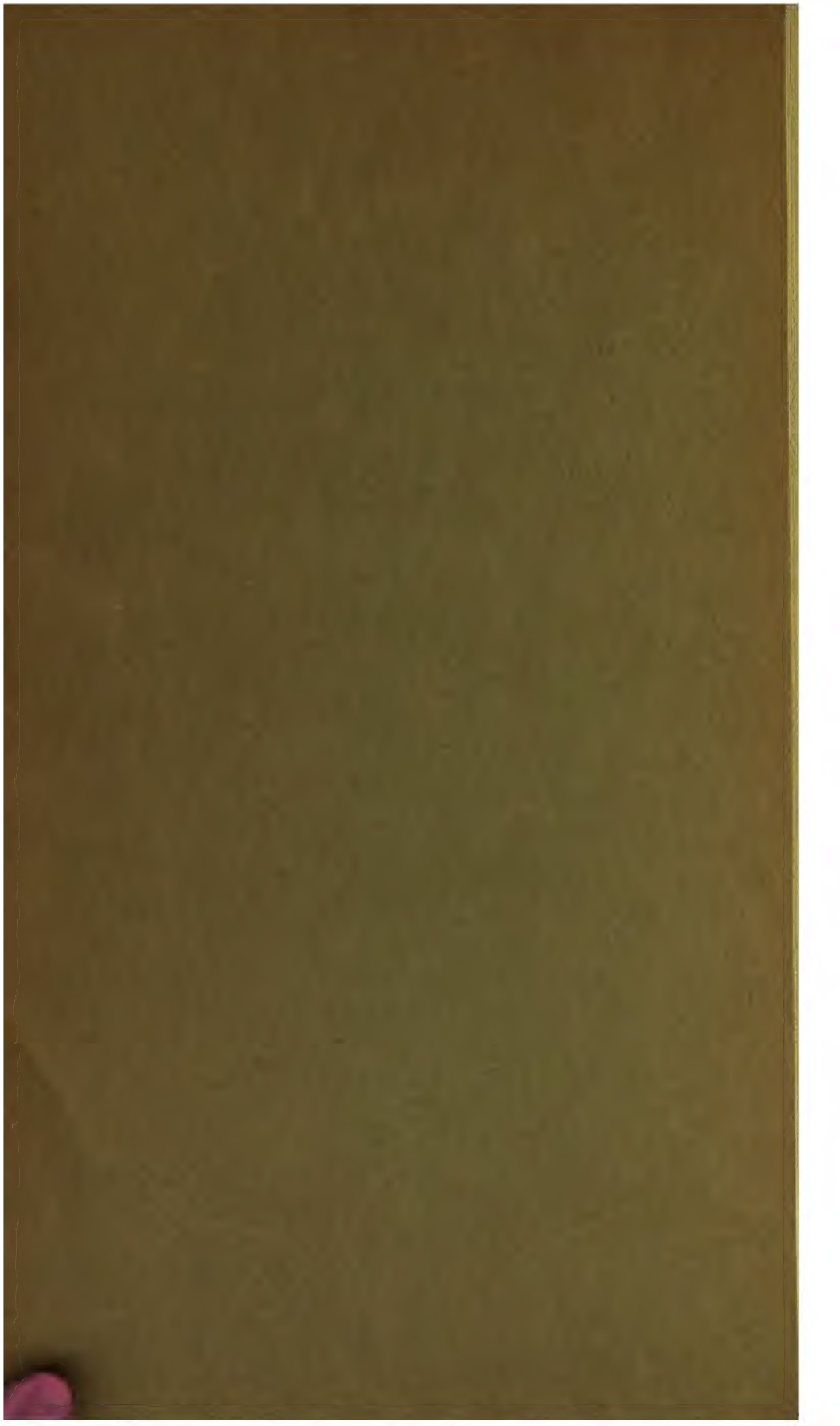


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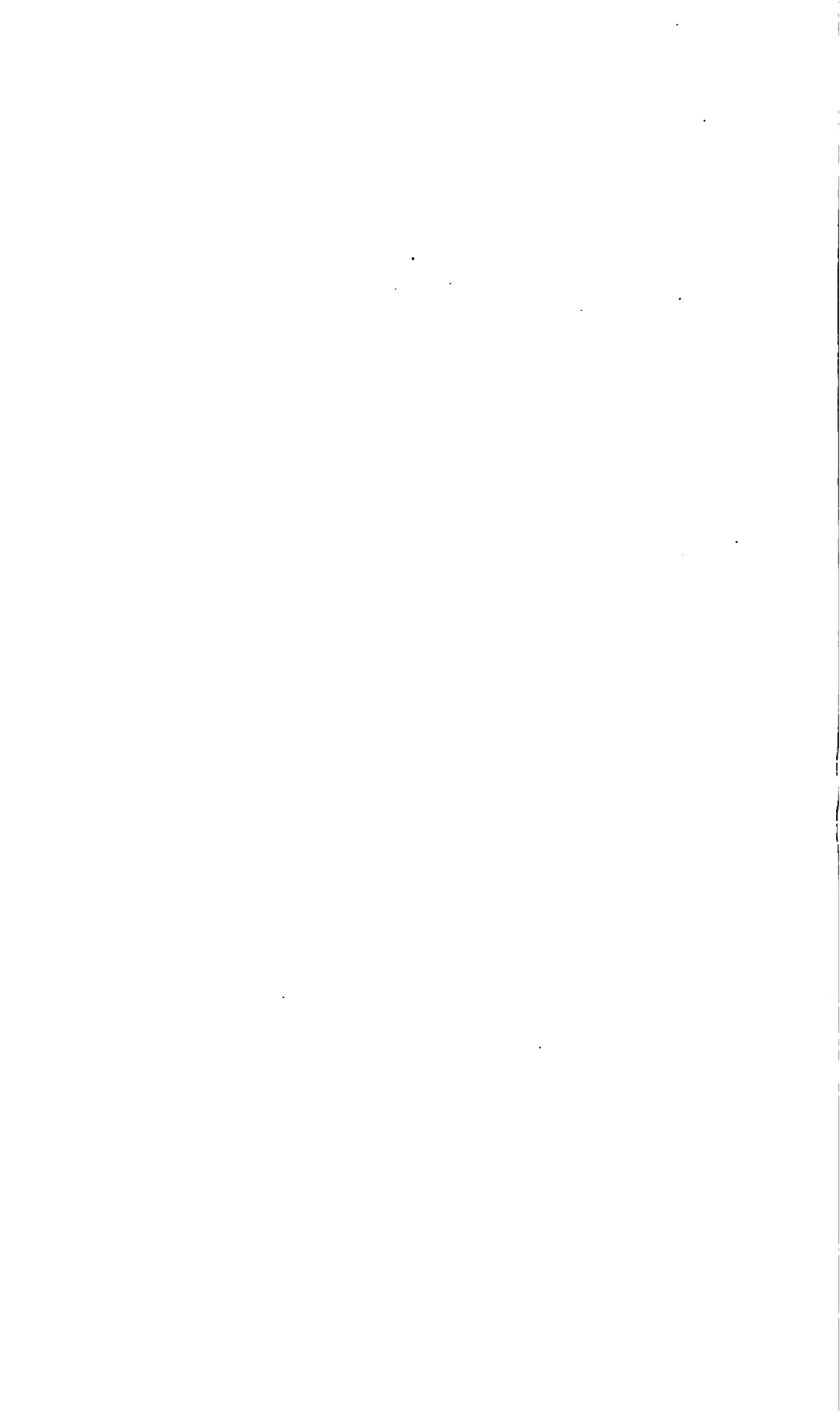












**RERUM BRITANNICARUM MEDII ÆVI  
SCRIPTORES,**

**OR**

**CHRONICLES AND MEMORIALS OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND**

**DURING**

**THE MIDDLE AGES.**



**THE CHRONICLES AND MEMORIALS**  
**OF**  
**GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND**  
**DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.**

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHORITY OF HER MAJESTY'S TREASURY, UNDER THE  
DIRECTION OF THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

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ON the 26th of January 1857, the Master of the Rolls submitted to the Treasury a proposal for the publication of materials for the History of this Country from the Invasion of the Romans to the Reign of Henry VIII.

The Master of the Rolls suggested that these materials should be selected for publication under competent editors without reference to periodical or chronological arrangement, without mutilation or abridgment, preference being given, in the first instance, to such materials as were most scarce and valuable.

He proposed that each chronicle or historical document to be edited should be treated in the same way as if the editor were engaged on an *Editio Princeps*; and for this purpose the most correct text should be formed from an accurate collation of the best MSS.

To render the work more generally useful, the Master of the Rolls suggested that the editor should give an account of the MSS. employed by him, of their age and their peculiarities; that he should add to the work a brief account of the life and times of the author, and any remarks necessary to explain the chronology; but no other note or comment was to be allowed, except what might be necessary to establish the correctness of the text.



The works to be published in octavo, separately, as they were finished ; the whole responsibility of the task resting upon the editors, who were to be chosen by the Master of the Rolls with the sanction of the Treasury.

The Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury, after a careful consideration of the subject, expressed their opinion in a Treasury Minute, dated February 9, 1857, that the plan recommended by the Master of the Rolls "was well calculated for the accomplishment of this important national object, in an effectual and satisfactory manner, within a reasonable time, and provided proper attention be paid to economy, in making the detailed arrangements, without unnecessary expense."

They expressed their approbation of the proposal that each chronicle and historical document should be edited in such a manner as to represent with all possible correctness the text of each writer, derived from a collation of the best MSS., and that no notes should be added, except such as were illustrative of the various readings. They suggested, however, that the preface to each work should contain, in addition to the particulars proposed by the Master of the Rolls, a biographical account of the author, so far as authentic materials existed for that purpose, and an estimate of his historical credibility and value.

In compliance with the order of the Treasury, the Master of the Rolls has selected for publication for the present year such works as he considered best calculated to fill up the chasms existing in the printed materials of English history ; and of these works the present is one.

*Rolls House,*  
*December 1857.*

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THE  
BUIK OF THE CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND;  
OR  
A METRICAL VERSION OF THE HISTORY OF  
HECTOR BOECE ;  
BY  
WILLIAM STEWART.

EDITED  
BY  
WILLIAM B. TURNBULL, ESQ.  
OF LINCOLN'S INN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

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TREASURY, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

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1902

THE BUIK OF THE CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

VOL. II.

HEIR ENDIS THE SAXT BUKE AND BEGYNNIS THE      Lib. 7, f. 100 b.  
• SEVINT, CONTENAND MONY SINDRIE [THINGIS]      Col. 1.  
OF THE ROMANIS AND OF THE DISTRUCTION  
OF ROME BE THE GOTIS, AND OF THE CUMING  
AGANE OF THE SCOTTIS IN THAIR AWIN LAND  
BE THE SECUND FERGUS.

Fra all the Scottis prescribit war ilkone  
In sindrie landis out of Albione;  
Sum in Denmark, and sum in Norowa,  
Sum in the Ylis, and sum in Orkna,      20,240  
So fremmitlie in mony sindrie land,  
Sum be the se, and vther sum be the sand,  
With soir travell than baith with barne and wyfe,  
Richt mony da leidand ane langsum lyfe.  
This Maximus, of quhome befor I tald,      20,245  
In all his tyme baith bellicois and bald,  
Walkryfe in weir, in all thing wyss and war,  
Richt circumspect and weill culd se on far  
Quhat wer to cum or apperand to be,  
Be thing bygane so greit ingyne had he.      20,250  
And quhen he knew richt weill that it wes sua  
In Albione that tyme he had no fa,  
Into na steid his stait that durst ganestand,  
Baith ill and gude war all at his command.

HOW MAXIMUS HELD ANE COUNSALL IN EBORAC,  
QUHAIR HE DEWYDIT SCOTLAND, DEILLAND IT  
BETUIX THE BRITIS AND THE PECHTIS.

Sone efter that, in Eborac I weyne, 20,255  
The lordis all befoir him gart convene  
Of Brit and Pecht into ane parliament,  
Quhair he diuydit with thair hail consent,  
The Scottis landis baith be land and se.  
Syne euerilk man efter his facultie, 20,260  
Als far that tyme as he culd vnderstand,  
Rewardit hes than with the Scottis land.  
To Pecht and Brit, Romane and all the laif,  
Full greit reward oft syis he thame gaif.  
So full he wes of liberalitie, \* 20,265  
And vsit so his greit auctoritie,  
In Albione bayth with knaif and knicht  
He louit wes aboue all vther wicht.  
So large he wes, so humull and so wyss,  
So meik also and full of gentreiss, 20,270  
So plesand als in ernist and in pla,  
That all the Romanes in Britania,  
Bayth ill and gude, with thair auctoritie  
Declarit him thair emprioure to be.

HÖW MAXIMUS WAS CROVNIT EMPRIOURE IN  
LONDOUN.

Col. 2. In Lundoun toun with hie laud and honour, 20,275  
With diademe maid him thair emprioure ;  
And sevintene 3eir or thair about so lang,  
As emprioure in Albione he rang.  
At his command haif[and] boith les and moir,  
As neuir ane vther had his tyme befoir, 20,280  
In Albione the hail auctoritie,  
Na 3it sen syne I wait nocht quhat will be.

HOW THE EMPRIOURE GART WITH BATTELL PERSEW  
MAXIMUS.

In Rome that tyme thair rang ane emprioure,  
 Hecht Walentyne, quhilk wes of grit honour.  
 This emprioure, quhen that he hes hard tell 20,235  
 How Maximus agane him did rebell,  
 In greit contempzione of his majestie,  
 Declarand him ane emprioure to be ;  
 Quhairfor with thame till him alway wes trew,  
 With mort battell he gart thame oft persew. 20,290  
 Bot of his purpois he culd nocht prevail,  
 Far oftar ay he wes maid for to fail,  
 And tyne the feild no victour for to be,  
 Quhylis be strenth, quhilis be subtilitie.  
 Quhen tua houndis richt oft hes other preuit, 20,295  
 Into bergane quhill tha be baith mischeuit,  
 And none of thame can haif the victorie,  
 Tha wilbe fane ilkane to go other by.  
 Sielyk that tyme I say heir be thai tuo :  
 Quhen ilk of thame had preuit other so 20,300  
 But victorie, than war thai fane to ceiss,  
 Betuix thame tuo syne mak gude rest and peice.  
 Than Maximus, as victour him allone,  
 Ane emprioure he rang in Albione.

HOW MAXIMUS, EFTER THAT HE HAD SUBDEWIT  
 ALBIONE, PASSIT IN GALLIA WITH ANE GREIT  
 ARMIE OF PECHTIS, ROMANIS AND BRITIS,  
 AND SYNE WAS SLANE BE THEODOC[I]US.

Bot men that ar in greit auctoritie, 20,305  
 Richt schort quhile standis in prosperitie ;  
 For quhen thai ar most heiche vpon the quheill,  
 And traistis than that all thing standis weill,  
 Than tha misknaw God and Fortoun so far,  
 Na wounder is suppois tha get the war, 20,310



That stryvis baith aganes God and mycht,  
 And Fortoun als that brocht him to the licht.  
 Men sould be war sic tyme and gyde thame weill,  
 For quhen ane mane is heast on the quheill,  
 He sould be wyss and heir him self rycht law; 20,315  
 Quha fallis heichast gettis the grittest faw.  
 Be Maximus I say this thing for-thy,  
 Quhen Albione culd nocht him satisfy,  
 Bot sone efter he dressit him till go  
 To Gallia and other landis mo, 20,320  
 For to subdew thame to his senzeorie,  
 Lib. 7, f. 101. For hie vane gloir and for na vther quhy,  
 Col. 1. With mony Pecht and mony Romane knycht,  
 And mony vther worthie war and wicht;  
 And all the strenthtis into Albione 20,325  
 He stuffit thame, syne furth his way is gone.  
 To schip burd went syne efter on ane da,  
 Out our the pais tuke land in Gallia;  
 And how he fuir that tyme in his travell,  
 It war our lang and tariesum to tell, 20,330  
 And I haif nocht that mater in memorie,  
 It is sua lang sen that I saw that storie.  
 That mater als pertenis nocht to me,  
 Thairfoir as now heir I will lat it be.  
 Bot for to tell 3ow schortlie of his end, 20,335  
 Gif it be trew as my author me kend,  
 Efter he had subdewit Gallia,  
 And mony landis in Germania,  
 And slane also had nobill Gratianus,  
 Vincust he wes be Theodocius 20,340  
 In plane battell quhair he lost the lyfe;  
 Thus endit he that maid so mekle stryfe.  
 Lat him go now sen that he is gone,  
 And turne agane to tell of Albione:  
 Sic aventure amang thame as befell, 20,345  
 Will 3e tak tent and 3e sall heir me tell.

HOW OCTAUEUS, THE SONE OF OCTAUEUS FOIR-  
SAID, COME FURTH OF GALLIA IN BRITANE,  
DESYRAND TO BE MAID KING.

Ane nobill man of fredome and of fame,  
Octaueus quhilk callit wes to name,  
Octaueus son, as I befor schort quhile  
Schew to ȝow heir, that fled in Mona Yle, 20,360  
For to remane with gude Eugenius,  
And his bruther the ȝoung Ethodeus,  
Quhilk efter fled, as my author did sa,  
Fra Maximus far furth in Gallia.  
Syne quhen he knew that Maximus wes slane, 20,365  
Weill ma ȝe wit thairof he wes full fane.  
In Britane als that tyme thair wes na king  
Of Britis blude, thairfoir but tareing  
Bownit in Britane thair or he wald blin,  
His croun agane and kinrik for to win, 20,360  
Quhilk wes his eldaris heretage of ald,  
And his fatheris, befor as I haif tald.  
Befoir the lordis that tyme in Britane,  
Into ane court quhair that counsall began,  
Thair he hes maid, with richt lang sermoning, 20,365  
Ane sair complaint in wanting of thair king;  
And that the realm sa lang wes destitute,  
Without ane king cumit of the Britis blude,  
Quhilk wes his fatheris heretage of ald;  
His will it wes thairfoir gif that tha wald 20,370  
To mak him king at thair plesour and will,  
As he that had most rycht and clame thair till.  
And als he schew, how that the Romanes strang  
Had thirlit thame in seruitude so lang,  
And maid thame all bot bondis for to be 20,375  
Quhair thai wer wont befor for to leve frie.  
Thairfoir, he said, gif he richt wnderstude,  
Had thai ane king wer of thair awin blude,

Col. 2. That he wald suffer greit traveill and pane,  
 For to reskew thair libertie agane. 20,380  
 And sen that he wes of the blude royall,  
 And narrest air discendand lineall,  
 And sone also to gude Octaveus,  
 Quhilk wes so constant and so curt[e]us,  
 That for thair saik sufferit sa mekle pane 20,385  
 For to reskew thair libertie agane.  
 Thus and siclike in presence of thame aw  
 He said, and mair than I will to 30w schaw.

HOW THIS OCTAUEUS, BE THE PERSWASIOUN HE  
 MAID TO THE BRITIS, WAS CROVNIT KING IN  
 LONDOUN.

Thro quhais sueit and subtill perswasioun,  
 In rob royall with sceptour, sword and croun, 20,390  
 Octaveus thair haif thai crownit king  
 Of all Britane amang thame for to ring.  
 The Romanis all into Britania,  
 Keipand the strenthis in that tyme that la,  
 Resistit thame than als far as tha mocht, 20,395  
 And euirilk da hes done all that tha docht.  
 Bot all for nocht, that tyme it wald nocht be,  
 The Britis wer so blyth of libertie,  
 And had sic curage als of thair new king,  
 Tha set the Romanis bot at lytill thing; 20,400  
 And euerilk da hes done thame grit injure,  
 Dischargand thame of all office and cuir,  
 Puttand thame out of all auctoritie,  
 And maid the Britis alway to leve fre.

HOW THE EMPRIOURE THEODOCIUS SEND ANE  
 ARMIE IN TO BRITANE TO DANTOUN THIS  
 FOIRSAID OCTAUEUS.

The emprioure than Theodocius, 20,405  
 Quhen that he hard how that Octaveus

Rebellit had in Britane of the new,  
 Than sone he send, the Romanis to reskew  
 Into Britane remanand that war than  
 Within strenthis, richt mony nobill man, 20,410  
 And to reduce the Britis les and moir  
 To Cesaris faith siclike as of befoir,  
 Or with mort battell planelie thame persew.  
 And so thai did, quhair mony ane thai slew  
 On euerilk syde, or tha weiris wald ceiss, 20,415  
 Syne at the last betuix thame wes maid peice.  
 With thir conditionis endit wes<sup>1</sup> thair stryfe :  
 Octaeus, for terme of all his lyfe,  
 Sould bruik the croun without ony discord,  
 Of all Britane be callit king and lord ; 20,420  
 And all the strenthis that wer in thair landis  
 Suld all be put in the Romanis handis,  
 Evin as tha stude at that tyme ane and aw,  
 With haill power to execute the law,  
 And siclike tribute for to gif alsua, 20,425  
 As tha war wont to Maximus to pa.

HOW THE EMPRIoure SEND TUA LEGATIS IN Lib.7, f.101b.  
 BRITANE, MARTIUS THE TANE AND VICTORIUS Col. 1.  
 THE TOTHER.

The emprioure then, Theodocius,  
 Quhen all wes done as I haif said 3ow thus,  
 Fra Rome that tyme tua legatis he hes send  
 To fortifie his richtis, and defend 20,430  
 In Albione gif ony wald rebell ;  
 The tane of thame, that tyme as I hard tell,  
 Hicht Victoryn, the tother Martius,  
 In Lundoun toun, my author sayis thus,  
 For to remane and president to be 20,435  
 Of all the South and haif auctoritie.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *with*.

And Victoryn, as my author did tell,  
 In Eborac for to remane and duell,  
 To execute the law in Romane stylis,  
 Fra Eborac evin vnto the North Ylis. 20,440  
 And so thai did that tyme in Albione,  
 Our all pairtis but contradictione.

HOW VICTORIUS COMMANDIT THE PECHTIS TO VSE  
 THE ROMANE LAWES AND FORBEIR THAIR AWIN.

In this same tyme to 3ow now that I schaw,  
 The Pechtis 3it wer vsand thair awin law,  
 As Maximus thame grantit of befoir. 20,445  
 This Victoryn thame manassit with grit schoir,  
 In pane of deid, tha sould sua hardie be  
 As to hald law of thair auctoritie;  
 Sen of the Romanis that tha held thair land,  
 Tha war our hardie for to tak on hand, 20,450  
 And semit weill that stude bot litill aw,  
 At thair awin hand to execute the law,  
 As tha to Cesar suld pertene nothing,  
 Thair self, thair law, thair landis, and thair king.  
 Quhairfoir, he said, wnder all charge and pane, 20,455  
 To execute sic barbour lawes agane,  
 In tyme to cum Romanes sould judgis be,  
 And tha ansuer to thair auctoritie;  
 Of na les pane na wanting of his heid  
 Incontinent quha that maid pley or pleid. 20,460

HEIR FOLLOWIS HOW HARGUSTUS, THE KING OF  
 PECHTIS, WAS SO SURDEWIT WITH VICTORYN,  
 FOR GREIT DISPLESOUR ON ANE TYME QUIET-  
 LIE IN HIS CHALMER SLEW HIM SELFF.

Hargust thair king, that wes baith waik and ald,  
 Quhen that he hard thir tydenis to him tald,  
 So greit displesour thair of that he tuke,  
 The lang nycht our but ony sleip he woik.

Fra end to end oft sleipand neurir ane wynk, 20,465  
 The day also withoutin meit or drink ;  
 So noyit he wes with sic melancolie,  
 That of him self almaist he set nocht by.  
 Sobband full soir oft syis sayand allace!  
 Into his eild to haif sa havie caice, 20,470  
 To lois his law and als his libertie,  
 And all his legis bondis for to be  
 To the Romanis, quhilk wes his mortall fo.  
 " Allace!" he said, "thairfoir that I did so,  
 " Wnto the Scottis that I wes so vntrew. 20,475  
 " Wa wirth the wicht in quhome that tressoun grew,  
 " Tha[t] causit me so sone to fail to thame,  
 " Quhilk wytyles wes anent ws of all blame!  
 " Perfitlie now I know and wnderstand,  
 " Als lang as we to thame keipit oure band, 20,480  
 " And tha till ws, and we to thame, wer trew,  
 " That the Romanis durst nocht ws than persew;  
 " And quhen thai did, tha come bot litill speid,  
 " So trew tha war and traist to ws at neid.  
 " The quhilk throw ws ar brocht boith les and 20,485  
 moir,  
 " To nocht for euer. Alace!" he said, "thairfoir,  
 " Had tha bene now as tha war wont to be,  
 " In Albione at thair awin libertie,  
 " At sic freindschip as we war of befoir,  
 " The Romanes durst full lytill mak sic schoir. 20,490  
 " Bot now," he said "fairweill; that help is gone!"  
 Thus secreitlie oft syis he maid his mone  
 Vnto him self, vpoun the same maneir,  
 Weipand full soir that pitie wes till heir.  
 And quhen he saw that thair wes no remeid, 20,495  
 With sic desyre than of his awin deid,  
 Vpone ane tyme secreit be him awin sell,  
 Gif it be trew I hard my author tell,  
 In his wodnes ane lang knyfe furth he drew,  
 Quhairwith richt sone him awin self he slew. 20,500

Col. 2.



HOW VICTORYN, HEIRAND OF THE DEITH OF  
HARGUSTUS, COMMANDIT THE PECHTIS WNDER  
THE PANE OF DEITH THAT THA SOULD MAK  
NA MA KINGIS AGANE.

This Victoryn, quhen he hard of that thing,  
The greit mischance and fortoun of that king,  
And how he had maid sic ane wickit end,  
Rycht sone ane herald he hes to thame send,  
Commanding thame nane be so pert to prewe, 20,505  
In tyme to cum, without the Romanes leve,  
Of thair awin blude to mak ane king agane,  
In pane of deid and wnder na les pane.  
And quhen the herald had maid his proclame,  
He tuke his leif, and syne he sped him hame. 20,510

HOW THE PECHTIS CROWNIT ANE KING ATTOUIR  
FORBIDDING.

The lordis all that war into Pec[h]tland,  
That tyme wald nocht obtemper his command,  
The quhilk so far declynit fra the rycht.  
Thair hartis war so full of pryde and hicht,  
Thair curage als that tyme wes so quik, 20,515  
With ane consent contempnit that edik.  
Syne at ane counsall in Camelidone,  
Quhair thai convenit in the tyme ilkone,  
And crownit hes ane king wes callit Drust,  
That sone and air wes to this ilk Hargust, 20,520  
Quhome of befoir schort quhile I maid 3ow kend  
Off his deidis and his vnhappie end.

Lib.7, f.102.  
Col. 1.

HOW VICTORIN, HEIRING THE PECHTIS HES MAID  
ANE KING, COME WITH ANE GREIT ARMIE  
VNWITTAND OF THE PECHTIS, AND SET ANE  
GREIT SEIG TO THE TOUN OF CAMELIDONE.

To Victoryn quhen thir tydenis wer tald,  
Withoutin lat no langar than he wald

Mak sojourning ; in all the haist he mocht, 20,525  
 Into Pechtland ane greit armie he brocht.  
 This new maid king and his lordis ilkone  
 Remanand war into Camelidone,  
 Takand thair plesour in all sport and play,  
 Deliciouslie in meit and drink allway, 20,530  
 Or thai war warnit thair be ony wicht,  
 This Victorin, with mony Romane knight,  
 Hes vmbeset thame baith be land and se,  
 That tha had nother tyme nor place to fle.  
 And quben tha wist that tha nicht noch go 20,535  
 lens,  
 Stuffit the toun and maid thame for defence :  
 Greit stalwart stonis laid vpone the wall,  
 Drew draw briggis, and lute portculzeis fall :  
 Closand the portis baith be land and se,  
 Syne forsit thame with mony stone and trie. 20,540

#### HOW VICTORIN SEIGIT AND WAN THE TOUN OF CAMELIDONE.

Be that the Romanes war alreddie boun,  
 And laid ane seig evin round about the toun,  
 Of bowmen bald with bent bowis in hand,  
 Syne maid ane sailze baith be se and land.  
 And tha within hes maid defence richt lang, 20,545  
 Baith arrowis schot, and greit stonis outslang  
 Attour the wall that wounder wes to se ;  
 Als thick as hail the braid arrowis did fle.  
 The Romanis than sic prattik had in weir,  
 And alass tha war so garnist in thair geir, 20,550  
 Of instrumentis richt so thai had no falt,  
 That neidful war to mak sailzie or salt ;  
 And weill tha wist that thair wes gude to wyn,  
 And better will, thairfoir or tha wald blin,

Into the toun thai leit thame tak no rest, 20,555  
 Quhill force it wes to thame syne at the lest  
 Gif our the toun, and put thame in thair will,  
 Quhat euir it war than other gude or ill.

HOW VICTORYN DELT THE SPULZE OF THE TOUN  
 TO THE ROMANIS AND SEND THE KING OF  
 PECHTIS TO ROME.

This Victorin, efter the toun wes wyn,  
 All gold and riches that he fand thairin, 20,560  
 Withoutin delay he hes gart in that tyde  
 Richt equalie amang his men diuyde.  
 The 3 young Drust and his lordis also  
 War principall, he hes maid thame till go,  
 Fast bund in band to Lundoun toun the way, 20,565  
 And syne to Rome, as my author did say,  
 To Cesar send and put into his will,  
 Sic auenture dame Fortoun send thame till.  
 Col. 2. And all the laif that he fand thair that tyme,  
 As pairtakaris accusit of that cryme, 20,570  
 Sum he gart hang, and vther sum he gart heid;  
 With lytill pley thus endit all that pleid.  
 So war tha puneist all baith les and moir,  
 For tha war fals to thair freindis befoir.

HOW VICTORIN MAID BONDIS OF ALL THE PECHTIS.

In tyme to cum that thai sould nocht rebell, 20,575  
 This Victorin, as my author did tell,  
 Hes bondis maid of all the nobill blude,  
 And all the laive put in vyle servitude.  
 At his plesour, but ony dome or law,  
 In cart and wane he gart thame drag and 20,580  
 draw,

With greit displesour and with mekle pyne ;  
 Out of the erth thai gart thame metall fyne,  
 And out of craigis gart thame stonis hew,  
 And euirilk da torment thame of the new.  
 The ferd part zeirlie of thair gude alsua, 20,585  
 To procuratouris of Cesaris gart thame pa ;  
 Of corne and crop, of cattell and of stoir,  
 Of all thair wyning siclike les and moir,  
 In pane of deith, gif ony wald defraude,  
 Or war so pert ane<sup>1</sup> pennyworth to had. 20,590  
 Syne gart thame pas richt far into the North,  
 With wyfe and barne bezond the watter of Forth,  
 Thair to remane for euir, baith man and page ;  
 Syne to the Britis gif in heretage  
 The landis all that thai had in the South, 20,595  
 Lyand fra Forth southwart to Tuedis mouth.  
 Syne efter that gart big into that tyde,  
 Fra Abircorne vnto the mouth of Clyde,  
 Of erd and stone ane mekle heiche strang wall,  
 With fowseis braid that war rycht deip withall, 20,600  
 That cassin war that tyme on euerilk syde  
 The Britis fra the Pechtis to devyde.  
 Syne gaif command wnder the pane of deid,  
 And no les pane nor wanting of his heid,  
 That ony Pecht sould be so perth to preve, 20,605  
 To pas that wall without the legatis leve,  
 Bot all thair tyme bezond that wall remane.  
 God wait or nocht gif that tha sufferit pane,  
 In langsum lyfe withoutin libertie,  
 Halding thair handis to the hevin on hie, 20,610  
 Cryand of Christ, and his mother also,  
 Thame to deliuer of that endles wo,  
 And help thame out of all that cruell pane,  
 Or in this warld no langar to remane !

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *in*.

For tha war puneist in that tyme so soir, 20,615  
 Aneuch tha said for all the falt befoir,  
 Tha[t] tha had maid in breking of thair band,  
 Agane the Scottis quhen tha tuke on hand  
 For to be fals withoutin caus or querrell,  
 To pleis the Romanis, lukand to no perrell. 20,620  
 As ressonne wald and petie als thairfoir,  
 Sen thair awin wand hes dung thame than so soir,  
 Than tyme it war that God sould on thame rew,  
 Sen in his faith tha war ay leill and trew.  
 In this wrest I lat thame heir remane, 20,625  
 And to the Scottis turne I will agane:  
 Withoutin lat quha lykis now till heir  
 Of aventuris that I can tell perqueir,  
 My purpois is now at this tyme to tell,  
 The fassoun how and in quhat tyme tha befell. 20,630

Lib. 7, f. 102b.  
 Col. 1.

HEIR EFTER FOLLOWIS HOW THE SUCCESSIOUN OF  
 ETHODEUS IN DENMARK, QUHILK WAS BRU-  
 THER TO EWGENIUS, AND OF HIS SONE FER-  
 GUS; HOW HE WAS AT THE DISTRUCTIOUN OF  
 ROME, AND OF HIS CUMING IN SCOTLAND.

It is weill wist how gude Ethodeus,  
 That bruther wes to king Eugenius,  
 Be Maximus wes baneist Albione,  
 In Denmark syne for to remane is gone.  
 For caus he wes come of so nobill blude, 20,635  
 The king him tretit like ane man of gude,  
 And gaif him landis quhair he had most levar,  
 In heretage to him and his for cuir:  
 Quhair he remanit that tyme all his lyfe,  
 In greit abundance baith with barne and wyffe. 20,640  
 Ane sone he had, quhilk hecht Fergus to name,  
 Borne of his wyfe or that he come fra hame,  
 Quhilk wes his air succeidand in his steid,  
 Ane lytill quhile efter his fatheris deid

Spousit ane wyfe, as my author did sa, 20,645  
 The quhilk to name that callit wes Rocha,  
 That dochter wes to nobill Rorichus,  
 The grittest lord, my storie tellis thus,  
 In all Denmark he wes except the king ;  
 He weddit hir at kirkdur with ane ring. 20,650  
 He gat on hir ane sone callit Fergus,  
 In all this warld wes nane mair curious ;  
 Quhilk efterwart tuke greit travell and pane,  
 For to reskew his heretage agane,  
 As I to 3ow sall schaw with Goddis grace, 20,655  
 Heir sone efter quhen tyme cumis and place.

HOW ALARICUS, KING OF GOTHIS, PASSIT WITH  
 ANE GREIT ARMIE OF DAYNIS, NORROWAIS,  
 GOTIS AND GERMANIS TO ROME, AND SEIGIT  
 THE TOUN OF ROME, AND SONE EFTER WAN IT  
 AND HELD IT AT HIS PLESURE.

In this same tyme the men of Cithea,  
 Of Denmark, Gothland and Sa[r]matia,  
 Of Germanie als, with ane will and consent,  
 Agane to the Romanes all to the weir tha went. 20,660  
 Alaricus, that wes of Gothis king,  
 Had all his ost that tyme at his gyding,  
 At his counsall and als at his command,  
 Ay as he wald to weild wnder his wand.  
 The haill counsall with consent of the lave, 20,665  
 As principall to him that tyme tha gaif  
 With thair consent the haill authoritie,  
 Of all the laif at his command to be.

HOW FERGUS WAS MAID CAPTANE TO THE DANIS.

Out of Denmark thair wes chosin than,  
 With him to wend richt mony nobill man, 20,670



This 3oung Fergus, of quhome befor I tald,  
 Wes chiftane maid that wes baith big and bald,  
 And mony Scot with him that tyme is gone,  
 That exulat wer out of Albione  
 Col. 1. Into Denmark, and mony vther mo, 20,675  
 With 3oung Fergus that tyme wer maid to go,  
 With him to hyde and be at his bidding,  
 As principall nixt Alaric the king.  
 Of thair passage this wes the caus and quhy,  
 Tha had the Romanis at so grit invye; 20,680  
 That throw thair pryde, thair power, and [thair]  
 hicht,  
 Our all this warld but ony caus or richt,  
 With injust battell spilt sa mekle blude,  
 Puttand sa mony to vyle servitude,  
 And mony one maid exull for to be 20,685  
 In vncouth land, richt far fra hame to fle,  
 At thair plesour but ony caus or quhy,  
 That all this warld culd thame nocht satisfie.

HOW ALARICUS WAN MONY FEILD IN ALMANY, AND  
 SYNE FINALLIE SEIGIT THE TOUN OF ROME

Alaricus, of Gothis that wes king,  
 Furth that he went with all his gay gaddering; 20,690  
 And how he [fure] adpertenis nocht to me  
 To tell this tyme, thairfoir I lat it be.  
 It wer so langsum for to put in ryme,  
 And occupie als wald sa mekle tyme,  
 To my purpois impediment also, 20,695  
 Thairfoir as now sic thing I will lat go.  
 3it will I tell, for I haif space and tume,  
 How efterwart he set ane seig to Rome.  
 Efter lang battell and greit victorie,  
 Decrettit hes with all his senzeorie, 20,700  
 To Rome ane seig richt suddanelie to la;  
 And so he did sone efter one ane da,

With all devyiss quhairby he mycht prevail,  
 The citie scharplie than he did assaill,  
 With gun and ganzie, and sic ganand geir, 20,706  
 All instrument that neidfull war in weir,  
 With bow and slung to cast arrow and stone,  
 Quhat neidfull war thair of tha wantit none.  
 And tha within, as richt weill ma be kend,  
 Wantit richt noch that sould ane toun defend, 20,710  
 Quhilk dantonit had sa mony king and prince,  
 War put that tyme into so hard defence,  
 And sufferit hes sic outrage and ourthraw,  
 With the outwaill than of this warld aw,  
 That neur sensyne attenis to sic gloir, 20,715  
 Na sic honour as that tha had befor.  
 To tell this tyme our lang it war to me,  
 The grit mister and the miseritie;  
 Thair is no clerk can write with pen and ink  
 The greit distress tha had of meit and drink, 20,720  
 Within the toun ane weill lang tyme thai had,  
 That mony one of mennis flesche wes fed.  
 The mother thocht that tyme bot lytill harme,  
 To eit hir child that la into hir arme;  
 No zit na terrour in hir mynd it kest 20,725  
 To eit his fiteis that suckit hir breist,  
 And in hir wame for to ressaue agane  
 The child scho buir with grit dolour and pane.  
 With so greit hunger lang tyme in the toun,  
 Tha war ourset and brocht to confusioun; 20,730  
 In falt of meit thair deit than far ma  
 Within the toun, nor sword or knyfe did sla.

HOW ALARICUS WAN ROME THE FIRST DA OF  
 APRILE THE 3<sup>IR</sup> OF GOD FOUR HUNDRETH  
 AND TUELF 3<sup>IR</sup>IS.

That seig it lestit till ane weill lang quhile,  
 And syne, vpoun the first day of Aprile,

Lib. 7, f. 103.  
 Col. 1.

The toun wes tane with greit difficultie, 20,735  
 Quhair mony ane was maid that da to de.  
 Four hundreth 3eir it wes efter also,  
 That Christ wes borne tuelf 3eiris and no mo.  
 Ane thousand 3eir, ane hundreth and saxtie  
 And four 3eiris that tyme wer passit by, 20,740  
 Fra Romanes first foundit had the toun,  
 To that ilk da of thair confusioun.  
 Tane wes the toun that tyme and all ourharld,  
 The quhilk throw strenth befor tuke all the warld.

HOW ALARICUS, EFTER THE TOUN WAS TANE, GAIF  
 COMMAND TO ABSTENE FRA SLAUCHTER, AND  
 SPECIALLIE IN THE KIRK.

Alaricus, quhen that the toun wes tane, 20,745  
 Richt strait command hes gevin euirilk ane,  
 Fra all slauchter that tyme for till abstene,  
 In sanctuar siclyke that nane war sene,  
 Fleand folkes thair into hurt or ska,  
 No spulze mak nor 3it to tak no pra. 20,750  
 In sanctuar that all suld be maid fre,  
 Baith 3oung and ald that tuke refuge to fle.  
 At his command tha war alreddie boun,  
 Syne efter that the spulze of the toun,  
 To all his men wer present in the tyde, 20,755  
 Richt equalie amang thame gart diuyde.  
 To 3oung Fergus that tyme amang the laif  
 Richt larglie of that spulze he gaif.  
 In that spuilze thair he[s] fell to his part  
 Ane courtlie kist wes closit with greit art, 20,760  
 Wes full of bukis<sup>1</sup> contenand mony storie,  
 For to reduce agane into memorie

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *mony*.

The greit weiris that war befor bygone,  
 Of the Romanis richt lang in Albione,  
 With Britis, Pechtis and Scottis also ; 20,765  
 All thir war thair and mony vther mo.  
 Vpoun this kist he hes maid greit expenss,  
 For to be keipit with greit diligence,  
 Syne hame with him he brocht in Dania,  
 With greit travell throw all Germania ; 20,770  
 Syne efterwart within ane litill space,  
 To Iona Yle in ane religious place,  
 Quhilk callit is this da Ecollumkill,  
 With all tha buikis tha kist hes brocht till,  
 Thair to be keipit with greit diligence, 20,775  
 That men efter nicht haif remembrance  
 Of this Fergus and his nobill deid,  
 Quha hapnis efter of sic thing to reid.  
 That tyme also he gart put in memorie,  
 His elderis deidis writtin in ane storie, 20,780  
 Fra thair begynning ay wnto tha dais ;  
 Syne put thame all, as that my author sais,  
 For to be keipit in Ecollumkill,  
 Quhilk to this da remanand ar 3it still.  
 In this mater I will no moir remane, 20,785  
 Bot to my storie pas I will agane.

HOW ALARICUS SEND FERGUS TO CICILIA WITH  
 ANE GREIT NAVIN, AND HE LOISSIT BE  
 STORME OF THE SE THE TUA PART OF HIS  
 SCHIPPIS, AND SYNE RETURNIT AGANE IN  
 YTALIE.

The thrid day efter that the toun wes win,  
 Alaricus, or he wald langar blin,  
 This foirsaid Fergus causit hes to ga Col. 2.  
 With ane greit armie in Cicilia, 20,790  
 For to subdew that leid and a[l]s the land,  
 Him to obey and be at his command.

Throw aventure of stormis in the se  
 In his passage so troublit than wes he,  
 That or he come richt lang to Cicill cost, 20,795  
 Of his naving the tua part neir wes lost.  
 Him self also into that tyme wes fane  
 In Ytalie for to returne agane.  
 Or he come thair Alaricus wes deid,  
 And Ethaulphus maid king into his steid, 20,800  
 Quhilk tretit him ane king as he had bene,  
 With all plesour did till ane prince pertene.

HOW FERGUS TUKE HIS LEIF, AND PASSIT HAME  
 IN DENMARK WITH MONY RICHE REWARD.

Sone efter that with mony riche reward,  
 He tuke his leif and went hame with his gaird,  
 Throw Italie and throw Germania, 20,805  
 Syne at the last come hame in Dania.  
 At his plesour thair will I leif him still:  
 Of vther mater talk ane quhile I will.

OF<sup>1</sup> THE FAYTH OF HALY KIRK; OF SANCT  
 AUGUSTYNE, AMBROS, HIERONIMUS, AND S.  
 MARTYNE, AND OF THAIR HALIENES IN THAT  
 TYME.

In that same tyme the faith of halie kirk  
 Wes maid richt cleir, withoutin ony mirk 20,810  
 Of all errour that lang befoir had bene,  
 Lyke ony sterne than wes it maid to schene,  
 Clengit richt clene of all errour and cryme,  
 Be halie<sup>2</sup> doctouris that war in that tyme.  
 Sanct Augustyne wes ane into tha dais, 20,815  
 Gif it be suith of him that all man sais,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *In that same tyme.*

| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *halie.*

Richt mekill error in his tyme confoundit,  
 So greit science and faith in him aboundit,  
 Baitht naturall and of diuinitie,  
 Of halie kirk the strangest wall is he. 20,830  
 S[anct] Ambros a[l]s, that samin tyme to conclude,  
 In sapience and als in sanctitude,  
 Our all the warld he schene as ony sterne,  
 That euerie man thairby might weill decerne  
 The suith fra leis without difficultie; 20,825  
 Of halie kirk the cheif pillar is he.  
 S[anct] Jerome a[l]s, the well of eloquence,  
 Of sanctitude and eik of sapience,  
 As the bricht sone into the Orient,  
 He schend als cleir and in the Occident; 20,830  
 The cheif matres of all moralitie,  
 Historiographe of halie kirk is he.  
 Sanct Martyn als he wes into tha dais;  
 And Sanct Niniane, as my author sais,  
 Biggit ane kirk than into Galdia, 20,835  
 Quhilk Quhitterne now is callit at this da.  
 Our lang war this tyme to tell zow heir  
 Thair halines, and I haif nocht perqueir  
 Thair lyvis all writtin in my buke,  
 And at this tyme I list nocht for to luke.<sup>1</sup> 20,840  
 In sic reiding I will nocht now remane,  
 Bot to my storie turne I will agane. Lib. 7, f. 103b.  
 Col. 1.

HOW THE PECHTIS QUHILK WAR IN VYLE SER-  
 UITUDE, HEIRAND THE STORIE OF THIS FER-  
 GUS, SEND FOR HIM TO CUM IN SCOTLAND TO  
 WIN HIS KINRIK AND CROUN.

The Pechtis dalie beand soir opprest  
 With seruitude, and erast ay the best,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *luke*.

To thair power wes alway importabill, 20,845  
 With greit torment quhilk wes intollerable.  
 And quhen thai hard the greit distructione,  
 Of Rome the seiging and the casting doun,  
 And als with trew men in the tyme hard tell,  
 Agane the Romanes mony did rebell, 20,850  
 Perfitlie as tha wnderstude and knew  
 How young Fergus, of quhome befor I schew,  
 In tha weiris sa meikill honour wan,  
 In all his tyme sen first weiris began,  
 Wes neuir proud of sic auctoritie 20,855  
 Moir wirschip wan, nor in that weir wan he.  
 The Pechtis tuke greit plesour of that thing,  
 Because he wes apperand air and king  
 Of Scottis, and of Scotland for to bruik the croun,  
 That flemit war out of thair awin regioun; 20,860  
 Traistand throw him and his auctoritie,  
 Of seruitude for to deliuerit be.

#### HOW THE PECHTIS SEND ANE HERALD TO FERGUS.

Thairfoir ane herald secreitlie tha send,  
 With humbill mynd and hartlie recommend;  
 Beseikand him that he wald mak prepair 20,865  
 In Albione sen he wes prince and air;  
 And thocht thair fatheris of befor wer fals,  
 Ane part of thame that levand than war als  
 Onto the Scottis quhilk wes to thame so trew,  
 Full sair sen syne that micht tha ilkane rew 20,870  
 Thair awin deid had puneist thame so soir.  
 Beseikand him richt hartfullie thairfoir,  
 For to remit all malice and invye,  
 And all injure befor wes passit by;  
 And plesit him to cum in Albione, 20,875  
 His croun and kinrik for to reskew agone,

Traist weill he sould haif thair help and supple,  
 In his querrell tha sould all erar de,  
 Out of the feild or tha sould fle him fro,  
 And follow him quhair euir he list till go. 20,880

HOW FERGUS PROMIST TO THE PECHTIS TO CUM  
 IN SCOTLAND, AND FIRST OR HE WALD TAK  
 THAT JORNAY ON HAND, HE SEND TO ALL  
 THE SCOTTIS IN OTHER PARTIS TO WIT THAIR  
 MYND.

This young Fergus quhen that he vnderstode  
 That thair desyre wes honorable and gude,  
 He thankit thame richt oft of thair gude will,  
 Sayand he sould all thair desyre fulfill.  
 Sone efterwart, quhen he his tyme nicht se, 20,885  
 As he had said traist weill it sould so be. Col. 2.  
 Zit thocht he nocht that purpois till persew,  
 Quhill he perfytllie vnderstude and knew  
 Gif all the Scottis thairof wald be content.  
 In that mater to wit quhat that tha ment, 20,890  
 On to the Scottis war in Ybernia,  
 Orkna, the Ylis, and in Norrua,  
 His secreit seruandes he hes send thame till,  
 In that mater to wit quhat war thair will.

HOW ALL THE SCOTTIS THAT WAR IN SINDRIE  
 PAIRTIS PROMITTIT TO FERGUS TO TAK HIS  
 PART BAITH IN LYFFE AND DEID.

The Scottis all, perfittlie quhen tha knew 20,895  
 That Fergus will and mynd wes to persew  
 His heretage, as I haif to 3ow tald,  
 Amang thame all wes nother 3young nor ald  
 Promittit nocht in his querrell to l.,  
 Or to reskew baith land and libertie; 20,900



Thankand greit God that send to thame sic one.  
 With this ansuer the herald hame is gone.  
 All thair promit he schew till him perqueir,  
 Ilk word by word as I haif said 3ow heir.  
 3it neuirtheles 3oung Fergus did remane 20,905  
 Still in Denmark, quhill that he hard agane  
 On fra the Pechtis sum vther tydenis new,  
 Or he that purpois forder wald persew.  
 Stone still he la and schupe nocht for to steir,  
 Quhill efterwart hapnit as 3e sall heir. 20,910

HOW MARTIUS THE LEGAT WAS SLANE BE GRA-  
 TIAN, AND IN HIS PLACE ENTERIT CON-  
 STANTYNE, QUHILK WES SLANE EFTER IN  
 GALLIA, AND THAN VICTORIN TUKE ALL THE  
 CUIR IN BRITANE.

This Martius of quhome befor I schew,  
 Bot schort quhile syne wes legat as 3e knew,  
 Into Britane richt suddanelie wes slane  
 Than be ane Brit wes callit Gratiane.  
 Efter his deith the Romanis in Britane, 20,915  
 Ane vther legat haif tha chosin than,  
 The quhilk to name wes callit Constantyne,  
 In Gallia that efter passit syne,  
 And slane he wes thair be Constantius  
 Fra Cesar send callit Honorius. 20,920  
 In Eborac, the legat Victoryne,  
 Quhen that he knew that slane wes Constantyne,  
 To Lundoun toun he passit to remane,  
 And dalie had greit travell and grit pane  
 At Romane faith the Britis to contene, 20,925  
 In that same tyme as my author did mene.  
 The Pechtis sone efter that this wes done,  
 Knowand for thame that tyme wes oportune,

Ane herald sone to 3oung Fergus [tha] send,  
 Quhilk schew to him ilk word fra end to end, 20,930  
 With circumstance at lenth and greit laseir,  
 In forme and sett as I haif said 3ow heir;  
 Exhortand him, sen tyme wes oportune,  
 In Albioun that he wald speid him sone, Lib. 7, f. 104.  
 His heretage agane for till reskew. 20,935 Col. 1.  
 Traist weill, tha said, that tha sould all be trew  
 In that querrell, and erar suffer to deid,  
 Of that injure or tha gat nocht remeid,  
 Of mekle wrang with sic calamitie,  
 Vyle seruitude and greit miseritie, 20,940  
 So wranguslie on thame the Romanis wrocht ;  
 And als thairwith gif that he traistit nocht  
 To that tha said wes suith and verriement,  
 Tha suld be sworne all by the sacrament  
 In sanctuar, be euerie bell and buik, 20,945  
 Quhill thai micht all thair heltht and lyvis bruke,  
 Tha sould be trew, thairof haif he no dreid,  
 In tyme to cum baith into word and deid.

HOW 3OUNG FERGUS COME FURTH OF DENMARK  
 WITH ANE GREIT ARMIE IN SCOTLAND TO  
 RESKEW HIS RICHT.

Than 3oung Fergus, quhen that he hard and knew  
 Thair will wes gude, trowand tha suld be trew, 20,950  
 And als thair with he had sic appetyte,  
 So greit desyre with curage and delyte,  
 For to conqueis his kinrik and his croun,  
 In gudlie haist than hes he maid him boun.  
 With schip and boit, with bark and ballingar, 20,955  
 With carvaill, craik, haifand baith sail and air,  
 Ane greit navin he furneist to the se,  
 With men and meit, and with artalzerie.



HOW THE PECHTIS, HEIRAND OF FERGUS CUMING,  
CROWNIT ANE KING, AND SYNE SEND TO FER-  
GUS AND RENEWIT THE BAND BETUIX THAME  
AND THE SCOTTIS.

The Pechtis als of this cuming wes proude,  
Traistand agane rich[t] suddantlie tha soud  
Fra seruitude and bondage be maid fre,  
And to releve agane to libertie.  
In that beleif thai haif crownit ane king, 20,995  
Syne send richt sone withoutin tareing  
Ambassadouris, the quhilk war men of gude,  
That wysast war and of the nobill blude,  
To this Fergus, of quhome befor I schew,  
The band agane and peice for till renew, 21,000  
And euermoir betuix thame trewis tak.  
Syne at thair will ane mendis for to mak  
Of the greit falt thair fatheris maid befor,  
Efter thair power all thing to restoir;  
Beseikand him that tyme to tak na cuir 21,005  
Of all the wrang, the harmis and injure,  
Wes done to thame with Hargustus thair king.  
Him self thai said wes wyit of all that thing,  
And nane vther thair wes to wyit bot he;  
Quhairfoir, tha said, his greit iniquitie 21,010  
Richt sone efter turnit him to teyne,  
And all the laif sen syne richt soir to meyne,  
Sen thai war puneist for thair falt so soir.  
Beseikand him for to remord na moir  
Of sic injure, bot lat it all pas by, 21,015  
But ony yre, malice or invye;  
And to convene in siclike vntie,  
As thair fatheris befor had wont to be,  
Agane the Romanes wes thair felloun fa.  
Richt weill tha wist, tha said, and he did sua, 21,020

Amang thame self and tha wald all be trew,  
 Richt eith it war agane for to reskew  
 Than all thair richt out of the Romanes handis,  
 Considderand in all pairt out it standis,  
 With richt trew men, tha said, tha haif hard tell 21,025  
 Agane the Romanes mony did rebell;  
 So far contempnit wes thair majestie,  
 In Albione tha nicht send no supple,  
 Tha wist richt weill, other les or moir,  
 As tha war wont in tyme bigane befoir. 21,030  
 Tha knew also the Britis had ane ee  
 With greit desyre agane to libertie;  
 And sen it wes thair tyme wes oportune,  
 Lib.7, f.104b. Beseikand him richt suddantlie and sune,  
 Col. 1. Sic cuir on him that he wald wndertak, 21,036  
 With quhat conditioun that he pleis to mak.

#### HOW FERGUS MAID ANSUEW TO THE HERALD.

This ilk Fergus, haiffand auctoritie,  
 Be wyse counsall of greit maturitie,  
 Of his lordis richt plesand and benyng,  
 Sic ansuer maid agane wnto that thing. 21,040  
 Sayand he wald at thair plesour fulfill  
 All the desyre that tha had laid him till;  
 So that tha wald resing into thair handis,  
 Without alledgeance all and haill tha landis  
 In heretage thair eldaris had befoir, 21,045  
 Withoutin sturt agane for to restoir.  
 Of that conditioun tha sould reddie be,  
 In just battell all on ane da to de,  
 Or ellis tha sould agane to thame restoir  
 Thair libertie siclike as of befoir. 21,050

HOW THE PECHTIS COME TO FERGUS GRANTAND  
HIS DESYRE, AND RENEWIT THE BAND BETUIX  
THAME AGANE.

With this ansuer tha passit hame agane,  
 Quhairof the Pechtis joyfull war and fane.  
 Syne king and lordis come all on ane da,  
 To this Fergus into Moravia,  
 Oft thankand him with all humanitie, 21,055  
 So far for thame he saillit ouir the se  
 Into wynter, haifand no dreid of perrell,  
 So kynd he wes to thame into that querrell.  
 And moir kyndnes than I haif said 3ow heir,  
 Tha schow to him no I can tell perqueir. 21,060  
 The band also that tyme tha did renew,  
 And ilk ane swoir to vther till be trew;  
 And all injure, rancour and invye,  
 For to postpone, forzet and lat pas by.  
 Than, to conferme all that tha said befoir, 21,065  
 The Scottis all thai did agane restoir  
 To their steidis, all that war fra thame tane,  
 In quhome befoir thair fatheris duelt ilkane.  
 The strenthis als that war into thair handis,  
 Restorit thame agane with all the landis; 21,070  
 Than war thai maid that samin tyme als fre  
 Into Scotland as thai war wont to be.

HOW ALL THE SCOTTIS PASSIT TO ARGATILL, AND  
CROWNIT THIS ILK FERGUS TO BE KING.

Quhen this wes done, the Scottis, to fulfill  
 That tha had said, went all to Argatill,  
 And set this Fergus on the marbell stone; 21,075  
 Syne with consent of all wes thair ilkone,  
 In rob royall with sceptour, croun and ring,  
 Tha crownit him of Scottis to be king.  
 Fourtie 3eir and foure also bygone,  
 Efter that Scottis war flemit Albione; 21,080

Col. 2. The 3eir of God, tuentie and tua also,  
 And four hundretht withoutin ony mo,  
 Sevin hundreth 3eir and sewintie als bygone,  
 Sen first Fergus wes king in Albione.

#### HOW FERGUS WAN THE STRENTIS FRA THE ROMANIS.

This beand done he raid our all his landis; 21,085  
 The strenthis all war in the Romanis handis,  
 Contrair thair will on force thair hes he tane,  
 Syne leit thame pas vnharmit hame ilkane  
 To Victoryn, quhilk schew to him full sone,  
 At lenth all thing as 3e haif hard wes done. 21,090

#### HOW VICTORYNUS SEND ANE HERALD TO THE PECHTIS.

Quhairof he wes commouit than richt far,  
 Traistand richt sone that it sould turne to war.  
 With prouisioun that he doucht to mak,  
 He sped him sone that tyme to Eborac;  
 Syne suddantlie ane herald hes he send 21,095  
 Wnto the Pechtis wicht prattik till pretend,  
 Richt wyslie than for to lat thame wit,  
 With greit requeist and mony fair promit,  
 Of land and law, and libertie agane,  
 At Romane faith so that tha wald remane, 21,100  
 And leue the Scottis that war thair felloun fa;  
 Richt weill he wist, and tha wald noch do sua,  
 Sone efterwart quhen thai thair tyme mycht se,  
 Quhen euir it war and thai mycht maisteris be,  
 Tha sould revenge with all power tha mocht 21,105  
 The grit injure the quhilk to thame wes wrocht  
 Be 3our fatheris, bot schort quhile of befoir,  
 Quhilk in thair<sup>1</sup> mynd remanes 3it full soir.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. 3our.

" That rancour is so rowstit in thair<sup>1</sup> hart,  
 " With sic ruittis festnit fast inwart, 21,110  
 " And in thair breist bowdin with sic ane blast,  
 " That force it is it man out at the last.  
 " And thocht tha gif 3ow fair langage as now,  
 " In thame is nother for to trest nor trow.  
 " Tha ar the leid culd neur 3it be leill 21,115  
 " For band or aith, for saw or 3it for seill.  
 " Quhen euir tha list tha find ane caus to brek ;  
 " Thair lawtie ay wes bot litill effect.  
 " We war neur fals nor 3it culd neur fenzie ;  
 " And gif 3e think that 3e haif caus to plenzie, 21,120  
 " In ony thing that we haif 3ow offendit,  
 " At 3our ain will it salbe weill amendit."

HOW THE PECHTIS WALD NOCHT CONSENT TO  
 BREK FRA THE SCOTTIS FOR NA REQUEIST OF  
 THE ROMANE LEGAT.

Quhen this wes said that I haif said and mair,  
 The Pechtis all that present than wes thair,  
 Bayth king and counsall that tyme gude and ill, 21,125  
 For na requeist that nicht be maid thairtill Lib. 7, f. 103.  
 Wald nocht consent, bot said tha wald defend Col. 1.  
 Thame selffis and Scottis to thair lyvis end,  
 And ay to thame for to be leill and trew ;  
 That tha war fals to thame that nicht tha rew. 21,130  
 Thair awin wand hes dung thame than so soir,  
 In tyme to cum tha wald be fals no moir ;  
 Na lippin nocht in him that wes so sle,  
 That put thame all in sic miseritie,  
 At his plesour, but ony caus or quhy, 21,135  
 Aganis thame wrocht all tyme so wrangusly.  
 And of ane thing tha said he sould be suir,  
 Tha sould revenge all harmes and injure  
 That he had wrocht agane thair libertie,  
 Or all atonis on ane da sould de. 21,140

<sup>1</sup> In MS. 3our.



HEIR FOLLOWIS THE ORDOUR AND THE MANER  
OF THE GREIT BATTELL BETUIX VICTORYN,  
THE ROMAN LEGAT, AND FERGUS, THE KING  
OF SCOTTIS, WITH HELP OF THE PECHTIS.

Quhen this was schawin befor this Victoryn,  
 That tha wald nocht to his willis inclyne,  
 Than<sup>1</sup> all the power he micht be that da,  
 Fiftie thousand, as my author did sa,  
 In curage cleir he had at his command, 21,145  
 Quhome with richt sone he come into Pechtland.  
 Ouir Carroun flude, neirby Camelidone,  
 Thair he remanit with his men ilkone.  
 Than king Fergus, herand that he was thair,  
 With all his power that tyme les and mair, 21,150  
 And king of Pechtis, for tha war in the north,  
 Tha passit sone attouir the watter of Forth,  
 With mony berne that war baith bald and wicht.  
 Syne in the morning, or tha micht se licht,  
 Or at the nicht departit fra the da, 21,155  
 In rayit battell quhair the Romanis la,  
 With birny, brasar, bricht brand and braid scheild,  
 On fit and hors thair haif thai tane the feild.  
 This Victoryn, that weill thair cuming knew,  
 As of befor his spyis to him schew, 21,160  
 He put his men all reddie in array,  
 Bydand battell ane litill forrow day.  
 Quha had bene thair that tyme for till haif sene  
 Thair semelie schroud likeas siluer schene,  
 Thair baneris bricht, that wer all browdin new, 21,165  
 Thair staitlie standertis of mony diuerss hew,  
 With trumpet, talburne, and with clarione cleir,  
 And buglis blast that hiedeous wes till heir.  
 The bowmen bald syne enterit in the feild;  
 Thair schuitting scharp hes persit mony scheild. 21,170

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *That*.

The fedderit flanis than tha flew so thik,  
 Quhair euir tha hit tha markit in the quik,  
 Out-throw thair birneis bait or tha wald blin,  
 Syne throw thair breist tha maid the blude to rin.  
 The men of armes interit in the feild 21,175  
 With sic ane rousche, quhill mony targe and scheild  
 At thair counter all to pecis claue ;  
 Sa mony duchtie to the grund tha draue.  
 Into that stour that stalwart wes and strang,  
 With egir will and force thai faucht so lang, 21,180  
 That Carroun water, quhilk wes neir thame than, Col. 2.  
 Into that tyme all of reid blude it ran.  
 So feill slauchter, as my author did mene,  
 Into ane feild befor wes semdill sene.  
 But victorie tha faucht ay still quhill none ; 21,185  
 Syne at the last ane schour of hail full sone,  
 Als mark as midnight fra the hevin discendit,  
 That baith the pairteis gritlie hes offendit.  
 In falt of licht nicht nane ane vther se,  
 Bot drew abak and leit the battell be. 21,190

HOW THE ROMANIS AND THE ALBIONIS ABSTENIT  
 LANG EFTER FRA WEIR.

This bergane wes so bludie to thame baith,  
 On euerie syid tha gat sa mekle skaith,  
 That lang efter, as my author did mene,  
 That baith the pairteis did fra the weir abstene.  
 This Victoryne, syne on the other da, 21,195  
 No langar baid bot passit hame his wa,  
 With the few folk wes left to him vnslane,  
 To Lundoun toun quhair that he did remane.  
 The strenthis all he hes gart stuf alsua  
 Into Pechtland and in Saluria ; 21,200  
 And als the laif of landis les and moir,  
 To Scot and Pecht that did pertene befor.

Fergus siclike, quhen that he saw and knew  
 Thair power wes so brokin of the new,  
 In that battell tha had sa mony slane, 21,205  
 And wes our few for to gif feild agane;  
 Thairfoir tha kest the best way that mycht be,  
 The land tha had to bruik with libertie;  
 And in the tyme the pepill for to leir  
 Vse and prattik of battell and of weir, 21,210  
 And all sic thing that neidfull war to ken,  
 Quhill that 3oung childer grew vp and war men;  
 Syne efterwart quhen tyme wes to persew,  
 Thair heretage agane for till reskew.

HOW THE PECHTIS WAR OF SIC MULTITUDE THAIR  
 AWIN LANDIS NICHT NOCHT SUFFICE THAME,  
 QUHAIRFOIR THAIR DUELT MONY IN ATHOILL.

That tyme the Pechtis, as my author menit, 21,215  
 Sa mony war tha nicht nocht be sustenit  
 In Othlyln and in Orestia,  
 In Ernywall and into Gowria;  
 Quhairfoir that tyme wes grantit thame to duell,  
 Alhaill the landis callit is Athoile. 21,220  
 Ane lang quhill thair than that tha did remane,  
 Quhill conquiest wes thair awin landis agane,  
 The quhilk that lay besouth the watter of Forth,  
 Sua lang tha duelt that tyme into the north.

Lib.7, f.105 b.  
 Col. 1.

HOW VICTORYNE GART MEND THE WALL FRA  
 ABIRCORNE TO CLYDE.

In that same tyme, as 3e sall wnderstand, 21,225  
 This Victorin hes giffin strait command,  
 Without delay no langar to abyde,  
 The wall wes biggit to the mouth of Clyde  
 Fra Abircorne richt sone for to compleit,  
 In euerie place quhair faltis war to beit, 21,230

Fra Scot and Pecht the Britis to defend,  
 Richt sone efter thair purpois tha pretend.  
 Syne craftismen for to compleit that wall,  
 In sindrie pairtis semlit hes thame all,  
 And stankis kest that war baith wyde and     21,235  
     deip,  
 And men of weir the craftismen to keip,  
 Fra Scot and Pecht that thai sould tak na skayth.  
 Bot sone efter, of Scot and Pechtis baith,

HOW THE SCOTTIS SLEW ALL THAME THAT WAR  
 SET TO BIG THIS WALL, AND ALL THAME THAT  
 WAR PUT THAIR TO KEIP THAME.

Ane multitude convenit in the tyme,  
 With thair chiftane the quhilk wes callit Gryme,     21,240  
 And suddantlie, as my author me schew,  
 Thair craftismen and all the laif tha slew.  
 Syne in the boundis that war neirhand by,  
 Tha raisit fyre with mony schout and cry;  
 Greit spulze maid our all baith far and neir     21,245  
 Of men and beist, that wounder wes to heir;  
 Brocht hame with thame so greit ane multitude  
 Off gold and siluer and of other gude.  
 This nobill Grym, of quhome befor I spak,  
 As that my author dois me mentioun mak,     21,250  
 Borne that he wes ane man of Dacia,  
 Of Algone als wes his familia,  
 Ane Scot, quhilk wes borne of the royall blude,  
 His father wes, quhilk wes ane man of gude,  
 And his mother ane greit nobill alsua,     21,255  
 Ane lordis dochter wes in Dania;  
 And he himself, as ze sall wnderstand,  
 Had to his wyfe ane ladie of that land,  
 Quhilk buir to him ane virgin amorus,  
 That quene wes than to this ilk king Fergus;     21,260

Quhilk buir to him, as my author did sa,  
 Or he and scho come furth of Dania,  
 Thre 3oung sonniss richt plesand and preclair.  
 The eldest sone and his apperand air,  
 Callit he wes to name Eugenius, 21,265  
 The thrid Constant,<sup>1</sup> and the secund Dongarus :  
 Of thair deidis efter, be Goddis grace,  
 I sall schow 3ow quhen I haif tyme and place.

HOW THE SCOTTIS THAT WAR DISPERSIT IN SINDRIE  
 LANDIS, HEIRAND OF KING FERGUS, COME HAME  
 ALL AGANE IN SCOTLAND.

In this same tyme that I haif schawin heir,  
 Fra sindrie landis our all far and neir, 21,270  
 As Spanze, Spruiss, and eik Germania,  
 Fra Ytalie and Portingalia,  
 Richt mony Scot herand of Fergus fame,  
 In Albione to Fergus than come hame  
 Col. 2. In his support, and for to mak supple 21,275  
 For to reskew thair land and libertie,  
 Quhilk fra thair fatheris reft wes of befor ;  
 All in ane will at that tyme les and moir,  
 In his querrell baith for to leve and de,  
 And of the Romanis to revengit be. 21,280

HOW FERGUS RESSAUT ALL THE SCOTTIS THANK-  
 FULLIE THAT COME HAME AGANE.

Of thair cuming so hie his curage rais,  
 For to revenge him that tyme of his fais,  
 Sone efter that he hes send one ane da,  
 Ane greit armie into Saluria,  
 Quhilk enterit in with greit anger and yre 21,285  
 Among the Britis, baith with blude and fyre.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Tristant*.

The Romanis than, that knew thair cuming weill,  
 Ane greit power, in planeplait of steill,  
 Gaif thame battell richt pertlie on ane plane ;  
 On euerilk syde thair wes richt mony slane. 21,290  
 Sa lang tha faucht thir worthie men and wycht,  
 But victorie quhill twynnit thame the nycht,  
 In that semblie so mony than wes slane,  
 That euerie syde refusit to fecht agane.  
 That samin nicht, als far as tha nicht wyn, 21,295  
 Ilkone fra vther drawin hes in twyn.  
 Syne on the morne, richt sone or it wes da,  
 Baith Scot and Pecht hes left Saluria,  
 And in thai boundis wald na langar hyde,  
 Or dreid the Romanis on the vther syde, 21,300  
 Thair power dalie sould grow and increas,  
 And thairis ay be menist and maid les ;  
 And of the 3eir it wes so lait also,  
 Quhill efterwart that wynter wer ago,  
 This king Fergus and all his men ilkone, 21,305  
 The narrest way to Argatill ar gone,  
 At his plesour thair to remane and hyde,  
 Quhill efterwart into the symmer tyde,  
 That men for<sup>1</sup> cald nicht walk vpone the plane,  
 And ganand tyme for to mak weir agane. 21,310

HOW THIS FERGUS AND ALL HIS LORDIS THE NIXT  
 SYMMER HELD ANE COUNSALL IN ARGATILIUM.

In symmer syne, quhen euerie schaw wes schene,  
 And euerie garth with gerss wes growand grene,  
 The Scottis lordis than baith ald and 3ing,  
 In Argatill befor Fergus thair king,  
 To ane counsall convenit thair full sone, 21,315  
 For to devyss quhat best war to be done.  
 In that counsall thair wes among the laif  
 Richt mony man that for best counsall gaif,

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<sup>1</sup> Sic in MS. *fra* ?

With Victoryn that tyme quhair that he la,  
 With all his power into Galdia, 21,330  
 But ony proces pertlie to persew  
 In plane battell thair strenthis of the new;  
 For to reskew agane out of his handis,  
 That wrangaslie he held fra thame, thair landis ;  
 And tak the chance that God wald send thame 21,325  
 till,

Quhat euir it war than other gude or ill.  
 And vther sum, that better wnderstude,  
 Lib.7, f.106. Said to the king that counsall wes nocht gude ;  
 Col. 1. Thinkand it wes our perelous to preve,  
 Without wisdom in sic ane louss beleve, 21,330  
 The commoun weill to put in jeopardie,  
 All on ane da it war ane greit folie ;  
 Sum other way moir wyslie for to wirk  
 With countering and carmuische thame to irk ;  
 Baith nicht and da to hald thame euir on steir, 21,335  
 With sic wisdom to put thame ay in weir,  
 Quhill efterwart that [tha] thair tyme nicht se,  
 Quhen euir it war so hapnit for to be ;  
 Quhilk wald be sone tha said, as thai presume  
 Sa mony than rebellit agane Rome, 21,340  
 In euirilk land lyand neirhand than by.  
 Tha wist richt weill that Victoryn for-thi,  
 Sone efterwart of sic weiris sould ceis,  
 And be content to bruke Britane in peice :  
 Than nicht thai weill at thair plesour but pane, 21,345  
 Thair richtis all for to reskew agane.  
 The counsall all thocht than that that wes best ;  
 Than suddantly devysit wes and drest  
 Ane greit power in haist for to provyde,  
 Of men of weir vpoun the bordour syde, 21,350  
 For to debait the boundis tha war in,  
 And preis na forder at that tyme to win.  
 And thus tha wrocht ane lang tyme of the 3eir,  
 Quhill efterwart hapnit as 3e sall heir.

HOW VICTORYN THOCHT TO HAIF FLED QUIETLIE  
OF BRITANE, HEIRAND THE EMPRIOURE [WES]  
DISPLESIT AT HIM ; AND SYNE, THROW COUN-  
SALL OF HIS FREINDIS, WAS CROWNIT IN  
LUNDOUN, CALLIT HIM SELFF THE EMPRI-  
OURE OF BRITANE.

To Victoryn wes schawin be ane man, 21,355  
Honorius that emprioure wes than,  
By wrang reheress held him than rycht suspect.  
Dreidand it sould sone follow in effect,  
He schupe richt sone, gif na better mycht be,  
Out of Britane richt quyetlie to fle, 21,360  
To saue him self wnto ane better tyme,  
Or dreid he war accusit of that cryme.  
And sum to quhome his counsall that he schew,  
Him counsall gaif richt sone for to persew  
The haill impyre of Britane for to bruke. 21,365  
At thair counsall richt sone on him he tuke  
The purpуре habite that tyme with honour,  
In Lundoun toun that tyme gart croun him em-  
prioure.

HOW HERACLIUS WES SEND IN BRITANE BE  
HONORIUS, AND HOW THE ROMANIS, HEIRAND  
OF HIS CUMING, TUKE VICTORYN AND DELI-  
UERIT HIM BUND TO HERACLIAN.

Honorius, of this quhen he hard tell,  
How Victoryn in Britane did rebell, 21,370  
Ane man of gude, callit Heraclian,  
With greit power he send into Britane.  
The Romanis all in Britane les and moir,  
That fortifeit this Victoryn befor,  
Greit terrour tuke of this Heraclian, 21,375  
Thinkand he wes so fortunite ane man.



Col. 2. And to vmschew Heraclianus schoir,  
 Agane the faitht that tha had maid befor,  
 This Victoryn tha tuke richt sone in handis,  
 And all the laif fast bundin into bandis, 21,380  
 War principall that tyme the leist ane man,  
 Deliuerit thame syne to Heraclian.  
 And he thame send sone efter that to Rome,  
 In capitall quhair that tha sufferit dome;  
 All to the deid wantit thair heidis syne; 21,385  
 So wes the end of this ilk Victoryne.

#### HOW HERACLIAN PASSIT HAME AGANE.

Sone efterwart, as my author did sa,  
 Heraclian he passit hame his wa  
 To Rome agane, and left into Britane  
 Ane Planctius, quhilk wes ane rycht soft man, 21,390  
 Without ingyne or jeopardie in weir;  
 Of sic prattik that tyme he wes to leir;  
 Illiberall, and richt semdell wes trew.  
 This king Fergus, that his conditionis knew,  
 Thinkand for him that tyme wes oportune, 21,395  
 Ane multitude convenit hes gart sone,  
 Of mony berne that worthie war and wicht,  
 Buskit for battell than in armour bricht.  
 The king of Pechtis that tyme, that Drustus  
 hecht,  
 With mony freik he fuir with him to fecht, 21,400  
 And sone tha enterit into Saluria  
 With fyre and blude, and als in Galdia.  
 Thair wes na Brit befor thame thair tha fand,  
 No zit Romane, other be se or land,  
 Baith young and ald, of hie or law degrie, 21,405  
 Without debait tha maid thame all to de.  
 Syne in Pechtland and eik Dyeria,  
 In Vicomage and Ordulucia,

In thair rancour amang the Romanis raid ;  
 With fyre and blude so grit destructioun maid 21,410  
 Of men and beist, of corne, cattell and stoir,  
 Was neur sene siclike 3it of befoir.

HOW FERGUS WAN PLANCTIUS IN FEILD, AND  
 CHAISSIT HIM TO EBORAC THAT TYME.

This Planctius, quhen he hard this wes done,  
 With greit power than hes he sped him sone  
 Into Pechtland, with mony nobill man ; 21,415  
 Ane bitter battell thairwith sone began.  
 This king Fergus with mony cruell knicht,  
 And king of Pechtis with mony worthie wicht,  
 In curage cleir richt manlie hes thame met ;  
 With brandis bricht vpone thair basnetis bet 21,420  
 Thir bernis bald with mony bitter blaw.  
 The fedderit flanis in the feild that flaw,  
 Als fers as fyre out of the flynt dois found,  
 Quhilk wrocht the Romanes mony werkand  
 wound,  
 Throw birny bricht and habirschone of maill, 21,425  
 The fitmen all into the feild gart fail.  
 Tha micht nocht weill sustene agane thair force,  
 Bot drew abak behind the bardit hors.  
 Than all the strenth and haill force of the feild  
 With speir and lance, with scharpe sword and 21,430  
 with scheild,  
 The bardit hors assailzeit all atonis,  
 Quhair mekle blude, and mony brokin bonis,  
 And mony steid la stickit in the feild,  
 And mony knicht full cald wnder his scheild.  
 So mony duchtie thair wer maid to die, 21,435  
 That force it wes the Romanis for till fle,  
 And leif the feild, thocht tha war rycht vnfane ;  
 Fleand that da war mony of thame slane.

Lib.7, f.106 b.  
 Col. 1.

This Planctius, as my author did sa,  
 To Eborac with few he fled awa; 21,440  
 But skarslie als he chaipit wth his lyfe,  
 He wes so straitlie sted into that stryffe.

HOW FERGUS GART DIUYDE THE SPULZE OF THE  
 FEILD.

This king Fergus, the spulze of the feild,  
 Baith bow and brand, coit armour, targe and  
 scheild,  
 Richt equallie amang the men of weir, 21,445  
 Distribute hes with horss, harnes and geir.  
 This Planctius, quhilk preuit had the pith  
 Of Scot and Pecht, and manlines thairwith,  
 The quhilk on force had maid him for to faill,  
 Wittand so weill that he nicht nocht prevail 21,450  
 Agane the power that wes of sic pryss,  
 And greit folie to set on synk and syss  
 The grit honour befor the Romanis wan,  
 Dreidand also the tynsall of Britane,  
 Als in that tyme with trew men he hard tell, 21,455  
 Agane the Romanis sa mony did rebell,  
 In sindrie land with greit power and pryde,  
 In euerie part ouir all the warld wyde.

HOW PLANCT[1]US SEND ANE HERALD TO FERGUS  
 FOR PEAX.

And for that caus he stude into greit dout,  
 For to mak weir with his nichtbouris about. 21,460  
 And to compleit the purpois he pretend,  
 Richt suddantlie ane herald he hes send  
 To king Fergus, to treit with him for peice,  
 And king of Pechtis, to gar thair weiris ceis:  
 That tyme betuix thame lang trewis to tak, 21,465  
 With quhat conditioun that tha pleis to mak.

On this conditioun than the peice wes maid,  
 With mony band and seillis that war braid :  
 That is to say, baitht Scot and Pecht sal haue,  
 Without cummer in ony thing to craue, 21,470  
 The landis all that time baith les and moir,  
 That thair fatheris lang bruikit of befoir,  
 Of thair ald termes for to be content,  
 Gif plesit thame thairtill to gif consent,  
 And clame na thing within the Britis landis. 21,475  
 Of that conditioun bund war than tha bandis,  
 Confirmand peice withoutin ony stryfe,  
 Betuix thame all for termis of thair lyfe.  
 Peice beand maid, as I have said 3ow heir,  
 Quhilk lestit efter lang and mony 3eir, 21,480  
 Thir kingis baith hes<sup>1</sup> done all that tha mycht,  
 With diligence and travell da and nycht,  
 For to reforme<sup>2</sup> all faltis maid befoir,  
 And thair kinrikis agane for to decoir  
 With luif and lautie, libertie and law, 21,485  
 And put thame out of bondage and onirthraw,  
 And servitude that tha war in richt lang,  
 Be the Romanis that wrocht thame mekle wrang.  
 Tha war all maid agane for to leve frie,  
 To vse thair law and thair awin libertie. 21,490

HOW FERGUS DIUYDIT SCOTLAND THE SECUND  
 TYME, GEVAND ILK REGIOUN ANE NEW NAME.

Col. 2.

Quhen this was done, and tha war brocht to peice  
 In Albione, and all the weiris ceis,  
 This king Fergus, that tyme I wnderstand,  
 The secund tyme diuydit hes Scotland.  
 To euerie man he hes gevin ane dail 21,495  
 Efter his deidis as he wes of availl ;

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *had*.| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *reformis*.

And changit all the namis les and moir  
 Wes gevin thame be first Fergus befor;  
 And euerie land, as my author did sa,  
 Gaif it the name that it hes this same da; 21,600  
 Sum efter flude, sum efter montane hie,  
 Sum efter men for thair nobilitie.  
 The causis quhy ar langsum to reheras,  
 And tydeous this tyme to put in verss;  
 Quhairof thairrof as now I hald me still, 21,605  
 And forder moir of Fergus speik I will.

#### HOW FERGUS REFORMIT THE KIRK OFF CHRIST.

As he wes flour and cheif of cheualrie,  
 Siclike he wes in religiositie.  
 The kirkmen als that flemit war befor,  
 Baith preist and prelat, monkis les and moir, 21,610  
 Brocht hame agane with laud and dignitie,  
 With honour, reuerence and benigntie;  
 Ressauyng thame with countenance bening,  
 With fair calling and hamelie cheresing.  
 Syne plesand places gart for thame provyde, 21,615  
 Quhair tha at plesour nicht remane and byde,  
 Godis service thairfoir to say and sing:  
 That neidfull war thai wantit thair nothing,  
 At thair lyking, with greit larges and luke.  
 And tha agane the pepill till instruct 21,620  
 The faith of Crist and halie kirk to knaw,  
 And for to keip commandis of the law,  
 And idolrie for to abhor alhaill.  
 Into the tyme, that thai sould no tyme fail,  
 In Iona Yle, of quhome befor I spak, 21,625  
 Ane fair abbay of black monkis did mak,  
 And biggit hes richt mony plesand cell  
 Within dortour quhairat tha sould dwell.  
 All vther houssis that war necessair,  
 He hes gart big richt plesand and preclair. 21,630

That plesand place syne poleist hes within  
 With chaleis, crowat of siluer and tyn,  
 And vestimentis of siluer claith and silk,  
 Sum reid, sum grene, sum quhit as ony milk.  
 And in that place the kingis sepultuir, 21,535  
 He ordand hes with diligence and cuir;  
 And so it wes richt lang and mony da,  
 And 3it is sene the places quhair tha la.

#### HOW FERGUS BIGGIT THE STRENTHTIS AGANE.

The strenthis all, baith castell, tour and toun, Lib. 7, f. 107.  
 Distroyit war befor and cassin doun, 21,540 Col. 1.  
 He hes gart big far strenthear agane;  
 And dalie waigeouris thairin to remane,  
 Off his awin coist thair to remane and byde,  
 Into the strenthis on the bordour syde,  
 Neirby the boundis of the Britis la. 21,545  
 Ane better king nor he, I dar weill sa,  
 I can nocht find in na storie I reid,  
 Quhilk previt alway richt weill by his deid.  
 Now will I pas of him into this place,  
 And of the Romanes speik ane litill space. 21,550

#### HOW VALENTINIANUS SUCCEdit TO HONORIUS THE EMPRIoure, QUHILK SEND ANE LEGAT IN BRITANE EFTER THE DEITH OF PLANCTIUS WAS CALLIT CASTIUS.

Honorius of Rome the emprioure,  
 That tyme with seiknes staid wes in ane stour,  
 Aganes quhome he had no strenth to stryfe,  
 Bot tuke his leif out of this present lyfe.  
 His sister sone, hecht Walantenian, 21,555  
 Plesand and proude, and ane rycht fordwart man,

Quhilk wes the sone of Theodoc[i]us,  
 And lauchfull air to this Honorius,  
 Into his place efter that he wes deid,  
 As emprioure succedit in his steid. 21,560  
 This Planctius, of quhome befor I tald,  
 Throw sair seiknes that tyme as weirdis wald,  
 Set him so soir that he nicht nocht ouirset,  
 To God and nature quhill he payit his det.  
 Ane Castius, efter that he wes deid, 21,565  
 To gyde the Romanes enterit in his steid,  
 Into Britane that thai suld nocht rebell  
 This king Fergus, thair of quhen he hard tell,  
 And Drustus king of Pechtis to for-thi,  
 Sayand the tyme of peice wes passit by 21,570  
 That tha had maid with Planct[i]us of befor,  
 Sen he wes deid than it suld lest no moir.  
 Thairfoir tha said that tha wald nocht forga  
 All Cumberland and als Westmawria,  
 The quhilk thair fatheris bruikit of befor; 21,575  
 Without the Romanis wald to thame restoir,  
 Declarit thame that tha sould haif no peice,  
 Quhill that war done fra battell suld nocht ceis.

HOW THE KING OF SCOTTIS AND THE KING OF  
 PECHTIS HEREIT ALL WESTMURLAND.

And for that caus with [all] power and mycht  
 Of Scot and Pecht richt mony worthie wicht, 21,580  
 Thir tua kingis, sone efter on ane da,  
 Greit heirschip maid ouir all Westmaria.  
 In that land wes nother ill nor gude,  
 That ony sparit for to spill his blude;  
 3oung or ald, other barne or wyffe, 21,585  
 Withoutin reuth tha rest fra thame thair lyffe.  
 Col. 2. Wes neuir hard, nother be land nor se,  
 In no weiris so greit crudelitie

Of reif and raip, of blude and als of fyre ;  
 Tha war so full of malice and of yre, 21,590  
 Tha spairt nothing in thair gait tha fand,  
 In Cumbria and als in Westmureland.

HOW THE ROMANE LEGAT SEND ANE HERALD TO  
 THEIR KINGIS.

The word of this to Castius is went,  
 Quhair of that tyme he wes nothing content.  
 His levir wes for to haif peice nor weir, 21,595  
 For of ane thing he tuke so greit ane feir ;  
 The quhilk sone followit efter in effect,  
 Or euer he wist it straik him in the neck.  
 Full soir he dred than Deonethus,  
 Quhilk wes the sone of the last Octaveus, 21,600  
 Off Britane king, befoir as 3e nicht heir,  
 Deceissit wes into that samin 3eir.  
 This Castius richt soir thairfoir he dred,  
 For Deonethus to his wyffe than hed  
 King Fergus sister, that schort quhile of befoir 21,605  
 He weddit hes with grit honour and gloir,  
 The quhilk he louit alway with his hart ;  
 Thairfoir he dred that he sould tak his part.  
 Thairfoir ane herald sone to him he send, .  
 Commandand him of tha boundis to wend, 21,610  
 Puttand till him than silence for to ceiss,  
 Gif he desyris of him to haif peice ;  
 And wald he nocht, he promist him rycht sone  
 He sould forthink the thing that he had done.  
 Remember him how lang befoir tha war 21,615  
 Fra Albione maid exull bene so far ;  
 And how the Pechtis, for thair ingratitude,  
 War put in bondage and vile seruitude.



Richt so, he said, with thame it sould be done,  
 And tha agane maid nocht amendis sone. 21,620  
 Quhen this was said befor thame that wes thair,  
 Amang thame all wes nother les nor inair,  
 Quhen tha hard speik of sic vile seruitude,  
 All with ane schout than schortlie tha conclude  
 With the Romanis no way for to mak peice: 21,625  
 Fra fyre and blude sayand tha suld nocht ceis,  
 Quhill that he suld resigne in to thair hand  
 All Cumbria, and also Westmureland,  
 In peice to bruke but ony boist or schoir,  
 As that thair eldaris vsit of befor. 21,630

HOW THE LEGAT MAID PROUISIOUN FOR BATTELL,  
 AND HOW IN THE SAME TYME WAS SCHAWIN  
 HIM THAT DIONET WITH MONY BRITIS WAS  
 PASSIT TO SUPPLE THE SCOTTIS.

This Castius, quhen he hard thair desyre,  
 Commouit wes als hett as ony fyre.  
 Sayand, richt sone he suld revengit be  
 Of that injure, or mony ane sould die.  
 With all the power that tyme that he hed, 21,635  
 Richt spedelie on to thame he him sped,  
 Lib.7.f.107h. Him to revenge of that injure and cryme,  
 Col. 1. Richt suddantlie, and schew him in that tyme  
 How Dieonet the lord of Cambria,  
 Quhomeof schort quhile befor 3e hard me sa, 21,640  
 The eldest sone of king Octaueus,  
 That weddit [had] the sister of Fergus,  
 With all the power he micht be that da,  
 Of Cambriens and of Icinia,  
 Baith ill and gude that tyme that he mycht be, 21,645  
 Come to king Fergus for to mak supple.

HOW FERGUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS, FAUCHT WITH  
CASTIUS THE LEGAT, AND WAN THE FEILD,  
AND CHAISSIT THIS LEGAT CALLIT CASTIUS.

This Castius thairof he tuke greit cuir ;  
With sic prouisioun fordwart ay he fuir,  
Withoutin tarie other da or nicht,  
Quhill that he come into his fais sicht 21,650  
Quhair that king Fergus with his grit ost la,  
And king of Pechtis in Westmaria,  
And Dionethus come in thair supple,  
In the best ordour that tyme that tha mycht be.  
Ane quhile tha stude arrayit all at rycht, 21,655  
On euirilk syde ilkone in otheris sicht ;  
The bowmen bald syne enterit in the feild,  
Thair scharpe schutting hes persit mony scheild.  
The fedderit flanis in the feild that flew,  
Throw birneis bricht richt mekill blude tha 21,660  
drew.

The lansis and grit speiris with [thair] force,  
Maid sic ane brusche vpone the bardit hors,  
Quhill speiris brak and all thair scheildis claif,  
Birneis did brek and all in pecis raif.  
Steidis la stickit stark deid on the grund, 21,665  
And mony knicht, with wyde and werkand wound,  
In that counter lay cald vnder his scheild,  
And mony freik wes fellit in the feild,  
Throw force that da that rais neur vp agane ;  
On euirilk syde richt mony man wes alane. 21,670  
That stour it wox baith stalwart, stif, and strang,  
But victorie of ony part richt lang ;  
This king Fergus thairto that did intend,  
Than suddantlie of euerie wing he send  
Lycht lyuer men to cirkill thame about, 21,675  
Syne haistelie set on thame with ane schout

Or euir tha wist baldlie behind thair bak,  
 Quhilk causit thame greit terrour for to tak.  
 This Castius thairof wes soir adred ;  
 For feir of thame out of the feild he fled. 21,680  
 Of his fleing the laif wes so agast,  
 Out of the feild thai followit all rycht fast.  
 The tother syde quhen that tha saw thame fle,  
 Trowand thai war in sic securitie,  
 Throw victorie tha wan into that place, 21,685  
 Withoutin ordour pairt followit on the chace ;  
 Als mekle skaith gat in that chace agane,  
 As tha did than and had als mony slane.  
 Ane vther part, that keipit ordour still,  
 Did mekill skaith and gat bot litill ill ; 21,690  
 Col. 2. Of the Romanis and Britis that war bald,  
 Tha tuke and slew als mony as tha wald.  
 Syne all the spulzie in the feild that la,  
 This king Fergus vpon the tother da,  
 To Scot and Pecht, and Cambriens that tyde, 21,695  
 Richt equallie amang thame gart diuyde.

HOW CASTIUS EFTER THE FEILD FLED, AND SYNE  
 EFTER HE WAS PASSIT THE BRITIS CROWNIT  
 DEONETHUS KING OF BRITANE

This Castius to Kent that tyme he fled,  
 With sa few folk thair levand that he hed,  
 Out of the feild passit with him awa ;  
 Syne Cumbirland and all Westmawria, 21,700  
 He left thame than into thair fais hand,  
 Without defens vther be se or land,  
 Or zit supple, fra tyme that he wes gane,  
 Do as tha wald of him tha wald get nane.  
 Syne efter this incontinent wes done, 21,705  
 This Dionet thai haif set in ane trone,  
 In purpure cled and diademe condng,  
 And crownit him of Britane to be king.

Syne tuke the feild with mekle boist and schoir,  
 With Scot and Pecht, the langar ay the moir ; 21,710  
 Agane the Romanis than tha dalie wrocht,  
 With fyre and blude, all the injure tha mocht ;  
 Quhilk put thame all in sic penuritie,  
 With haill purpois out of Britane to fle,  
 Seand thair fortoun maid sua oft to fail, 21,715  
 Without beleif agane for to prevail.  
 So sould haif bene, as apperis to me,  
 War nocht the sonner that tha gat supple.

HOW ETHEUS, THE ROMANE LEGAT IN GALLIA,  
 SEND ANE GREIT MAN OF GUDE INTO BRITANE  
 CALLIT MAXIMIAN, TO SUPPLE THE ROMANIS  
 WAR THAIR

Ane greit Roman wes callit Etheus,  
 In Gallia, my author tellis thus, 21,720  
 That all Romanis that da that levand war,  
 In worthines precellit than richt far,  
 For to supple the Romanes in Britane,  
 Ane man of gude callit Maximian,  
 That cousing wes als to the emprioure, 21,725  
 Into his tyme that wan so grit honour,  
 With greit power to thame richt sone he send,  
 To fortifie thair richtis and defend.  
 The Britis all, that tuke the Romanis part,  
 Richt blyth thai war that tyme in to thair 21,730  
 hart,  
 Quhen tha hard tell of this Maximian,  
 With sic power wes cuming in Britane.  
 On fot and horss with greit solempnitie,  
 Tha met him all as he come fra the se ;  
 Oft thankand him that cuming wes thame till, 21,735  
 Sayand, tha sould with hartlie mynd and will  
 With him ay wend quhair that he wald alway,  
 For his plesour in all thing that tha may,

And to be traist to him in euerie steid,  
 And tak his part baith into lyffe and deid. 21,740  
 He thankit thame richt curtaslie agane;  
 Sayand, he wald for thair plesour be fane  
 Thame for to pleis with all power he ma,  
 At thair plesour other be nicht or da.

HOW MAXIMIAN PROCLAMIT THAT EUERIE MAN  
 SOULD BE REDDIE AT SET DA AND PLACE,  
 AND SYNE WITH ALL HIS ARMIE COME TO  
 EBORAC.

Sone efter that, this ilk Maximiane 21,745  
 Proclomit hes that tyme our all Britane,  
 That euerie man within the tuentie da,  
 Suld reddie be to wend with him alwa.  
 And so thair [war] within the tuentie nicht,  
 Off Britis bald and mony Romane knicht, 21,750  
 And mony vther out of Gallia,  
 And feill folk als out of Germania,  
 Sic multitude other with les or moir,  
 In Albione wes neuir sene befoir.  
 To Eborac he passit on ane da; 21,755  
 Syne efter that onto Westmawria,  
 Quhair king Fergus and Drustus in that tyde,  
 And Dionet togidder all did byde;  
 All in ane will and purpois tha pretend,  
 Fra all injure tha landis to defend. 21,760  
 With Dionet thair come that samin da,  
 Itiniens<sup>1</sup> and men of Cambria;  
 Tha followit him with gude will and fre hart,  
 In all Britane wes na mo tuke his part.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Contyniens*.

HOW THE ROMANIS AND THE ALBIONIS COME IN  
SICHT OF VTHER.

Syne on ane da, ane litill forrow licht, 21,765  
 Ilkone of vther cuming ar in sicht;  
 Vnder ane bank besyde the bentis broun,  
 Vpoun ane plane plantit thair palzeonis doun.  
 On euerie syde stark watchis maid that nicht,  
 Quhill on the morne that it wes fair da licht, 21,770  
 In gude ordour syne passit till array,  
 In that intent sone vther till assay. •

HOW KING FERGUS MAID HIS ORESOUN.

I list nocht now to 3ow this tyme rehers,  
 So langsum war to me to put in verss,  
 Of king Fergus the grit persuasioun, 21,775  
 He maid that tyme, and eik his oresoun,  
 Vnto his men so ornatlie he spak,  
 Quhilk causit thame all curage for to tak.  
 The tyme is schort, I may nocht lang dwell  
 In sic talking; thairfoir I will nocht tell 21,780  
 His oresoun, nor put it in memorie,  
 Ilk word by word contenit in the storie.  
 Bot of ane thing that I dar wndertak;  
 So plesandlie to thame that tyme he spak,  
 Tha war content alway to wirk his will, 21,785  
 Quhat euir it wes than other gude or ill.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE GREIT BATTELL BETUIX Col. 2.  
 MAXIMIAN AND FERGUS, KING OF SCOTTIS.

The lawe siclyke wald nothing pretermit;  
 Than to the feild tha fuir all fit for fit,

In gude ordoure arrayit all at richt,  
 With baneris braid browdin with gold full      21,790  
 brycht,  
 Fra Phebus face that flamit as the fyre,  
 And staitlie standertis wroch[t] all with gold wyre.  
 In curage cleir like till ane bureall brycht,  
 As ony lamp tha lemit all of lycht.  
 The Romanis rayit on the tother syde,      21,795  
 With standartis waifand with the wynd full wyde,  
 And baneris bricht as ony buriall stone,  
 Agane the schynnyng of the sone that schone,  
 In coit armour of birneist gold so bricht,  
 With rubeis reid and dyamontis weill dicht;      21,800  
 Thair basnetis bricht as ony siluer schone,  
 Of poleist perle and mony precious stone.  
 Ane fairrar sicht befor wes neur sene  
 Of Adamis seid, nor zit sensyne hes bene.  
 The buglis blastis maid sic ane busteous beir,      21,805  
 And hornis als that hiddeous war till heir,  
 As hevin and erth that tyme had gane togidder,  
 Quhilk causit mony for to sueit and swidder.  
 The trumpetis blew with sic ane awfull sound,  
 Quhill that thair blast gart all the erth rebound; 21,810  
 The schalmis schouttit quhill all the schawis schuke,  
 The buglis blast reboundit fra the bruke;  
 So awful rumour, and so rude ane reird,  
 Wes neur hard with no man in this erd.

#### HOW KING FERGUS BOWMEN ENTERIT IN THE FEILD.

The bowmen big, with bent bowis in hand,      21,815  
 Befoir king Fergus in the feild did stand.  
 Of fedderit flanis into randoun richt,  
 Fra thame thair flew richt mony felloun flycht,

Als ferce as fyre out of the flynt dois fair,  
 And thik as snaw thai flew in to the air; 21,820  
 Evin lyke ane cloude adumbrit<sup>1</sup> all the lycht,  
 So thik tha flew into ane randoun richt,  
 Into the air makand ane awfull sound,  
 And ferce as fyreflaucht throw the feild did sound,  
 Throw all thair weid tha wrocht thame woundis 21,825  
 wyde.

That bikker wes so awfull till abyde,  
 Into the feild the Romanes that faucht first,  
 Tha gart the blude out-throw thair birneis brist;  
 And skailit mailzeis in the feild full wyde,  
 For all thair pryiss tha parit of thair pryde. 21,830  
 And had nocht bene tha gat sonner reskew,  
 Gif it be suith that my author me schew,  
 Tha had forthought that da that tha come thair,  
 That schutting wes to thame so scharpe and sair.

HOW THE ROMANIS HAD BENE DISTROYIT HAD  
 NOCHT THE LEGAT SONER SEND SUPPLE.

Maximiane, thairto quhen he tuke heid, 21,835 Lib. 7, f. 108b.  
 Ane new battell buskit in weirlike weid, Col. 1.  
 In thair supple, with all the haist he ma,  
 He send to thame faucht nocht befor that da.  
 Thir<sup>2</sup> bernis bald that stalwart war and strang,  
 Tha enterit sone into the thickest thrang; 21,840  
 At thair cuming wes sic ane counter maid,  
 That mony berne bled of his blude full braid;  
 And mony schouder schorne out throw the scheild,  
 And mony freik als fellit in the feild;  
 And mony proude man laid vpoun the plane, 21,845  
 Sum ill woundit, and vther sum than slane.  
 Richt lang thai faucht with egir will in hart,  
 Quhill that the Romanis had the fairast part,

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *adumbrit*.

| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *Thair*.



Persand the feild quhairat the ordour brak,  
 And enterit syne behind king Fergus bak 21,850  
 Quhair that he faucht, and king Drustus also;  
 Richt haistelie withoutin ony ho,  
 Tha cirklit thame richt suddantlie about,  
 In that beleif that thai suld nocht wyn out.

HOW THIR TUA KINGIS RENEWIT THE FEILD  
 AGANE, AND HOW GUDE FERGUS WES SLANE.

Thir tua kingis, quhair tha faucht in the feild, 21,855  
 Richt haistelie quhen tha sic thingis beheld,  
 Wittand so weill that na better nicht be  
 Into that tyme bot other do or de;  
 And weill tha wist that thair wes no remeid,  
 And, for to be revengit of thair deid, 21,860  
 The battell baldlie did agane renew,  
 And of the Romanes mony that tyme slew.  
 Suppois thai war baith stalwart, stout and stuir,  
 Zit neuirtheles tha nicht nocht ay induir  
 Into that stour fechtand so strang tha stude; 21,865  
 The Romanis als wes of sic multitude,  
 And in ane cirkill closit thame about,  
 That be no way tha nicht that tyme wyn out,  
 And with the Romanes tha wald nocht be tane,  
 Quhairfoir tha faucht to deid that da ilkane. 21,870  
 Thair deid that da it wes full deirle sauld,  
 Gif it be trew that my author me tald.  
 Suppois the Scottis that da tynt the feild,  
 For tua of thame thair wes thre Romanis keild.  
 The laue of thame, richt sone and suddantlie, 21,875  
 Quhair that thai faucht in other feildis by,  
 Into the tyme tha wer so soir adred,  
 Out of the feild richt fast away tha fled.  
 The Romanis follouit richt fast vpone the chace  
 Wit[h] grit slauchter in mony sindrie place, 21,880

All da to end als lang as tha had licht,  
 And ceissit nochth quhill twynnit thame the nycht.  
 To Scot and Pecht that wes ane cairfull feild,  
 Thair kingis baith that samin da war keild;  
 The maist pairt thair of thair lordis all, 21,885  
 Into that feild wer maid that da to fall;  
 And all the laif syne, throw that greit mischeif,  
 That samin tyme wer put in sic beleif,  
 Quhen euir the Romanis plesit thame invaid,  
 Fra Albione all exull to be maid. 21,890  
 This wes the end of gude Fergus the king,  
 The saxtene ȝeir than efter of his ring.  
 This Dionet, into that samin da, Col. 2.  
 Out of the feild with few men fled awa;  
 Vnto the se, the quhilk wes neir hand by, 21,895  
 Richt haistelie that tyme he did him hy;  
 Into ane schip, as my author did sa,  
 Sone efter that passit in Cambria.<sup>1</sup>

HOW MAXIMIAN, EFTER THE FEILD, BRINT ALL  
 PECHTLAND AND GALDIA.

Maximiane, or he wald stanche of yre,  
 All Galdia he hes brint in ane fyre; 21,900  
 All Pechtland als, and eik Dieria,  
 All Wicomage and Ordolucia,  
 And slew thairin alhaill baith wyffe and man.  
 Camelidone he seigit syne and wan;  
 Baith ȝoung and ald that he fand in that steid, 21,905  
 Without petie gart put thame all to deid;  
 Baith Scot and Pecht compellit to the North,  
 Without fauour, bezond the watter of Forth,  
 And gart thame sueir thair ay to remane,  
 And neuir mair for to persew agane, 21,910  
 By richt or clame ather by nicht or da,  
 To ony land besouth ald Forth that la.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Cumbria*.

Of the Britis thair wes richt mony than,  
 Sic counsall gaif to this Maximiane,  
 Baith Scot and Pecht alhaill for to distroy, 21,915  
 Or the Romanis withoutin sturt or noy  
 In Albione sould be bot rycht schort quhile,  
 Quhill that war done, or than all maid exyle,  
 In <sup>1</sup> vther landis suddantlie to fle  
 Fra Albione richt far without pitie. 21,920

HOW MAXIMIAN ABSTENIT FRA WEIR QUHILL  
 WYNTER WES DONE

Maximiane, becaus he saw appeir  
 Sic ill weddar and winter als draw neir,  
 With frost and snaw, with greit wyndis and rane,  
 That nane for cald mich[t] walk vpone the plane;  
 And Scot and Pecht that weill thaine self culd 21,925  
 keip  
 In montanis hie, and mossis cald and weit,  
 Fra him all tyme withoutin ony skaith,  
 He knew that weill of Scot and Pechtis baith.  
 And for that caus quhill gone wes wynd and rane,  
 Postponit all quhill symmer come agane. 21,930

HOW LICENS COME FRA ROME, SCHAWAND MAXI-  
 MIAN HOW SA MONY REBELLIT AGAINE ROME,  
 QUHAIRFOIR THIS MAXIMIAN GART CROUN  
 HIM SELF EMPRIOURE OF BRITANE

In Aprile quhen lenthit wes the da,  
 His purpois wes to pas in Cambria,  
 With all power befor as ze hard tell  
 On Deaneth aganis him did rebell  
 Him for to dant his purpois wes alhaill, 21,935  
 Lib. 7, f. 109. Col. 1. Syne of that purpois he wes maid to fail.  
 Ane freind of his come furtht of Rome and schew,  
 Ouir all the warld sa mony of the new

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. Or.

Agane the Romainis, 3e sall wnderstand,  
 Rebellit had in mony sindrie land, 21,940  
 And euerie Romane that tyme mair and myn,  
 Held to him self all landis he nicht wyn.  
 Ane Beneface that tyme wes callit sua,  
 Rebellit had than our all Affrica,  
 And tua legatis of Walantinian 21,945  
 Thair he had slane and mony vther man.  
 Siclike that tyme tha letteris to him shew,  
 In Gallia wes cumin of the new  
 The Frenschemen, and tane at thair awin hand  
 Of Orliance and Pareis all the land, 21,950  
 And fixit thair thair settis to remane,  
 In that belief neuir to remoif agane ;  
 And pleneist had, withoutin ony pley,  
 Fra Rynis mouth to the mont of Peroney,  
 Alhail tha landis at thair awin lyking, 21,955  
 Syne crownit hes ane of thame to be king.  
 Maximian, fra he tha letters red,  
 His freind fra Rome to him that tyme send hed,  
 With his counsall in quhome he did confyde,  
 Thinkand he wald than for him self prouyde, 21,960  
 And hald the honour to him self he wan,  
 As emprioure than for to bruik Britane.  
 And or he wald to that purpois proceid,  
 In gud[e] belief the better for to speid,  
 Thinkand that tyme he wald obeyit be 21,965  
 With the Britis be sum affinitie,  
 Be ony way gif he nicht win thair hart,  
 To that purpois that tha sould tak his part.

HOW MAXIMIAN WEDDIT THE 3OUNGEST DOCHTER  
 OF DEONETUS, QUHILK WAS CALLIT OTILIA.

This Dioneth, of quhome befor I spak,  
 As that my author did me mentioun mak, 21,970

Tua dochteris had and childer than no mo ;  
 Otilia, the 3oungest of tha tuo,  
 The lustiest that levand wes on lyfe,  
 Maximiane hes<sup>1</sup> weddit till his wyfe.  
 The eldest sister, as my author sais, 21,975  
 Hecht Vrsola, the quhilk in all hir dais  
 Ay leuit clene in puir virginie,  
 And for the faith ane martyr maid to be,  
 As I sall schaw to 3ow with Goddis grace,  
 Sone efter heir at ganand tyme and place. 21,980  
 Maximian, throw that affinitie,  
 With all the Britis louit weill wes he ;  
 And Deoneth of most honour was than,  
 In all Britain nixt this Maximian.  
 And thus the hartis he hes conqueist all, 21,985  
 Of all the Britis that tyme hayth grit and small.  
 Heir will I mak ane paus into this place,  
 And of the Scottis speik I will ane space.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE CROWNING OF EWGENIUS,  
 THE SONE OF FERGUS, QUHILK WES ANE  
 NOBILL KING ALL HIS TYME, AND SONE EFTER  
 SUBDEWIT THE BRITIS.

Col. 2. Efter the deith of king Fergus schort quhile,  
 The Scottis all forgadderit in Argyle, 21,990  
 And crownit hes Eugenius to be king,  
 Gude Fergus sone that wes baith fair and 3ing ;  
 Prayand to God that tyme baith ane and all,  
 Sic fair fortoun and grace sould him befall,  
 And wisdome als, that he nicht worthie be 21,995  
 To keip thair land in law and libertie.  
 Ewgenius, the first 3eir of his ring,  
 Within schort quhile efter he wes maid king,  
 His fatheris cors he hes tane vp agane,  
 Neirby the feild befor quhair he wes slane, 22,000

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *his*.

Quhair he wes bureit in ane prevat place ;  
 Syne efterwart within ane litill space  
 To Iona Yle with mekle pomp and pryde,  
 With laud and gloir gart it convoy and gyde,  
 And sesit him thair in to sepulture, 22,005  
 With all reuerence takand of him greit cuir ;  
 And stablit him into the samin steid,  
 Quhair he dewysit lang befor his deid,  
 Into the abbay of Ecolumkill ;  
 Richt weill he wist that wes his fatheris will. 22,010  
 Syne ordand service thair to sing and sa  
 Solempnitlie quhill on the auchtane da,  
 The sevin psalmis thairfoir to sing and reid,  
 With latony, placebo, and the creid ;  
 And euerie da ane mes for to be sung 22,015  
 Solempnitlie, and all the bellis rung.  
 Syne fra that furth with honour, laud and gloir,  
 The kingis all, till king Malcum Canmoir,  
 Wer bureit thair with greit solempnitie,  
 Quhair takynis zit remanis for to se. 22,020

HOW EUGENIUS GATHERIT ANE ARMIE FOR TO  
 RESKEW HIS LANDIS OUT OF THE ROMANIS  
 HANDIS, AND QUHEN HIS POWER WAS OUR  
 SMALL HE SKAILLIT THAME AGANE.

This being done as 3e haif hard me sa,  
 Eugenius, sone efter on ane da,  
 In that belief for to reskew his landis  
 On southwart Forth out of the Romanis handis,  
 Hes gart proclame than with ane voce full cleir, 22,025  
 That euerie man wer passit saxtene 3eir,  
 And within saxtie, that nicht harnes weir,  
 Suld reddie be weill graithit in his geir,  
 Furneist richt weill for all thing fourtie dais,  
 To wend with him quhair euir he wald alwais. 22,030

And so thai did, as my author did sa,  
 Convenit all at ane set place and da.  
 Quhen tha come thair all and thair misteris schew,  
 Wyiss men of weir that all sic thingis knew,  
 Quhen tha had sene thair ordour ane and aw, 22,035  
 Tha thocht thair power wes that tyme our smaw,  
 Agane the Romanis for to mak stryfe or weir,  
 Quhomeof that tyme that all the warld tuke feir,  
 Tha gaif counsall so to pas hame awa,  
 And to defer all wnto ane other da, 22,040  
 Quhill that they saw thair tyme mair oportune ;  
 And so thai did, as my author said, richt sone.  
 Lib.7,f.109b. Onto the place syne ilk man, les and moir,  
 Col. 1. Passit agane quhair he come fra befoir.

#### HOW MAXIMIANUS MAID PEICE WITH EWGENIUS.

Maximiane, of quhome befoir I tald, 22,045  
 With so gude will thinkand that tyme he wald  
 Richt suddantlie, withoutin ony moir,  
 Compleit the purpois that he tuke befoir ;  
 And for to be out of the danger and dreid,  
 In that beleif to cum the better speid, 22,050  
 And for to bruke all Britane into peice,  
 And all that weir for to gar stanche and ceis.  
 Richt so he knew his power wes than brokin  
 With Scot and Pecht, befoir as 3e hard spokin,  
 Into the feild quhair gude Fergus wes slane ; 22,055  
 Thairfoir he thought he wald mak peice agane  
 With Scot and Pecht, and all weiris forleit,  
 Or he micht nocht his purpois than compleit.  
 Then suddantlie ane herald he hes send  
 To king Ewgene with hartlie recommend, 22,060  
 And king of Pechtis, the quhilk this peax hes maid,  
 Syne bund it weill with letters seillit braid.

How MAXIMIANE PASSIT FURTH OF BRITANE,  
 AND TUKE WITH HIM ALL THE NOBILLIS OF  
 BRITANE AND ALL THE RICHES, AND SYNE  
 PASSIT AND WAN ARMORICA.

Quhen that wes done, this ilk Maximian,  
 With all the nobillis that war in Britane,  
 And with consent of euerie Romane knight, 22,065  
 In purpure cled and diademe so bricht,  
 In Lundoun toun with greit laud and honoure  
 Tha crownit him to be thair emprioure.  
 And thair he did rebell agane the richt  
 Of the Romanis, as ane fals vntrew knight. 22,070  
 Sone efter that he chesit in Britane  
 The nobillest men that wes amang thame than,  
 And to the se causit with him to ga,  
 In that beleif to conqueis Gallia.  
 This Dioneth he left that tyme at hame, 22,075  
 For to defend the Britis fra all blame,  
 With ane legioun war nobill men of weir,  
 That Scot no Pecht sould do to thame no deir.  
 Than to the se he passit on ane da,  
 And syne tuke land into Armorica; 22,080  
 With lytill stryfe that cuntrie all he wan,  
 At his plesour subdewit euerie man  
 In all the partis by the se that la.  
 Quhen that wes done, syne efter on ane da,  
 With greit power syne inwart is he gone 22,085  
 To seig ane citie callit wes Radone.  
 Out of tha places or he passit than,  
 He stuffit all the strenthis that he wan,  
 And all the laif wer oblist to be trew,  
 Or euer he wald that citie than persew. 22,090  
 That toun it wes so stuffit and so strang,  
 Maximian la about it richt lang,



And of his purpois na way culd prevail,  
 Bot euerilk da far lykar for to fail,  
 He left the toun that tyme I wnderstand, 22,085  
 And heirschip maid about our all the land.

Col. 2.      HOW ETHEUS CAUSIT ARMORICA TO REBELL AGANE  
 MAXIMIAN AND TUKE ALL THE STRENTHTIS  
 AGANE.

In Gallia ane legat wes thair than,  
 Hecht Etheus, quhilk wes ane nobill man.  
 Maximian richt soir that tyme he dred,  
 Herand so weill in all partis he sped, 22,100  
 Quhilk causit hes, as my author did tell,  
 Armorica aganis him to rebell,  
 And brek to him thair obleissing and band,  
 And all thair strenthtis tuke in thair awin hand.  
 The men also war left thair for to keip 22,105  
 Tha strenthtis all, sua sound tha gart thame sleip,  
 And suddantlie, and of so nyce ane wyss,  
 That tha forzet agane zit for to ryss.

HOW MAXIMIAN, HEIRAND QUHAT WAS DONE IN  
 ARMORICA, SPED HIM SONE AGANE IN AR-  
 MORICA AND CRUELLIE DISTROYIT ALL THE  
 ARMORIENS.

Maximiane herand how tha had wroucht,  
 He sped him hyne in all the haist he mocht; 22,110  
 And maid no tarie that tyme nicht nor da,  
 Quhill that he come till Armorica.  
 Baith wyfe and barne befoir him that he fand,  
 Young<sup>1</sup> and ald, withoutin ony ganestand,  
 Of that injure for to revengit be, 22,115  
 Lyke doggis all he maid thame for to de,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *3oing*.

Withoutin mercie that tyme baith ill and gude,  
 That he culd ken wes of Armorien blude.  
 The word thairof throw all Armorica,  
 It ran als swift as ony hart or raa. 22,120  
 Of that danger the laif all tuke sic dreid,  
 Tha fled als fast as spark gois out of gleid,  
 To sindrie landis that war neir hand by,  
 So soir tha dred that tyme his turrany.  
 Thus flemit wes and slane all that natione, 22,125  
 The land als left but habitatioun.

HOW MAXIMIAN BROUCHT OUT OF BRITANE ANE  
 HUNDRETH THOUSAND MEN AND WEMEN FOR  
 TO INHABIT ARMORICA.

Maximian quhen he perfytlie knew  
 Into that tyme the Britis war our few  
 He had with him into Armorica,  
 Quhairfor richt sone he send agane for ma 22,130  
 Into Britane that tyme, I wnderstand,  
 That nicht compleitlie pleneis all that land.  
 Ane hundreth thousand than of 3oung and ald,  
 Into that tyme tha war by taill weill tald,  
 That come to him out of Britania, 22,135  
 For to remane in to Armorica.  
 Compleitlie than tha pleneist vp and doun  
 All hail that land, baith castell, toure and toun.

HOW MAXIMIAN MAID CONANUS, THAT WAS ANE  
 GREIT NOBILL, KING OF ARMORICA, QUHILK  
 NOW IS CALLIT BRITANE. Lib.7, f.110.  
 Col. 1.

Ane nobill man that Conanus was cald,  
 Borne in Britane of the best blude and ald, 22,140  
 To Dioneth the quhilk wes neir of kin,  
 Maximian, or he wald langar blin,

With hail consent of all, baith ald and zing,  
 This Conanus hes crownit to be king.  
 Syne all that land callit Britania 22,145  
 Efter the Britis, the quhilk on to this da  
 3it changit neur be na auctoritie :  
 I wait nocht weill how efter it will be.

HOW MAXIMIAN, WITH HIS GRETT ARMIE, PASSIT  
 TO BURGON.

Maximian, quhen that he had done so,  
 Vnto Burgon he tuke his leve till go. 22,150  
 With all the Romanis thair with him he had,  
 On to Burgon richt sone he hes him sped,  
 For to supple, my author sais thus,  
 The Burgundaris aganis Etheus,  
 The Roman legat in to Gallia. 22,155  
 Sone efter that, Conanus on ane da,  
 With all his lordis hes decreittit than,  
 That tha wald send agane into Britan,  
 Of 3ounge women to bring ane multitude ;  
 Tha thocht it best than of the Britis blude 22,160  
 Wyffis to tak, and weddit for to be  
 With thame that war of puir virginitie.

HOW VRSOLA, THE DUCHES OF DIONETHUS, WITH  
 ANE ELEVIN THOUSAND VIRGINIS, WAR HAD  
 OUT OF BRITANE TO ARMORICA, AND WAR  
 ALL MARTERIT IN COLANIA FOR THE FAITH  
 OF CHRIST.

This Dioneth, befor as 3e micht heir,  
 Departit wes bot laitlie that same 3eir,  
 Tua dochteris had, as 3e haif hard me sa. 22,165  
 Of thame the 3oungest callit Vrsola,

Quhilk vowit had to keip virginitie,  
 And tuke habit of religiositie,  
 And mariage in all hir tyme forsuik,  
 Magir hir will out of hir cell hir tuik, 22,170  
 For to be quene to this Conanus king.  
 And elevin thousand siclike of ald and 3ing,  
 Quhilk keipit had ay clene virginitie,  
 With mony seruandis send wes to the se,  
 With bark and barge, and mony gay gala, 22,175  
 For to be weddit in Britania.  
 Leit saillis fall, and ankeris vpdrow,  
 Syne saillit furth betuix baith wynd and waw.

HOW VRSOLA AND HIR MADYNIS WAR PUT BE  
 AVENTURE OF WEDDER INTO THE MOUTH OF  
 THE WATTER OF RYNE, QUHAIR THAI PASSIT  
 ALL TO LAND.

As plesit God, and so all thing man be,  
 That tyme tha war so vexit on the se, 22,180  
 Preissand to pas to Armorica,  
 Throw force of flude and greit tempest alsua, Col. 2.  
 Ay seikand succur baith be North and South,  
 Quhill tha arryuit into Rynis mouth,  
 Into ane hevin befor thame that tha fand, 22,185  
 Thir virginis all thair passit to the land:  
 On fit and hors thair purpois wes to ga,  
 With thair seruandis on to Armorica.  
 Sum men thair is that wrytis to my dume,  
 Thair purpois wes that tyme to pas to Rome, 22,190  
 For caus thai had vowit virginitie,  
 Agane thair will that tha sould weddit be,  
 Vnto the Paip thairfoir for to complane,  
 Of his gude grace gif he wald him dedane  
 In that mater to mak thame sum remeid, 22,195  
 To thame wes force to do or suffer deid.

HOW VRSOLA AND ALL THE LAIF WAR MARTERIT  
BE ANE TIRrane, CALLIT OTHILA OF THE  
HWNIS BLUDE

In that same tyme into Colonia  
Ane bellomy, wes callit Othila,  
Ane Hwn he wes and borne of Hwnis blude,  
Of Hwnis had with him ane multitude, 22,200  
Quhilk passand war that tyme in Gallia,  
In feir of weir, as my author did sa.  
The virginis all quhilk clene war of intent,  
For thai wald nocht to thame that tyme consent,  
Nor to thair purpois na way wald apply, 22,205  
Thair appetyte to stanche and satisfie;  
Thir Hwnis all war paganis wnbapteist,  
And thir virginis war of the faith of Christ;  
And for that caus, without ony remeid,  
Thir virginis all thair haif thai put to deid. 22,210  
Of tha virginis in halie kirk diuynne,  
Ar sung and said solempnitlie sensyne  
In sanctuar solempnit obseruance,  
Ilk 3eir sensyne in thair remembrance;  
And ay salbe, gif that I richt presume, 22,21  
Continuallie wnto the day of dome.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE MANER HOW THE SCOTTIS  
AND THE PECHTIS SUBDEWIT THE BRITIS  
EFTER THE PASSAGE OF MAXIMIAN INTO  
ARMORICA, AND SYNE IN BURGONE

Eugenius, that wes of Scottis king,  
Quhen that he knew perfiltie all that thing,  
How all Britane that tyme wes maid to be  
Of all Romanis without help and supple; 22,220  
And eik also of mony nobill man  
Denudit wes of the best in Britane;  
Thinkand thair power that tyme wes so small,  
That eith it was for to ouircum thame all.

Quhairfoir richt sone, withoutin tareing, 22,225  
 He set ane tryst to meit with Drustus king  
 Of the Pechtis, quhilk wes ane nobill man,  
 Than for to speik and sindrie thing began. Lib.7,f.110.  
 And at the last thairat to him he schew Col. 1.  
 Than was best time thair richtis to reaskew, 22,230  
 And of the Britis to revengit be,  
 Of the injure and greit iniquitie,  
 That tha had wrocht thair fatheris of befoir,  
 And to thame self, the quhilk [wald] nocht restoir  
 The braid landis tha' fra thame withhald. 22,235  
 He thocht it best that tyme gif that he wald,  
 Or euir sic thing wer to the Britis knawin,  
 Richt suddantlie for to persew thair awin.  
 For weill he wist richt eith it micht be done,  
 So thai war wyiss in haist and sped thame sone, 22,240  
 Or thair purpois war to the Britis [k]end,  
 With litell pley bring that purpois to end.  
 This king Drustus thairof wes weill content,  
 And suddantlie thairto gaif his consent,  
 Settand ane da and place quhair tha suld meit; 22,245  
 Syne gart proclame in euerie toun and streit,  
 That euirilk man within ane lytill space,  
 Sould reddie be to meit at da and place,  
 On fit and hors weill garneist in thair geir,  
 With sword and ax, bow, buklar and speir, 22,250  
 And victuall als to steid for fourtie dais,  
 To wend with thame quhair that tha wald alwaia.

#### HOW THIR TUA KINGIS MET [IN] CALIDONE WOD.

And so thai did within ane lytill space,  
 In Calidone wod tha met at da and place,  
 With mony berne that wes baith bald and wicht; 22,255  
 Wit 3e that tyme tha war ane semelie sicht.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *the*.

Fourtie thousand thai war be taill weill tald,  
 In armour bricht, with mony berne full bald.  
 Quhen thai war gatherit thir grumes that war gay,  
 Amang thame all withoutin ony delay, 22,260  
 Eugenius, with ane loud voce and cleir,  
 He said to thame as I sall schaw 3ow heir.

HOW EUGENIUS, KING OF SCOTTIS, MAID HIS  
 ORESOUN.

“ My friendis deir, I traist 3e knaw rycht weill,  
 “ How our fatheris befoir, as I haif feill,  
 “ So mekill wrang, so grit injure and lak, 22,266  
 “ Of Britane, Romane, wes maid on force to tak;  
 “ Loissand alway baith land and libertie,  
 “ In seruitude and greit miseritie,  
 “ With dalie wo, and mekill oppin wrang,  
 “ So war thai maid with [thame] to leve so lang. 22,270  
 “ Syne gude Fergus reskewar of this land,  
 “ My fader deir, as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 “ Bot schort quhile syne slane in his awin defence,  
 “ And 3it sensyne dalie greit violens  
 “ Tha wirk on ws with mekle oppin wrang; 22,276  
 “ Haldand fra ws our heretage sua lang,  
 “ So vnjustlie throw greit maistrie and mycht,  
 “ But ony clame, without titill of richt,  
 “ And thinkis nocht agane for to restoir.  
 “ My counsall is,” he said to thame, “ thairfoir 22,280  
 “ To tak our tyme that now is oportune,  
 “ For weill I wait it ma be rycht weill done,  
 Col. 2. “ Quhen eur we pleis that purpois for to preve.  
 “ I knaw so weill tha ar out of beleif  
 “ Of the Romanis to get help or supple; 22,286  
 “ As for this tyme I wait it will nocht be.  
 “ Also,” he said, “ with trew men he hard tell  
 “ Agane Rome sa mony did rebell,

- " And worthelie reskewit had thair richt ;  
 " Quhairfoir," he said, " thair power and [thair] 22,290  
     nicht  
 " Extendis nocht to sic ane quantitie,  
 " That tha ma mak the Britis now supple.  
 " For Rome," he said, " he[s] now bene seigit twyis,  
 " Win and destroyit on sic ane wyiss,  
 " That it may neur regres haif to sic gloir 22,295  
 " In to oure tyme as that it had befoir ;  
 " In all partis als far fra thair faith tha fle,  
 " Our all the warld exceptand Italie ;  
 " Thus none to thame perfittie will obey,  
 " In all partis tha hald thame at grit pley. 22,300  
 " Britane also withoutin inhabitour,  
 " Neirby maid waist I wait at this same hour,  
 " And that thair power this tyme is so small,  
 " With lytill sturt we may ouircum thame all.  
 " Thairfoir," he said, " I 3ow beseik ilkone, 22,305  
 " Think on the lak oure fatheris gat bigone :  
 " The greit injure, the harmes and the skayth  
 " That thai haif done to thame and to ws bayth ;  
 " And sen it is that so is now befall,  
 " That we may haif thair bakis at<sup>1</sup> the wall, 22,310  
 " Without defend that ar oure commoun fa,  
 " And haif thame self and landis to our pra,  
 " Now at oure will as that oure awin self wald ;  
 " Quhairfoir," he said, " I wald nocht it war tald,  
 " Syne efterwart quhen that we haif no nicht, 22,315  
 " We sat our far into oure awin licht.  
 " Quhairfoir," he said, " ilkone I 3ow beseche,  
 " 3e wald apply to my purpois and speche,  
 " Sen 3e ma wyn so grit riches and gloir,  
 " Sic as oure faderis wan neur 3it befoir, 22,320  
 " Into na tyme sen weiris first began ;  
 " Thairfoir," he said, " heir I beseik ilk man,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *all*.



" For his honour, and for his profite<sup>1</sup> baith,  
 " And for to be revengit of the skaith  
 " Is done to ws, and oure eldaris bipast, 22,325  
 " Now at this tyme to be nothing agast;  
 " Bot for to think of the honour tha wan,  
 " And euirilk one now preiss to preve ane man."

HOW ALL THE SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS CONSENTIT  
 TO TAK EUGENIUS PART QUHAT EUIR IT WAR.

Quhen this wes said, than with ane schout and cry,  
 Ilkone that tyme that standand wes than by, 22,330  
 With greit confort and curage at thair hart,  
 Tha gaif counsall ay for to pas fordwart  
 On to the purpois he had tane on hand,  
 Sayand tha sould be ay at his command:  
 Siclike the Pechtis that tyme did apply 22,335  
 To that purpois, all with ane schout and cry.  
 Withoutin lat, that tyme tha war nocht liddir,  
 Thir tua kingis baith in ane will togidder  
 Has enterit sone in to Pechtlandia,  
 In Kyll, [in] Carrik, an[d] in Gallowa, 22,340  
 Lib.7, f.111. And all the landis that la in the south,  
 Col. 1. Fra Forth streikand recht on to Eskis mouth;  
 The Britis all befoir thame that tha fand,  
 Baith 3ounge and ald that duelt in to that land,  
 Thair brandis baldlie baithit in thair blude. 22,345  
 Wes none so stout into thair gait that stude,  
 Bot like ane dog tha maid him for to de,  
 Or fra thair face recht far awa to fle.  
 Into greit haist tha fled fra hand to hand,  
 Throw Cumbria and als throw Westmureland, 22,350  
 Baith 3ounge and ald that tyme into greit number,  
 Richt haistelie all ouir the water of Humber,  
 Or euir tha durst in ony place remane,  
 Sic dred thai had for to be tane or slane.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *perfitte*.

So greit injure amang thame thair tha wrocht, 22,355  
That all Britane had sone been put to nocht  
At thair plesour but ony play or pleid,  
War nocht the sonner that tha gat remeid.

HOW THE BRITIS SEND ANE HERALD TO ROME TO  
THE EMPRIoure VALENTINIAN, SCHAWAND TO  
HIM HOW THA WAR OPPRESSIT WITH SCOT  
AND PECHT.

Into all haist thai send ane herald than  
To Rome that tyme to Valentinian, 22,360  
And schew to him how that tha war ouirthrawin  
Be Scot and Pecht ilk da within thair awin;  
Beseikand him of his help and supple,  
And tha to Rome perpetuallie sould be  
Subgett for ay, but ony play or pleid, 22,365  
So that tha wald defend thame fra the feid  
Of Scot and Pecht, that set on thame so soir;  
Help now, thai said, or releis<sup>1</sup> neur moir.  
Quhen this wes said to Valentinian,  
In Gallia quhilk wes in Pareis than, 22,370  
He hes gart pas the Britis to supple,  
With greit power that tyme he tuke the se,  
And enterit syne in Britane on ane da.  
Thir tua kingis into Westmawria  
Beleuit weill that he nicht nocht lang hyde 22,375  
Into Britane, and speciallie that tyde,  
To mak the Britis lang help or supple,  
Quhairfoir thai fenzeit that tyme for to fle,  
Quhill that tha saw thair tyme mair oportune,  
Traistand the Romanis sould leif Britane sone, 22,380  
For greit mater tha had ado that da,  
So greit rebellium wes than in Gallia.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *rellis*.

And for that caus with greit anger and yre,  
 Tha boundis baldlie brint all in ane fyre,  
 Baith tour and toun, with all cornis and hay, 22,395  
 Syne scheip and nolt with thame turst away.  
 All kynd of thing wes lichtar than the stone,  
 That wald nocht birne, with thame away hes tone.

HOW THE ROMANE LEGAT, FOLLOWAND THE  
 SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS, TUKE REST AT FORTH,  
 AND SYNE WES SEND FOR WITH ETHEUS TO  
 CUM TO HIM IN ALL HAIST.

This Romane legat, herand thai war past,  
 With all his power followit efter fast, 22,390  
 With Britis gyde far into the North,  
 Quhill that he come on to the water of Forth.  
 Ane weill lang quhile syne in that place he la,  
 Col. 2. With countering and carmusche euerilk da,  
 Of Scot and Pecht richt pertlie on the plane, 22,395  
 Quhill mony one on euerie syde wes slane.  
 It hapnit efter in that samin tyde,  
 That Romane legat nicht no langar byde ;  
 This Etheus, that wes in Gallia,  
 He send for him that same tyme quhair he la, 22,400  
 For he of him had sic mister and neid  
 Exhortand him richt haistelie to speid,  
 And all the Romanis bring with him also.  
 This Gallio, who wald hither go,  
 He hes gart big agane into the tyde, 22,405  
 Fra Abircorne wnto the mouth of Clyde,  
 Of erd and stone the wall agane full wicht,  
 Aucht cubit thik and tuelf also of hicht.  
 With mony turet of erd, stone and tre,  
 He hes gart big that wall baith grit and hie, 22,410  
 Quhair men nicht stand to fecht and mak defence,  
 To weir the wall fra wrang and violence,

Or dreid thair fais sould mak it for to fall.  
 Syne ordand men to walk vpoun the wall,  
 To wait and watche richt wyslie da and nycht, 22,415  
 Baillis to birne, and bekynis that war brycht,  
 Quhen tha saw other Scot or Pecht appeir,  
 To warne thame all about baith far and neir.  
 Syne ordand thame richt sone for to cum all,  
 Baith young and ald, for to defend the wall; 22,420  
 Quha did nocht so it sould coist him his heid.  
 Syne efter that gart pleneis euerilk steid  
 War brint befor, and castell, tour and toun,  
 Gart big agane wes laillie cassin down;  
 And pleneis all agane fra Forth to Humber, 22,425  
 With cattell, corne, and pepill out of number.  
 Quhen that wes done, syne passit on ane da  
 To Etheus agane in Gallia;  
 No Romane legat efter he wes gone,  
 Come zit agane sensyne in Albione. 22,430

NOW FOLLOWIS THE FASSOUN HOW THE SCOTTIS  
 AND PECHTIS WAN THE WALL BIGGIT BETUIX  
 ABIRCORNE AND THE MOUTH OF CLYDE, AND  
 ENTERIT SYNE WITHIN THE LANDIS.

Eugenius, heirand that he wes gone,  
 And king of Pechtis, thair power baith in one  
 Richt haistelie that tyme hes put togidder;  
 Without leithin thai war nother sueir nor liddir.  
 Syne to the wall with mekle boist and schoir, 22,435  
 And grättar feir nor euir tha did befor,  
 Tha passit syne sone efter on ane da,  
 Neirby the wall thair with thair grit ost la.  
 The Britis than [that] woik vpone the hicht,  
 Of that greit oist sone quhen tha gat ane sycht, 22,440  
 Baillis tha brint, and greit hornis syne blew,  
 Quhill reik and low ouir all the land it schew.

And thai siclike that duelt within the land,  
 Greit bekynniss brint ay on fra hand to hand;  
 Lib. 7, f. 111b. Proceidand sua richt far and mony myle, 22,445  
 Col. 1. Continiewalie onto ane weill lang quhile,  
 With schout and cry and mony buglis blast,  
 Syne to the wall thai come all at the last.  
 Thir kingis tuo that tyme quhair that tha la,  
 Of chosin men syne on the secund da, 22,450  
 Devysit hes ane seig vnto the wall,  
 Seand on force gif that tha can gar<sup>1</sup> it fall.  
 Ane nobill man wes callit Grym that tyde  
 Thair gouernour wes maid thame for to gyde,  
 Come with king Fergus furth of Dania 22,455  
 Schort quhile befor, as 3e haif hard me sa.  
 The king of Pechtis that tyme befor thame all,  
 Promittit hes quha first 3eid our the wall,  
 He suld be maid for his reward anone,  
 Provest and principall of Camelidone. 22,460  
 This nobill Grym, of quhome befor I tald,  
 Went to the wall with all tha bernis bald,  
 With bowis big into thair hand weill bent;  
 Thair wes no want of euerie instrument  
 Men could devyss, that ganit for ane salt, 22,465  
 Quhat neidfull war thairof tha had na falt.  
 Syne loud on hicht he cryit hes his seinze;  
 With that ane flicht of mony fleand ganze,  
 Alss ferce as fyre, amang the Britis flaw,  
 That bydand war for to debait the waw. 22,470  
 The braid arrowis, like ony schour of hail,  
 Flicht efter flicht ilkane on vtheris taill  
 Tha flew als ferce as fyre dois of the flynt;  
 Greit danger wes for to induir that dynt:  
 And tha within, that stalwart war and strang, 22,475  
 Out our the wall richt mony stanis slang.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *garl*.

The men that stude vpone the touris hie,  
 Out our the wall lute mony flanis flie;  
 And tha without vpoun the tother side,  
 On thame within lute mony ganzie glyde, 22,480  
 Heidit with steill that scharp as rasure schair,  
 That mony Brit out throw the bodie bair,  
 That stude abone for to debait the wall,  
 Law to the grund tha maid thame for to fall.  
 That bicker wes so awfull till induir, 22,485  
 For to debait the Britis all forbuir  
 The wall abone, and drew thame fra the hycht.  
 Then nobill Grym, with all power and mycht,  
 Doun of the wall quhen that he saw thame went,  
 Assayit sone syne with all instrument 22,490  
 At euerie pairt the strenthis of the wall,  
 And suddantlie he hes maid it to fall.  
 So eith it wes for to brek doun that tyme,  
 For-quhy that wall wes nocht biggit with lyme,  
 Bot with dry mow that wes of lytill effect, 22,495  
 Quhairfor it was the eithar for to brek.

HOW THE SCOTTIS AND THE PECHTIS ENTERIT  
 OUR THE WALL.

At sindrie pairtis quhair tha brak the wall,  
 Baith Scot and Pecht hes enterit in thair all,  
 And fand the Britis vpoun the tother syde,  
 In rayit battell bergane for to byde. 22,500  
 This nobill Grym than with ane shout and cry,  
 He set on thame sua sone and suddantlie,  
 That tha micht haif no lasar for to fle, Col. 2.  
 That force it wes other to do or die.  
 Richt mony fled quhen that tha saw sic dout, 22,505  
 The laif that baid war all cloissit about;  
 Syne suddantlie, with lytill dyn or stryfe,  
 In that same place thai loissit all thair lyffe.

Efter this tyme, as my author did sa,  
 That wall is callit 3it on this da, 22,510  
 Grymis dyke, as I wnderstand,  
 With all the duellaris 3it into this land.  
 This beand done as 3e haif hard me sa,  
 Throw Wicomage on to Pechtlandia  
 Eugenius fuir, and king Drustus also, 22,515  
 And all thair power maid with thame till go,  
 And prayis tuke about fra hand to hand;  
 With fyre and blude thair waistit all that land,

HOW ANE NAVIN SEND BE KING FERGUS EN-  
 TERIT AND LANDIT IN PECHTLAND.

That samin tyme, as my authour did sa,  
 Ane greit navin fra Ethelenia 22,520  
 Wes enterit than with mekill bost and schoir,  
 Be the command of king Fergus befoir,  
 Of Scot and Pecht that tyme into Pechtland,  
 Moir rigorous than as I wnderstand,  
 Be far that tyme nor war tha kingis tuo, 22,525  
 Onto the Britis wirkand sa mekle wo.  
 So furuslie revengit hes thair feid,  
 No levand thing tha sparit fra the deid;  
 Quhair euir tha come tha did richt mekle skayth.  
 Syne efterwart tha and thir kingis baith, 22,530  
 Ar met togidder syne vpoune ane da,  
 And passit all to Ordolucia.  
 The Britis all tha fled fra hand to hand,  
 Baith 3oung and ald richt sone tha left the land,  
 And left all waist for fanenes for to flie, 22,535  
 Tha war so red for thair crudelitie.  
 With wyffe and barne and all thair gude fled hyne,  
 Far fra thair seit attour the watter of Tyne.

HOW ALL THE GUIDIS BETWIX TYNE AND TUEID  
WAS MAID FOR THE MEN OF WEIR.

Thir tuo kingis than maid ane opin cry,  
 Fra Tyne to Tueid baith corne, cattell and ky, 22,544  
 Nolt and scheip, gold and vther geir,  
 Sould all be fre wnto the men of weir.  
 Ilk man suld haif all that he docht to wyn;  
 The tyme wes set quhen that he sould begin.  
 Quha had bene thair that tyme for to haif sene 22,545  
 So grit slauchter, that cruell wes and kene,  
 Amang the Britis that tyme as tha maid,  
 Of 3oung and ald withoutin ony baid,  
 With grit heirschip baith into fell and firth,  
 Sa mony slane gat nother grace nor girth. 22,550  
 Ane lang quhile so, at laser as thame lest,  
 Tha waistit all fra the Eist to the West.  
 The Britis quhilk wist of na vther wane,  
 Our Adrianis wall tha fled rycht fast ilkane, Lib.7, f.112.  
 That biggit wes richt stark of stane and lyme; 22,555 Col. 1.  
 The quhilk thai tuke for thair defence that tyme,  
 And stuffit hes the touris that war hie,  
 With mony stone and with artalzerie;  
 And mony men that weill culd<sup>1</sup> bowis draw,  
 And stonis cast, tha set to keip the wall. 22,560

HOW THIR TUA KINGIS LEFT THE SEIGING OF  
THE WALL QUHILL SYMMER, AND IN THE  
MEANE TYME CAUSIT THE SCOTTIS AND  
PECHTIS TO INHABIT ALL THE LAND WITH-  
OUT THE WALL.

Thir kingis tuo than with thair power all  
 Hes left that tyme the seiging of the wall,  
 For caus it wes so lait tyme of the 3eir,  
 Quhill wynter went and symmer suld draw neir.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *cald.*



Quhen that wes done thir kingis gaif command 22,565  
 Baith wyffe and barnis to bring in that land,  
 With corne, cattell, and all vther geir,  
 To occupie that tha had wyn by weir,  
 Tha landis all liand of lenth and breid,  
 On fra the wall ay fordward sa to Tueid. 22,570  
 And so tha did richt sone I wnderstand ;  
 Within schort space tha pleneist all that land.  
 Syne all the strenthis that war neir the wall,  
 Tha stuffit thame richt stranglie ane and all ;  
 Becaus that wynter that tyme wes so neir, 22,575  
 Out of tha steidis syne wald na forder steir,  
 Bot in tha boundis bownit for to byde,  
 That biggit wes vpoun the bordour syde,  
 Quhilk strenthis war biggit of lyme and stone,  
 Thair to remane quhill all wynter wer gone. 22,580

#### HOW THE BRITIS SEND AGANE IN GALLIA FOR HELP.

In that same tyme, as my author did sa,  
 The Britis send agane in Gallia  
 Ane messinger to Etheus, quhilk schew  
 How Scot and Pecht so laitlie of the new,  
 In thair boundis with far mair bost and schoir, 22,585  
 War cumit agane nor euir thai did befoir ;  
 With fyre and slauchter had distroyit all  
 Fra Forth ay South to Adrianis wall ;  
 And in tha boundis schupe [for] to remane,  
 Quhill wynter went and symmer come agane, 22,590  
 And syne with battell thocht thame to persew ;  
 And gat tha nocht of him that tyme reskew,  
 Tha war bot loist, thair power wes so small.  
 Than Etheus sic ansuer maid with all :  
 " Gude freind," he said, "forsuith I can nocht se, 22,595  
 " How I this tyme may mak help or supple,

" Thairfoir. I wald 3e did the best 3e may,  
 " Quhill efterwart on to sum vther day,  
 " Quhen hapnis me for till haif les ado,  
 " Per aduenture than I will cum 3ow to." 22,600

HOW THE BRIT HERALD SCHEW HIS ANSUER IN Col. 2.  
 LUNDONE

With this ansuer the herald hame is gone.  
 Without delay quhill he cum till Lundone;  
 In to that tyme thair counsall thair did hald,  
 Befoir thame all his ansuer thair he tald,  
 Word be word how that he said him till. 22,605.  
 Quhairof the Britis lykit than richt ill  
 Of that ansuer quhen that tha hard and knew  
 Of Etheus tha wald get na reskew,  
 Quhilk had thame left into thair grittest neid,  
 And for that caus thai quaikit all for dreid. 22,610  
 And that tyme thai war so wo and will of wane,  
 In that counsall togidder all ar gane,  
 For till aduyss quhat best is till be done.  
 And sum thair wes that counsall gaif rycht sone,  
 For ony thing that efter nicht befall, 22,615  
 Manlie to meit thame at the foirsaid wall,  
 With all the power that tha docht to be,  
 And in that querrell other to do or die,  
 Erar with thame nor for to be opprest.  
 Richt mony than thocht that counsall wes best. 22,620

HOW CONAN CAMBER DISCENTIT TO THAT  
 COUNSALL.

Ane man that tyme of greit auctoritie,  
 Conan Camber callit to name wes he,  
 Richt neir he wes als of Octaueus clan,  
 Amang thame all he wes the wysest man,  
 Quhilk to that counsall discentit rycht far; 22,625  
 Full weill he wist efter it wald be war.

Than vp he stude that tyme amang the laive,  
 Befoir thame all this counsall he thame gave:  
 " Richt weill 3e knaw, quhen we had strenth  
     and mycht  
 " Of horss and men, and als of armour bricht, 22,630  
 " And of the Romanis had help and supple,  
 " And docht alway oure awin worthit be;  
 " Thir barbour bodeis that now ar so bald,  
 " Docht nocht of force than for to gar ws fald,  
 " No in that tyme no trewis with thame tak, 22,635  
 " Nor 3it no peice bot at oure plesour mak.  
 " Bot now," he said, "allace, and harmissa!  
 " For all that welth is went full far awa.  
 " 3e knaw full weill how that Maxim[i]an,  
 " That tressonable tratour and fals tirrane, 22,640  
 " Denudit ws of all power and micht,<sup>1</sup>  
 " Of wisdom, wit, and mony nobill man  
 " Of the best blude that wes in all Britane.  
 " Allace!" he said, "that euir sic thing sould fall;  
 " Quhairthrow oure power parit is so small, 22,645  
 " That we ma nocht oure innimie resist,  
 " Fra blude and battell quhairin rycht grit tha  
     th[rist],  
 " With sic haitrent and with sa greit invy,  
 " Thair appetite on ws to satisfie,  
 Lib. 7, f. 112 b. " Off the injure oure faderis did beforne, 22,650  
     Col. 1. " Full mony 3eir or ony heir wes borne.  
 " Thair is no travell that ma gar thame tyre,  
 " Nor 3it na want of meit, or drink, or fyre.  
 " Hungar and cald to thame is litill pane;  
 " To walk thairout baith into wynd and rane, 22,655  
 " Frost or snaw, ma do thame lytill deir;  
 " To ly thairout tha ar nocht for to leir.  
 " Thair is nothing that tha think half so gude,  
 " No moir desyrous nor the Britis blude,

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<sup>1</sup> Here a line seems to be wanting.

" With cruell slauchter dalie to exerce,  
 " That horribill is to me now to reherss. 22,660  
 " Saif better counsall, I say for me this da,  
 " To lat thame be als far now as we ma,  
 " Quhill efterwart that we oure tyme ma se ;  
 " Peraenture that sone efter may be ;  
 " And nocht this tyme to temp Fortoun our 22,665  
     far.  
 " Full weill I wait that we will get the war  
 " And we do so ; for oucht that I can see,  
 " Sall loiss oure land, bayth law and libertie."

#### HOW THE BRITIS REBUTIT CONAN FOR HIS GUDE COUNSALL.

Quhen this Conanus had his taill so tald,  
 The Britis all richt bitterlie and bald 22,670  
 Rebalkit him, standand about, full soir,  
 Of tha wordis that he said of befoir ;  
 And all in euill that langage than tha tuke,  
 Richt so his counsall in the tyme forsuik.  
 With haill consent decreittit syne hes so, 22,675  
 Baith 3young and ald to battell all to go,  
 And wemen als, that waldin war and wicht,  
 And euirilk berne that mich[t] weir harnes brycht ;  
 Fra that semblie sould no man exceptit be,  
 3young or auld, of hie or law degrie ; 22,680  
 All to be reddie in ane lytill space,  
 For to convene at set da and at place.

#### HOW CONANUS WAS SLANE WITH EVILL ADWYSIT MEN BECAUS HE WALD NOCHT CONSENT TO THAIR 3YOUNG COUNSALL.

This Conanus quhen he hard thame say so,  
 Out of his mynd neirhand as he wald go,

	" Allace!" he said, "soray and wo is me,	22,685
	" That I so lang on lyfe sould levand be,	
	" To se sic folie as 3e wndertak,	
	" To 3our confusioun with greit schame and lak.	
	" And 3e do so, adew Britane for euir!	
	" Allace!" he said, "or so war I had levar	22,690
	" Ane thousand tymes on ane gallous de,	
	" No be on lyfe so greit mischief to se.	
	" Forsuith," he said, "als far as I can juge,	
	" This nobill realme without ony refuge,	
	" Richt suddantlié it salbe put to nocht,	22,695
	" And all oure barnage into bandone brocht.	
	" God I tak witnes, and the lawe heirto,	
	" In this counsall that I haif nocht ado!"	
	Then furth he 3eid fra thame ane litill space.	
Col. 2.	The lawe of thame war present in that place,	22,700
	Throw grit malice full of malancoly,	
	Tha ansuer maid to him agane in hy.	
	Of litill motiue rais ane suddane stryfe,	
	That euerie Brit hes drawin out ane knyfe,	
	That thair about war standand neirhand by,	22,705
	To this Conanus, sone and suddantly,	
	Gaif mony wound war deidlie in that tyde,	
	Quhilk persit him than baith throw bak and syde;	
	Amang thame thair, as my author sais,	
	He closit hes that tyme his latter dais.	22,710

#### HOW THE FREINDIS OF CONANUS WAR DISPLESIT OF HIS DEITH.

In that counsall wes mony men of gude,  
 To this Conanus war richt neir of blude,  
 Commouit war richt far into that tyme,  
 Thinkand to be revengit of that cryme.  
 Amang thame than or it nicht weill be gydit, 22,715  
 The hail counsall in tua wes sone diuydit,

And suddantlie lang knyvis out tha drew,  
 On euerie syde syne sindrie that tha slew  
 Ane lang quhile so in furiositie,  
 With greit crabing and sic crudelitie, 22,720  
 That scantlie weill with all into that place,  
 It micht be stanchit to ane weill lang space.

HOW ANE MESSINGER COME TO LONDOUN, AND  
 SCHEW TO THE LORDIS HOW GRYM HAD  
 CASSIN DOUN THE WALL.

Sone efter that within ane litill quhile,  
 Ane messinger that had run mony myle  
 Our hoip, our hill, our daill and mony doun, 22,725  
 Into all haist he come to Lundoun toun;  
 And schew to thame into that same tyme,  
 This nobill man the quhilk wes callit Gryme,  
 Quhome of I schew schort quhile of befor,  
 Had cassin doun with mekle boist and schoir, 22,730  
 Fra Abircorne the wall passand to Clyde,  
 And neur ane stone left standand in the tyde.  
 And efter that fuir fordward in the South,  
 Withoutin stop ay on to Tynis mouth,  
 And planeist had that tyme our all that plane, 22,735  
 In that beleif that neur Brit agane  
 Into that place fra that furth suld releive.  
 Syne on the Britis hes done grit mischeif,  
 In euerie place befor that tha fand,  
 At leist befor wes levand in that land. 22,740  
 Sone efter that, he said, this being done  
 Thir tua kingis, richt suddantlie and sone,  
 In sindrie partis with thair power all,  
 Then brokin had this Adrianis wall.  
 For-quhy, he said, it wes rycht eith to do, 22,745  
 All instrument that neidfull wes thairto,  
 Or zit ingyne in warld that micht be wrocht  
 With mannis wit, thairof thai wantit nocht.

Lib.7.f.113.  
 Col. 1.

Syne in tha boundis enterit in with sic number,  
 Fra Tynis mouth all to the water of Humber, 22,750  
 Baith wyffe and man with greit anger and feid,  
 And 3oung and ald thai haif put all to deid;  
 Thair is no leid in that pairt left in lyffe,  
 3oung or ald, other man or wyffe,  
 With cruell hart and greit crudelitie, 22,755  
 Of thair injuris for to revengit be.  
 And tha, he said, that fled that multitude,  
 War dround ilkone passand attour the flude.  
 Baith seik and waik and ald that micht nocht fle,  
 Lyke doggis all tha maid thame for to de; 22,760  
 And tha that baid for to defend the wall,  
 War tane or slane that tyme baith ane and all.

HOW THE BRITIS, HEIRAND THE CUMING OF THIR  
 KINGIS, GREITLIE WAR AFFERIT THAT THA  
 WIST NOCHT QUHAT TILL DO; SYNE AT THE  
 LAST THA SEND TUA HERALDIS, ANE TO  
 ETHEUS IN GALLIA FOR HELP, AND ANE  
 VTHER TO THIR TUA KINGIS FOR PEAX.

The Britis all so greit terrour tha take,  
 Quhen this wes said, tha trymlit and tha shuke,  
 Togidder syne to counsall all ar gone, 22,765  
 Ilkone to vther makand full sair ane mone,  
 Devysand than quhat best wes to be done.  
 Syne at the last decretit thair wes sone,  
 Quhen tha had arguud lang tyme to and fro,  
 In haist the heraldis in that time till go, 22,770  
 Onto thir<sup>1</sup> kingis thair quhairat tha la,  
 Quhilk said to thame as tha war ordand sa,  
 Fra Humber mouth wnto the watter of Tueid,  
 The<sup>2</sup> landis all lyand in lenth and breid,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *And to thair.*

| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *Tha.*

In heretage tha sould haif for to mak peice, 22,775  
 And sober thame fra sic slauchter and ceiss,  
 Baith gold and siluer and all other geir,  
 To laue in pece and no moir to mak weir.  
 To Etheus, that samin tyme also,  
 Ane vther herald haif tha maid till go, 22,780  
 That wes richt traistand in all thing to trow,  
 Quhilk said to him as I sall say to 3ow.

HOW THE HERALD MAID HIS ORESOUN TO ETHEUS  
 THE LEGAT.

" Etheus, to the it is weill knawin,  
 " We war ay frie befoir within oure awin,  
 " And to no leid maid subject for to be, 22,785  
 " Bot leuit ay at oure awin libertie,  
 " Quhill<sup>1</sup> pairt be force, and far mair be fre will,  
 " 3our celsitude [we] war subdewit till.  
 " 3e war protectour and the suir port,  
 " The consolatioun and the greit confort, 22,790  
 " The hie refuge than baith to gude and ill,  
 " For ony succour that tyme send 3ow till;  
 " And we," he<sup>2</sup> said, "wnder 3our celsitude,  
 " At 3our fauour lang befoir ay stude, Col. 2.  
 " Quhill efterwart the fals Maximian, 22,795  
 " Quhilk spulzeit ws of mony nobill man,  
 " Of gold and siluer, and all vther geir,  
 " And of all thing that neidfull war in weir;  
 " Quhairfor we ar invaidit now rycht far  
 " Without fais the langar ay the war, 22,800  
 " That all thair tyme hes ay bene euill adwysit,  
 " And now with 3ow neglectit and dispysit;  
 " And to be maid als with oure mortall fa,  
 " At thair plesour baith presoner and pra.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Quhilk*.

| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *tha*.



- " Quhairfoir," he said, " be this same argument, 22,806  
 " Onto ws all it ma be document,  
 " That changit is 3our greit nobilitie  
 " To fals deceptioun and crudelitie;  
 " Or ellis 3our power parit is so far  
 " That 3e are lichleit and put to the war, 22,810  
 " With greit contemptioun of 3our majestie,  
 " As weill apperis at this tyme to be:  
 " And gif Fortoun hes decernit so,  
 " The nobill land of Britane for to go  
 " So fremmitlie into thairfais hand, 22,815  
 " Without supple of 3ow, or 3it ganestand,  
 " To Scot and Pecht quhome that we most detest,  
 " Throw fyre and blude tha lat ws tak no rest;  
 " Quhairfoir of force we ar maid for to flie  
 " Fra sted to sted quhill we come to the se, 21,820  
 " And thair on force we man byde and remane,  
 " Or ellis droun, or ellis with thame be slane.  
 " Tha bludie bouchouris all tyme ar so bald,  
 " Baith seik and sair, decreipit, 3young and ald,  
 " And febill folk fra thame that ma nocht fle, 22,825  
 " Without mercie hes maid thame all to de  
 " Richt cruellie with sic ane multitude,  
 " Bayth tour and toun this tyme that thame gane-  
 stude,  
 " Hes cassin doun, and brint all in ane low;  
 " Thus haif tha wrocht oure landis throw and 22,830  
 throw.  
 " Heir we beseik," he said, " thi majestie,  
 " Gif reuth, or faith, or pitie in the be,  
 " Or for the treuth thow aucht the empriour,  
 " To rew on ws and send ws sum succour.  
 " It be nocht said of 3ow into na tyme, 22,835  
 " That 3our falsheid, 3our tressoun and 3our cryme,  
 " And sic beleif hes done ws far mair skayth  
 " Na war or wrang of Scot and Pechtis baith.

" And do 3e nocht it will exempill be  
 " To all this warld, quhen that tha heir and se 22,840  
 " With sic tressoun 3e haif maid ws ane trane,  
 " Neuir for to haif in 3ow beleif agane."

#### HOW ETHEUS MAID ANSUEER AGANE TO THE LEGAT.

This Etheus that epistill quhen he red,  
 Grit reuth and petie in his hart he hed;  
 And said, " Deir freind, I pray apardoun me, 22,845  
 " For at this tyme I ma mak no supple.  
 " In Ytalie I trow 3e haif hard tell,  
 " Contrair oure faith sa mony dois rebell,  
 " And I my self als standis in greit dout  
 " With mony rebellis that ar heir about. 22,850 Lib.7, f113 b.  
 " Thairfoir," he said, "it standis<sup>1</sup> so with me, Col. 1.  
 " That at this tyme I ma mak 3ow no supple;  
 " Na 3it na way I ma debait 3our querrell,  
 " Without I put my self in ouir greit perrell.  
 " Thairfoir I wald, alsueill as that 3e ma, 22,855  
 " Debait 3our self wnto ane vther da,  
 " With grace of God it ma stand so with me,  
 " That I sall send 3ow greit help and supple."

#### HOW THE HERALD COME HAME TO LUNDOUN AND SCHEW HIS ANSUEER; QUHAIROF THE BRITIS WAS RICHT EUILL CONTENT.

The messinger hame with this ansuer sped,  
 In Lundoun toun befoir thame all it red; 22,860  
 Quhairof the Britis wes richt euill content  
 Of that respons that Etheus thame sent.  
 That samin tyme the messenger also  
 Come hame agane thair fra tha kingis tuo;  
 Sayand thai wald heir nane of thair desyre, 22,865  
 So full tha war of malice and of ire,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *stude.*

Of na profer that tha can put thame till,  
 Quhill that tha haif all Britane at thair will,  
 Of thair injuris to revengit be,  
 So full thai war of crudelitie. 22,870  
 The nobillis all quhen he that ansuer schew,  
 For verrie dreid tha changit all thair hew ;  
 Wittand no way quhat tha sould say thair till,  
 Into ane studie ane lang quhile so sat still,  
 Without langage that tyme of ony on, 22,875  
 Quaikand for dreid tha war so will of wone.  
 Syne at the last thair spreitis did respyre,  
 And suddantlie, throw greit anger and yre,  
 Repreivit hes thair awin vngudelines,  
 To be so blunt throw beistlie basitnes, 22,880  
 Quhill causit thame to get grit skayth and lak  
 Ane ennimeis grit curage for to tak.  
 Syne with consent of all wes present thair,  
 Decreittit hes all man nicht armour bair,  
 Baith young and ald, other ill or gude, 22,885  
 With all thair power and thair multitude,  
 Thir kingis meit at Adrianus wall,  
 And tak the chance that efter ma befall,  
 Quhat euir it war, other good or ill,  
 As plesit Fortoun for to send thame till. 22,890

HOW THE SCOTTIS AND THE PECHTIS, HEIRAND  
 THE ANSUER SEND FRA ETHEUS TO THE  
 BRITIS, INCONTINENT ENTERIT WITHIN BRI-  
 TANE, MAKAND GRIT HEIRSCHIP.

So quietlie this thing wes [nocht] done,  
 Quhen king of Scottis and Pechtis als rycht sone,  
 Sone efter than he hard tell of all that,  
 And of the ansuer also that tha gat,  
 Fra Etheus thairout of Gallia ; 22,895  
 Than suddantlie thir foirsaid kingis tua,

Thair poweris baith togidder that hes drawin, Onto the Britis or it wes kend or knawin, With sic ordour of all thing les and moir, As tha come neuir in Britane of befoir.	Col 2.   22,900
All Gallowa and Walis of Annand, And all the dalis on the efter hand, The Mers also that tuke the feild befoir, And formest fuir with grit triumph and gloir ; Athoill, Argyle and Calidonia,	    22,905
All Othelyn, and als Orestia, Wicomage, with princes of grit Pechtland, The secund wyng that tyme hes tane on hand. Thir tua kingis, with mekill schoir and bo[i]st, In middis led the grit staill and the oist,	    22,910
With baneris braid ay wavand with the wynd, And all thair cariage cumand syne behind. Syne efter all thair come ane mekle rout Of mony wemen stalwart war and stout, And men that war nocht ganand for the weir,	    22,915
Sum 3young, sum ald, that mycht na harnes beir. Sum for to se the aventur of battell, And vther sum to carie away cattell ; Sic wes thair vse ane lang tyme of the ald, Gif all be trew that my author me tald.	    22,920

HOW THE BRITIS FIRST TUKE PURPOIS TO FECHT,  
AND SYNE CHANGIT THAIR MYND.

The Britis bald sone efter on ane day, Thame to resist with all power tha may, Hes tane the feild, baith vpone fit and hors, With curage cleir richt mony clenelie corss. Sone efter syne, quhen that tha wnderstude Thair ennimeis war of sic multitude, And of thair purpois than culd cum na speid, Togidder all in counsall than tha 3eid.	    22,925
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Sum said, als far as tha culd wnderstand,  
 Greit folie wes to tak sic thing on hand, 22,930  
 Sen that thair power wes sempill and small,  
 In aenture atonis to put thame all ;  
 Bot erar hyde quhill tha nicht efter se  
 Ane better tyme quhen euir that it nicht be.  
 In present tyme trewis with thame to tak, 22,936  
 With what conditioun that tha pleis to mak,  
 Tha said it wes expedient richt far,  
 Or efterwart it wald turne thame to war.

HOW THE BRITIS SEND ANE HERALD TO THIR  
 TUA KINGIS, SCHAWAND THAME THAIR MYND

With thair desyr ane messinger is gone  
 [On to] thir kingis and thir lordis ilkone; 22,940  
 To lat thame wit quhat wes the Britis will,  
 With sic command as than [thai] gaif him till.  
 Thir tuo kingis wald nocht heir thair desyre,  
 Nor 3it no way obtemper wald thair ire,  
 Without the Britis laulie come thame till 22,945  
 Ilkone that tyme, and put thame in thair will.  
 And wald thai nocht, than schortlie to conclude,  
 Tha sould nocht byde fra battell and fra blude,  
 Into that tyme quhill other man or wyffe  
 Of Britis blude war levand vpoun lyfe. 22,950  
 The messinger quhen he this ansuer tald  
 To the Britis, tha grew so het and bald,  
 Half in despair, and half in good beleif,  
 Tuke aventure the battell for to preif.  
 That tyme tha war into so greit despair, 22,955  
 Tha<sup>1</sup> rakit nocht than other quhen or quhair,  
 Seing thame self in sic danger tha stude,  
 To gif battell to all that multitude.

Lib. 7, f. 114.  
 Col. 1.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS, *Than*.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE ORDOURE OF THE BATTELL  
OF SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS ON THE ANE PAIRT,  
AND THE BRITIS VPOUN THE TOTHER PART,  
AS 3E SALL NOW HEIR.

Be this the Scottis cuming war in sicht,  
And Pechtis proude with mony baner bricht, 22,960  
With schalmis schill and mony buglis blast ;  
Quhairof the Britis war no thing agast,  
Ire and invy so movit had thair thocht,  
Of thair awin self tuke litill cuir or nocht,  
And all tha[t] da disposit for to de, 22,965  
So greit dispair tha had of libertie.  
But ony mour, richt sone and suddantlie,  
Tha tuke the feild all with ane schout and cry,  
On fit and horss with mony speir and scheild,  
Richt manfullie into the forrest feild. 22,970  
In that counter that cruell wes and fell,  
Richt manfullie togidder tha did mell,  
Quhill speiris brak and all in flenderis flew ;  
Thair coit armouris that war so cleir of hew,  
And basnetis, war brodin our with blude, 22,975  
Into that stour so stalwartlie thai stude.  
In that battell the Britis war so bald,  
Richt mony freik tha maid on force to fald  
Of Galloway men and of Annandia.  
The Britis all tha war so bald that da, 22,980  
Had nocht bene than tha gat soner supple,  
Tha had bene loissit euirilkane but le.

HOW EUGENIUS SEND GRYME TO RESKEW THE  
SCOTTIS.

Eugenius commandit hes<sup>1</sup> gude Gryme,  
With new power to pas into that tyme

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *hes commandit*.

	On to his men, thame <sup>1</sup> for to mak reskew,	22,985
	That faillit fast and als tha war rycht few.	
	This nobill Grym richt haistellie him sped,	
	Of Ylis men ane rout with him he had,	
	On to the feild for to mak thame reskew,	
	Quhen that he come the battell did renew.	22,990
	The Galloway men, the quhilk befor that fled,	
	Of his cuming so grit curage tha hed,	
	Turnit agane als bald as ony boir,	
	With grittar strenth nor euir tha had befor,	
	So stoutlie syne into that stour tha stude,	22,995
Col. 2.	Baithand thair brandis in the Britis blude.	
	Richt mony als la grufingis on the grund,	
	In thair bodie buir mony bludie wound,	
	Start vp agane richt sturdellie and stout,	
	And raikit in syne in the thickest rout,	23,000
	And sic ane counter at thair cuming maid,	
	That mony Brit than tha gart bleid full braid.	
	The secund oist, als fast as tha nicht frak,	
	Come in behind syne at the Britis bak,	
	Quhen that tha war forfochtin and confoundit ;	23,005
	Fra bowis bent the braid arrowis aboundit,	
	Into the air ay fleand by and by,	
	Quhill that tha cled the cloudis of the sky.	
	Thir tuo kingis, with all thair royall rout,	
	Hes closit than the Britis round about	23,010
	On euerie syde, alss thik as ony snaw.	
	The Britis than quhen thai beheld and saw,	
	So awfull wes for to induir thair dynt,	
	Tha fled als fast as fyre dois out of flynt	
	On to ane moss wes neir hand by besyid.	23,015
	The Scottis carlis that present wes that tyde,	
	Quhilk litill vse or prattik had in weir,	
	With staf and sting, withoutin armes or geir,	
	Followit richt fast efter tha war gane,	
	With staf and sting syne slew richt mony ane,	23,020

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *than*.

In mos, in marres, and in mony myre,  
 As quha wald fell doun fewall to the fyre.  
 Of all Britane the greit nobilitie  
 Deit that da without help or supple.  
 Foure thousand men, as my author did sa, 23,025  
 Of Scot and Pecht deit thair that same da ;  
 And fyftene thousand of the Britis bald  
 Siclike that tyme, as that my author tald  
 Conanus counsall wes commendit than  
 With all the Britis ill and gude ilk man. 23,030  
 Tha rewit sair that tha did nocht his reid,  
 Quhen tha doucht litill for to mak remeid ;  
 As worthie wes, it maid thame all to rew  
 That sic a nobill for gude counsall slew.

HOW THE BRITIS SEND ANE HERALD TO THIR  
TUA KINGIS.

Sone efter syne, as that my author writis, 23,035  
 The haill barnage that left wes of the Britis  
 Vnslane that da, the quhilk war verrie few,  
 Quhen tha that tyme perfiltie saw and knew  
 Into sic dout and danger as tha war,  
 Negleccit als with fals Fortoun sua far ; 23,040  
 And als thairwith tha wist of no supple,  
 No 3it apperand in that tyme to be ;  
 Knawand richt also in thair intent,  
 Thair ennimeis had no impediment  
 To wirk on thame thair willis as tha wald, 23,045  
 Quhilk war that tyme so bellicois and bald ;  
 Quhairfoir in haist than haif tha maid till go  
 Ane oratour wnto thir kingis tuo,  
 Beseikand thame of thair benignitie,  
 For peice and rest, concord and vnitie ; 23,050  
 Betuix thame thair than trewis for to tak,  
 With quhat conditioun that tha pleis to mak.





Thrie hundreth pledgis also to thame 3eild,  
 Of quhome the 3oungest auchtene 3eir of eild <sup>1</sup>  
 Suld be no les, for-quhy tha thocht it neid, 23,085  
 The eldest als nocht threttie suld exceid.  
 Quhen thir conditionis, as my author writis,  
 Rehersit war ilkone befor the Britis,  
 Suppois tha thocht tha war richt euill to vse,  
 3it neurtheles tha durst thame nocht refuse: 23,090  
 For dreid and danger thai war in alone,  
 At thair plesour fulfillit thame ilkone.  
 Fra that da furth the greit nobilitie  
 Of all Britane, and als auctoritie,  
 Wes wynt to be of sic honour and gloir, 23,095  
 Decressit than the langar ay the moir.

OFF FYN MAKCOULE, THE GREIT GIANT.<sup>2</sup>

Thre hundreth sax and fourtie also than,  
 Efter that Christ incarnat wes ane man,  
 And in the ring of Eugene the sevint 3eir,  
 All this wes done that I haif said 3ow heir. 23,100  
 Gif it be suith, als that my author sais,  
 Fyn Makcoule wes in tha samin dais.  
 Of Scottis blude ane greit giant wes he,  
 Mekill by mesour, of greit quantitie,  
 Quhairfoir his name remanis in memorie. 23,105  
 Bot I find nocht into na famous storie  
 His lyfe, his stature or nobilitie,  
 Quhairfoir richt loud of him I trow tha le.  
 And I am laith ane lesing for to mak,  
 Thairfoir as now I will nocht wndertak 23,110  
 To tell 3ow mair, or dreid 3e sa I lie;  
 Sen it is best, now I will lat it be.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *ald*.<sup>2</sup> In MS. *Off Marlinus, the  
 Propheet of Britane.*

HOW THE ARCHIBISCHOP PAULADINUS WAS SEND  
IN SCOTLAND FRA THE PAIP CALLIT SILIS-  
TINUS.

That samin tyme, my author sais thus,  
Ane archibischop callit Paladinus,  
Fra Silistene the paip of Rome wes send 23,115  
Into Scotland, as it wes richt weill kend,  
Thame to instruct into the faith of Christ,  
And to confirme all bairnis war baptist:  
Sanct Patrik als into tha samin dais,  
Into Yrland, as that my author sais. 23,120  
Richt langsum war, thairfoir I will nocht dude,  
To tell 3ow heir of all thair sanctitude,  
And the gude werkis in thair lyfe tha did,  
The grit wonder and miraclis that tha kid.  
It will transcend the strenth of my ingyne, 23,125  
To tell 3ow all thair godlines diuynne;  
To man in erd that mater is ouir hie,  
Thairfoir as now my self will lat it be.  
Quha lykis heir thair legend tha ma luke:  
Loving to God heir endis the sevint buike. 23,130

Lib. 8.

HEIR ENDIS THE SEVINT BUIK, AND BEGYNNIS THE  
AUCHT BUKE; THE QUHILK TREITTIS OF GREIT  
WEIR AND BATTELL BETUIX THE BRITIS ON  
THE TANE PART, AND THE SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS  
ON THAT VTHER PART.

As 3e haif hard into the sevint befoir,  
How all the Britis that tyme les and moir  
Subdewit war to king Ewgenius,  
And king of Pechtis that callit wes Drustus.  
The nobillis all and alls the multitude, 23,135  
Continewallie in to sic seruitude

Ten 3eir and moir tha war but ony pley,  
 Durst none of thame thir kingis disobey.  
 And than ane man, Conanus hecht to name,  
 Of all the Britis grittest wes of fame, 23,140  
 And of Conanus sone he wes also,  
 Quhomeof I schew 3ow schort quhile syne ago,  
 And lineallie discendit als wes he  
 Fra Octaueane and his genelogie,  
 Of Britis blude quhilk wes the hindmest man 23,145  
 That woir the croun and king wes in Britane.  
 This ilk Conan, of quhome 3e heir me tell,  
 In purpois wes that same tyme to rebell  
 Agane thir kingis; sic desire had he,  
 For to redeme the Britis libertie. 23,150

#### HOW THE BRITIS MAID ANE QUYET COUNSALL.

Into Kent schire ane lytill toun thair stude Lib. 8, f. 115.  
 Vpoun ane plane besyde ane rynnand flude, Col. 1.  
 Within ane wod, quhair he ane tryst hes set;  
 The nobillis all of Britane thair him met  
 At his requeist sone efter on ane da, 23,155  
 To heir and se quhat he wald to thame sa.  
 Or dreid sic thing sould opinlie be knawin,  
 Richt quietlie thairfoir that draucht wes drawin,  
 Saying, for hunting thai sould all pas hidder.  
 Syne quhen tha war convenit altogidder, 23,160  
 Richt secreitlie into that place alone,  
 Thus hes he said amang them all ilkone.

#### HOW CONANUS MAID HIS ORESOUN BEFOIR THA LORDIS.

" Lordis, forsuith I traist richt weill 3e knaw,  
 " Sum tyme we had baith libertie and law,

- " To vse alway at oure auctoritie, 23,165  
 " With riches, honour and nobilitie,  
 " Far worthiar that tyme nor I can ruiss,  
 " Of all the warld thocht we be now refuiss.  
 " In euerie land with all leid we are lakkit,  
 " With zone<sup>1</sup> barbouris sen that we war sub- 23,170  
     jectit  
 " Ten 3eir and moir, with sic miseritie  
 " That horribill is ither to heir or se.  
 " Quhairof," he said, " thair is no leving man,  
 " That hes the wyit bot fals Maximian,  
 " Quhilk spulzeit ws of all riches and nicht, 23,175  
 " That ay seusyne we haif tane litill richt.  
 " Bot now," he said, " within thir 3eiris ten,  
 " Into Britane richt mony nobill men  
 " Ar growin vp to richt greit quantitie,  
 " With strenth and nicht and animositie, 23,180  
 " Into sic number quhat of moir and les,  
 " Without," he said, " that oure wnworthines  
 " Restrenze ws, we ma with litill pane,  
 " Baith land and law, and libertie agane,  
 " For to reskew for all thair bost and schoir; 23,185  
 " Sen that oure fatheris schort quhile of befoir,  
 " At thair plesour expellit thame ilkone  
 " Richt far to pas than out of Albione.  
 " And now," he said, " sen we haif strenth and  
     mycht,  
 " Sielyke as tha, and als the samin rycht, 23,190  
 " Sen we want nocht bot curage and gude will,  
 " My counsall is we reddie ws thair till;  
 " And tak the chance that God will to ws send,  
 " Quhat euir it be, and byde the latter end."

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *young*.

HOW MONY OF THE BRITIS ALLOWIT HIS COUN-  
SALL, AND MONY MO ALLOWIT IT NOCHT.

Quhen this wes said, richt mony that stude by 23,195  
 Commendit him, syne sone and suddantly,  
 To his counsall thairto gaif thair consent.  
 And mony mo thair of wes nocht content,  
 That<sup>1</sup> had thair freindis liand into pledge,  
 And for sic caus that tyme thai did alledge 23,200  
 Tha wald nocht brek thair obliissing and band,  
 That thai had seillit with thair awin hand.  
 Richt weill tha wist, tha said, and tha did so,  
 It wald thame turne sone efterwart to wo.  
 And thus ilk pairtie pleyit for thair richt, 23,205  
 Quhill da wes gone and cuming wes the night;  
 Syne wndecydit, my author did sa,  
 Ilk man tuke leve and passit hame his wa.

HOW THE BRITIS COUNSALL WAS SCHAWIN TO  
THE SCOTTIS.

So secreitlie zit this thing wes nocht done  
 Amang thame self, quhill ane of thame rycht 23,210  
 sone,  
 Of all that counsall that all the mater knew,  
 To Scot and Pecht his secreittis all he schew.  
 Quhairof thir kingis war richt ill content,  
 And suddanelie ane herald to thame sent,  
 Declarand thame that tha war all wntrew; 23,215  
 Richt weill, tha said, thair counsall all tha knew  
 Be rycht traist men that tyme that did thame tell,  
 How tha presume agane thame to rebell,  
 Commanding thame for it that tha had done,  
 Thair pledgis all for to fetche hame richt sone, 23,220

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<sup>1</sup> In M.S. *And*.

And tuyss alss mony for to send agane,  
 That 3oungar war, with thame for to remane;  
 And no stranger amang thame to ressaue,  
 For any falt or mister tha nicht haif;  
 Or 3it counsall amang thame self to mak; 23,225  
 In tyme to cum thai sould not wndertak,  
 Without their leve sic thingis for to do,  
 And wald tha nocht, tha said, consent thairto,  
 Declarit thame richt sone or euir tha wene,  
 Thir kingis baith in Britane sould be sene, 23,230  
 With sic power and sic crudelitie,  
 Sic of befor 3it saw tha neurir with ee.  
 Syne finallie, he said, than to conclude,  
 Neurir for to stanche fra mort battell and blude,  
 Quhill all the Britis levand ar on lyfe 23,235  
 Be slane ilkone, baith man, barne and wyfe.  
 Quhen this wes said befor the Britis all  
 That present war, that tyme bayth greit and small,  
 So greit rancour 3it kendlit in thair mynd,  
 With ane assent amang thame all defynd, 23,240  
 Or tha did sua tha sould far erar de  
 All on ane da and out of trubill be,  
 No for to leve and be into sic pane.  
 All this decreit the nobillis war agane;  
 Suppois it was richt soir aganis thair will, 23,245  
 Of force it wes for to consent thairtill,  
 With fair wordis misit the multitude,  
 And causit thame siclyke for to conclude;  
 That efterwart richt sone tha did fulfill  
 Thir chargis all thir kingis laid thame till. 23,250

HOW THE COMMONIS OF BRITANE REBELLIT  
 AGANIS THE LORDIS.

Sone efter this that I haif said 3ow heir,  
 Within the space of thre or foure of 3eir,  
 The commonis all that duelt into Britland,  
 Convenit all togidder in ane band,

All on ane da said erar tha wald de, 23,255  
 No for to leif in sic miseritie;  
 Agane thir kingis thocht for to rebell.  
 The nobillis all thair of quhen tha hard tell,  
 Dreidand full soir than for thir kingis tua,  
 And for thair freindis that in pledgis la, 23,260  
 Trowand on thame tha sould thair harme revenge; Lib. 8, f. 115b  
 Of that counsall thame self thair for to clenge, Col. 1.  
 That euerie man nicht wit in verrament,  
 Of that counsall that thai [wer] innocent,  
 Tha gaif command, wnder the pane of deid, 23,265  
 The pepill all suld peice sone of that pleid.  
 The commonis than of thame stude litill aw,  
 Bot haistelie to armis all did draw,  
 And gaif thame battell pertlie on ane plane,  
 On euerie syde quhair mony ane wes slane. 23,270  
 The commonis thocht tha had greit multitude,  
 Thair ordinance and ordour wes so rude,  
 With lytill force thair war confoundit all,  
 And in the feild richt mony maid to fall.  
 The laif syne fled alss fast as tha mycht fle, 23,275  
 Sum to the mos, sum to the montanis hie.  
 Tha followit fast efter quhair tha wer gone,  
 And in that chace tha slew richt mony one.

#### HOW THE COMMOUN PEPILL REBELLIT THE SE- CUND TYME.

The commoun pepill, thocht thai tint the feild,  
 And had the moist part of thair power keild, 23,280  
 Zit sone efter with mort battell agane,  
 Tha met the nobillis pertlie on the plane,  
 And in that feild thair war tha all confoundit,  
 Mony war slane and mony richt euill woundit;  
 And all the laif war skaillit heir and thair, 23,285  
 Than for to fle thai wist nocht rycht weill quhair.



That tyme thair power wes so far opprest,  
 That efterwart thai leit thame tak no rest ;  
 Vpoun the plane tha durst nocht byde nor be,  
 Bot hid in woddis and in hillis hie, 23,290  
 Quhill syne that force compellit thame thairtill,  
 That tha put thame all into the nobillis will.  
 The nobillis als of thame tha had sic want,  
 But thame nicht nother police nor zit plant;  
 On euerie syde thairfoir tha war richt fane, 23,295  
 Athir with other to agrie agane.  
 This inwart battell that tyme of the Britis,  
 Withoutin weir, as that my author writis,  
 It did mair skaith that tyme into Britane,  
 Nor all the spulze of Maximiane, 23,300  
 He had with him into Armorica,  
 Schort quhile befoir as ze haif hard me sa.  
 Efter this feild thair follout zeiris thre  
 Into Britane of sic penuritie,  
 That throw grit hunger mo lossit the lyfe, 23,305  
 No did befoir other be sword or knyfe.  
 Syne efter that thair follout zeiris thre  
 So fructuous with sic fertilitie,  
 In Britane siclike wes thair neuir sene  
 Lang quhile befoir, nor zit sensyne hes bene. 23,310  
 Quhilk causit thame that tyme baith ane and aw,  
 To leve vertew and to sic vices draw,  
 Syne efter that, richt lang and mony zeir,  
 That horribill wes to ony man to heir.  
 Of hurdome, hasart, and of harlatrie, 23,315  
 Of dansing, drinking, and full gluttony,  
 Adultrie so litill than tha dred,  
 That fornicatioun for na vice wes hed.  
 And, to my purpois forder to apply,  
 Col. 2. Wes neuir vice than ringand wnder the sky 23,320  
 That knawin wes, or zit befoir richt lang,  
 Among the Britis in that tyme tha rang.

And speciallie the prelattis of the kirk,  
 Than of thame all maist wranguslie did wirk;  
 Castand fra thame of halie kirk all curis, 23,325  
 In drinking, dansing, and with commoun huris,  
 Vsit thair lyfe into sic harlatric,  
 And at all thir [thai] had richt greit invye,  
 That vsit vertu into word or deid.  
 That wes the caus thairfoir, as sais Sanct Beid, 22,330  
 With the Saxonis tha war efter ourithrawin,  
 And ay sensyne dishereist of thair awin,  
 Suppois thai war baith stalwart, stout and strang,  
 And 3it are so, I wait nocht weill how lang.

#### HOW EUGENIUS DEPARTIT OUT OF THIS LYFFE

In all this tyme that I haif tald 3ow heir, 23,335  
 Eugenius this nobill cheuilleir,  
 Richt equallie his kinrik gydit he  
 In peice and rest, and greit tranquillitie.  
 Gude faith and fredome in him so wes foundit,  
 All welth and weillfair in his [realme] aboundit; 23,340  
 His leigis all him luifit our the laif,  
 And to the kirk greit fredome that he gaif,  
 And causit thame obeyit for to be  
 In all his tyme with greit tranquillitie.  
 Four hundretht 3eir and saxtie efter Christ 23,345  
 In Bethlem wes borne and syne baptist,  
 And of his ring quhilk wes the threttie 3eir,  
 This nobill king of quhome I schew 3ow heir,  
 He tuke his leif and to his graif is gone.  
 For him thair murnit that tyme mony one, 23,350  
 Into his tyme so weill louit wes he  
 With 3oung and ald for his humilitie;  
 To freindfull men wes gentill to behald,  
 And to his fa baith bellicois and bald.  
 In Iona Yle I leve him liand still, 23,355  
 With his father into Ecolumkill.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE CROWNYNG OF DONGARDUS  
AND OF HIS NOBILL DEIDIS. THIS DON-  
GARDUS WES BRUTHER TO THIS FOIRSAID  
EUGENIUS.

This king, of quhome his deidis I haif schawin,  
No childer had that tyme that wes his awin.  
Quhairfoir his bruther, hecht Dongard to name, 23,360  
Ane nobill man withoutin ony blame,  
With haill consent of 3oung and ald ilkone,  
Wes crownit king vpoun the marbell stone.  
Ane man he wes all tyme of counsall gude,  
And far affectit to the noble blude,  
Begouth alway quhair that his bruther left; 23,365  
Richt mony place he foundit and syne feft  
Lib. 8, f. 116. In halie kirk, in ilk pairt of his ring,  
Col. 1. And ordand preistis for to say and sing,  
And seruice mak ilk da at tyme and hour.  
Pauladius he held in greit honour; 23,370  
And with his nobillis causit him to haif  
Greit reuerence, siclike of all the laif  
That come with him, quhilk of the kirk had cuir,  
Ilkane in ordour as tha office buir.  
Syne sindrie judgis for to keip the lawes, 23,375  
Knewledge to tak of euerie mannis causs,  
And to decerne betuix the richt and wrang,  
To heid for slauchter, and for thift to lang,  
And no trespas wnpuneist for to be,  
Into his tyme sic lawes ordand he. 23,380  
Sone efterwart, at greit laser and lenth,  
He gart reforme ilk castell, tour and strenth,  
And biggit new vpoun the bordour syde.  
For weir in peice he thocht wes best to prouyde,  
Quhen that sic thing nicht best cum till effect; 23,385  
The quheill of Fortoun he held ay suspect,

Thairfoir with wisdome he wes all tyme gydit,  
 So that nothing he hes left wnprovydit.  
 In peice and rest I lat him heir remane,  
 And to the Britis turne I will agane. 23,390

HOW THE BRITIS WAR PUT TO FREDOME, EFTER  
 THAI WAR SUBDEWIT WITH THE SCOTTIS AND  
 PECHTIS THRETTIE 3EIR, BE THE COUNSALL  
 OF CONANUS QUHOME OF I SPAK BEFOIR.

Neirby the space that tyme of threttie 3eir,  
 In sic bondage as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 The Britis war with greit miseritie.<sup>1</sup>  
 So far with thame that tyme thai war our  
 thrawin,  
 Skantlie durst say thair saull wes thair awin. 23,395  
 The landis als tha lay in lenth and breid,  
 Fra Humber water to the mouth of Tueid,  
 Tha occupyit as all thair awin had bene;  
 Within tha boundis durst neur Brit be sene;  
 Ten thousand pundis of gude money alsua, 23,400  
 In tribute 3eirlye syne tha gart thame pa.  
 Moir miserable that tyme tha led thair lyfe  
 Na I can say, baith man, barne and wyffe,  
 With soir complaint, with piteous voice and stevin,  
 Haldand thair handis ilk da wnto the hevin, 23,405  
 Cryand on God, law kneilland on thair kne,  
 To bring thame out of that miseritie.  
 Ane lang tyme so thair prayer wes our all,  
 Syne efterwart it hapnit so to fall,  
 This ilk Conan, of quhome befoir I spak, 23,410  
 Ane quyet counsall causit thame to mak:  
 Befoir thame all wes present thair that day,  
 He said to thame as I sall to 3ow say.

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<sup>1</sup> Here a line seems wanting.

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## HOW CONANUS MAID HIS ORESOUN.

- " Lordis," he said, "I knaw richt weill for-thi,  
 " Vnto my counsall had 3e done apply, 23,415  
 " That I 3ow gaif lang syne befoir ago,  
 " With ws I wait it had nocht now stand so.  
 " We had bene fred, and maid for to leve frie,  
 " Brukand oure land, oure law and libertie,  
 Col. 2. " Wnder ane king with plesour of oure awin, 23,420  
 " Quhair now we ar oppressit and our thrawin.  
 " For than we had hors, harnes and geir,  
 " Manheid and strenth, and armour for the weir :  
 " Thair lakit nothing that langit thairtill,  
 " Bot manheid, curage, hardines and will. 23,425  
 " And now," he said, " in oure weiris bygone,  
 " Oure strenthis all ar faillit far ilkone ;  
 " With darth and hunger, and infirmitie,  
 " Richt mony ane sensyne wes maid to de.  
 " And now," he said, " I se richt weill appeir 23,430  
 " Oure greit destructioun euerilk 3eir by 3eir,  
 " That finallie, and we remeid it nocht,  
 " Or euir we wit we wilbe put to nocht.  
 " Thairfoir," he said, " I 3ow beseik ilkone,  
 " Remember how oure fatheris bigone, 23,435  
 " 3one barbour bodeis vincust oft in feild,  
 " Syne exult thame, baith man [and] wyfe and  
     ch[e]ild,  
 " Fra Albione richt far in other land,  
 " Sic aw tha stude that tyme of thair command.  
 " Quhairfoir," he said, " gif curage in 3ow be, 23,440  
 " Or 3it desyre of land or libertie,  
 " Or 3it in 3ow be other strynd or blude  
 " Of oure eldaris, so nobill war and gude,  
 " Than lat ws nocht so far degenerat be  
 " Fra thame quhilk wes of sic nobillitie ; 23,445

" Sen that we ar cuming of the Romane blude,  
 " Cast of this ȝok of sic vyle seruitude,  
 " Wnder ȝone barbouris no langer to be,  
 " And mak ws all to leve at libertie.  
 " Richt eith it is oure purpois to fulfill, 23,460  
 " So we wald all concord into ane will."

HOW THE BRITIS DECREITTIT TO SEND IN ARMO-  
 RICA FOR SUPPLE AGANIS THE SCOTTIS AND  
 PECHTIS, AND FOR TO HAIF ANE KING OF  
 THAT CUNTRIE.

Quhen he had said as I haif said to ȝow,  
 His langage all richt greitlie did allow;  
 And ilkone said that that wes best to do,  
 And suddantlie gaif all consent thairto, 23,465  
 Incontinent without ony delay,  
 To tak the feild and fortoun till assay.  
 So had thai done richt sone and suddantly,  
 Had nocht bene ane that wes standand neirby,  
 Quhilk said, " Forsuith this is the mater indeid, 23,460  
 " And we do so we will cum lidder speid.  
 " Agane ȝone princes of power and pryde,  
 " Without ane king ws to convoy and gyde.  
 " And we oure self diswsit is in weir,  
 " But hors, harnes, or ony other geir, 23,465  
 " Without ordour, or ony ws to gyde.  
 " My counsall is thairfoir that we provyde  
 " In ony place quhair we ma get ane king,  
 " Or we temp Fortoun ouir far in sic thing."  
 Than euerie man thocht that counsall wes best, 23,470  
 Syne tuke to reid withoutin ony rest,  
 This ilk Conanus sould him dres to ga  
 With thair desyre onto Armorica,  
 And Guytillene ane man but ony cryme,  
 Quhilk bischop wes of Lundoun in that tyme, 23,475

Lib. 8, f. 116b.  
 Col. 1.

On to that king the quhilk wes of thair blude,  
 Beseikand him of his greit gratitude,  
 He wald prouyde for thame ane king or prince,  
 In gudlie haist to cum in thair defence;  
 Sen he him self wes narrest to thair croun, 23,480  
 Fra Dioneth the fourt grie cuming doun.

#### HOW THE BRIT LORDIS PASSIT TO ARMORICA.

In that mater wes nother stop nor strywe:  
 Sone war tha graithit on to the gait belyve,  
 With greit triumph syne passit to the fame.  
 The secund da this Conanus be name, 23,485  
 So alterit wes throw caldnes of the se,  
 Quhill that he fell in greit infirmitie,  
 On the thrid day, withoutin ony remeid,  
 He sufferit hes the strang panis of deid.  
 Guytillean richt greit displesure tuke 23,490  
 Of his diseis, and for his saik forsuik  
 Meit and drink tua dayes or thre.  
 Syne efterwart, quhen he come of the se,  
 Richt gloriouslie gart graith him in his graif,  
 With all honour that sic ane man sould haif. 23,495  
 Syne efterwart quhen that he had done so,  
 To Androan he dressit him till go,  
 That king that tyme wes of Armorica,  
 Of thair awin blude descendit wes alsua.  
 Syne quhen he come befor this crownit king, 23,500  
 Ilk word by word the fassoun of all thing  
 At lenth and lasar schew to him richt plane,  
 That I neid nocht heir to reherss agane.  
 His oresoun, the quhilk wes so prolix,  
 Wald mar my mynd and I had with it fixt, 23,505  
 And tydeus to 3ow also to reid,  
 And hinder me richt far als of my speid,

And I no tyme hes now thairin to tarie :  
 With help of God and his deir moder Marie,  
 My purpois is to lat sic process pas, 23,510  
 And tell ȝow schortlie how the mater was.

HOW THE KING OF ARMORICA SEND HIS SONE  
 CONSTANTYNE IN BRITANE WITH ANE GREIT  
 ARMIE, FOR TO SUPPLE THE BRITIS AGANIS  
 THE SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS.

Off his desyre the king wes weill content ;  
 Of his awin coist that tyme incontinent  
 Schir Constantyne he send to the flude,  
 Quhilk wes his sone, with ane greit multitude 23,515  
 Of nobill men that vsit war in weir,  
 With bow and brand, with sword, ax and speir,  
 And with all thing quhairof tha nicht haif neid,  
 In that jorney nicht caus thame for to speid.  
 Quhen tha war put syne in ane gude array, 23,520  
 To schip tha went without ony delay,  
 And in thair passage perrell fand thai none,  
 Quhill that tha come richt saif in Albione.  
 The pepill all that duelt baith far and neir,  
 Of thair cuming als fast as tha culd heir, 23,525  
 Tha gadderit fast, and come to the se coist, Col. 2.  
 At his cuming tha met him with ane oist,  
 With sic desyre tha had that tyme to se  
 This Constantyne, that come thair king to be.  
 Guytillian quhen that he come to land, 23,530  
 Quhair mony lord befor him thair he fand,  
 Than word be word he schew to thame ilkone,  
 How he had sped in his travell bigone,  
 And how sa weill he treittit was alsua  
 With Androgen, king of Armorica ; 23,535  
 And of the honour that wes done him thair,  
 And all his ansuer ilk word les and mair.



The pepill als beheld this Constantyne,  
 Amang thame self ilk said to vther syne,  
 " This is the man we traist this tyme salbe 23,540  
 " The haill reskewar of oure libertie ;  
 " And do he nocht, traist weill in all our dais  
 " It beis wndone ;" ilkone to vther sais.

#### HOW THE BRITIS CONVOYIT CONSTANTYNE TO LUNDOUN.

With honour, reuerence, and with greit renoun,  
 Convoyit [him] syne on to Lundoun toun, 23,545  
 Thair, with consent baith of ald and zing,  
 This Constantyne thair haif tha crownit king ;  
 Prayand to God his dais lang to induir,  
 And send him fortoun and gude aventuir.  
 Befoir thame all than wes he sworne to be 23,550  
 Baith leill and trew in his auctoritie,  
 And with all power that he micht in plane,  
 Thair libertie for to reskew agane,  
 Siclike befor as tha war wont to be ;  
 That suld he do, he said, or ellis de. 23,555  
 Syne gart proclame within the fourtie da,  
 That euerie man als gudlie as he ma,  
 Sould reddie be that doucht armoure to weir,  
 Baith zyoung and ald weill graithit into thair geir,  
 As tha micht furneis, baith on hors and feit ; 23,560  
 At Humber flude the tryst wes set to meit.

#### HOW THE SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS, HEIRAND OF THE CUMING OF CONSTANTYNE, GART HANG ALL THE PLEDGIS THAT THA HAD THAT TYME OF THE BRITIS.

Baith Scot and Pecht quhen tha hard tell that thing,  
 The pledgis all tha haif gart heid and hing :

And vyldar deid hes maid mony to de  
 Richt cruellie without humanitie. 23,565  
 The Britis all thairat had sic dispyte,  
 Thinkand thair deid and harmis for to quyte,  
 Thairfoir the sonner quhair the tryst wes set,  
 Tha sped thame all quhill tha togidder met.  
 In that same tyme thir nobill kingis tua, 23,570  
 With all thair power efter on ane da,  
 On fit and hors ane meruelus multitude,  
 Plantit thair palzeonis neirby Humber flude.  
 And thair tha baid with mekle bost and schoir,  
 Vpone ane spy that tha had send befoir 23,575  
 Into Britane fra thir tua kingis send,  
 Quhilk come agane and hes maid to thame kend  
 The Britis all with thair king war cumand,  
 Within four myll in all haist at thair hand.  
 Thir kingis tuo than to array is gone, 23,580  
 And put thair men in ordour thair ilkone;  
 Syne be tha war arrayit weill at richt,  
 The Britis all apperit in thair sicht;  
 Quhat movit thame it is wnkend to me,  
 Tha left the plane, and tuke the hillis he, 23,585  
 Neirhand besyde, baith of greit hicht and lenth,  
 And thair thai stude arrayit on ane strenth.  
 Thir kingis tuo quhilk did thair passage se,  
 Traistand the battell sould postponit be  
 Quhill on the morne or to sum vther da, 23,590  
 This king Dongard, as my author did sa,  
 To all his men, with ane loud voce and cleir,  
 He said to thame as I sall say 3ow heir.

Lib.8, f.117.  
 Col. 1.

HOW THE KING OF SCOTTIS MAID HIS ORESOUN.

" Mervell," he said, " nothing now of 3one sicht,  
 " Quhairfoir the Britis dryuis to the hicht. 23,595  
 " It is weill kend to 3ow oft of befoir,  
 " Tha war ay full of bost, of brag and schoir,

- " Behind oure bak, into all tyme and place,  
 " Syne fane to flie quhen that tha se our face.  
 " Far manliar ane slayis with thair word 23,600  
 " Ma men, ze wait, no other knyfe or sword.  
 " Zisternycht loud tha cryit all on hie,  
 " ' Quhair ar thai gone? quhair sall we now thame  
     se ?  
 " ' Quhair sall we find tha fals tratouris so strang,  
 " ' That we haif socht richt mony da so lang ?' 23,605  
 " And now this da quhen tha cum in oure sycht,  
 " And dois behald oure strenthis and oure nicht,  
 " Thair greit curage now culit is so cald,  
 " That [thai] dar nocht oure faces weill behald ;  
 " For verra dreid, as ze your self ma se, 23,610  
 " Fled fra the feild onto ane montane hie.  
 " Dreid nocht this tyme," he said, "as I suppois,  
 " To fecht with thame ar so meticolis,  
 " And full of dreid, for all thair boist and schoir,  
 " So oft with ws wes vincust of befoir. 23,615  
 " Zone ar the leid that lawtie hes forlorne,  
 " Faithles and fals, and oft syis mensworne ;  
 " Withoutin faith thai ar, baith man and cheild ;  
 " Sic falset zit fuir neur weill in feild.  
 " And thocht," he said, "ze knaw ane lytill 23,620  
     we,  
 " Now at this tyme thair power eikit be ;  
 " That is na caus now that tha suld preuail,  
 " Nor zit no quhy quhairfoir we suld fail.  
 " Richt weill I knaw thair chiftane maid of new,  
 " That neur befoir thair fassone kend or 23,625  
     knew,  
 " For na requeist, teiching or document,  
 " Ma caus tha harlottis to tak hardiment,  
 " For na admonitioun he can to thame mak,  
 " Of ws this tyme so greit terrour tha tak,  
 " Sa oft befoir that preuit hes oure strenth, 23,630  
 " That garris thame ly so far fra ws at lenth.

" Traist weill," he said, " the hair dreid neur the  
 hound,  
 " No zit the scheip the wolf, in to na stound,  
 " Quhen scho is put till all hir grittest speid,  
 " So soir befar this da as tha ws dreid. 23,635  
 " Giff hapnis so this da that we get feild,  
 " Se that no Brit, suppois he wald him zeild, Col. 2.  
 " Ze tak or saue quhill all perrell be past ;  
 " Tak tent and byde on to the latter cast,  
 " And quhen tha fle, or dreid tressone be 23,640  
 wrocht,  
 " Without ordour se that ze follow nocht ;  
 " For and ze do, ze ar abill to tak  
 " Throw sic wnwisdomes baith greit skayth and lak."

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE ORDOUR AND THE MANER  
 OF THE GREIT BATTELL BETUOX DONGARDUS,  
 KING OF SCOTTIS, AND CONSTANTIUS, KING  
 OF BRITIS, QUHAIR THE SCOTTIS WAN THE  
 FEILD AND THAIR KING WAS SLANE THROW  
 MISGYDING.

Be this was said, the watchis walkand by  
 Come in agane, and schew richt suddantly 23,645  
 The Britis war descendit fra the hicht,  
 And cumand war in gude array full richt,  
 Towart the place quhair at the Pechtis la.  
 Than Dongardus, in all the haist he ma,  
 He put his men into ane gude array, 23,650  
 And fordwart fure without ony affray.  
 Onto the place richt sone he gart thame pas,  
 Quhairat the feild syne efter strikin wes,  
 With buglis blast that hiddeous wes till heir,  
 And schalmis schill with clarionis clinkand cleir, 23,655  
 With baneris braid, and pynsallis of greit pryde,  
 And staitlie standartis vpone euerilk syde.

Fra bowmen bald, with bent bowis in hand,  
 The flanis flew richt scharpe and weill scherand ;  
 On euirilk syde, withoutin ony feinzie, 23,660  
 The cruell dartis with mony awfull ganze,  
 Lyke thunder quhisland flew into the air,  
 The dais licht adumbrit<sup>1</sup> ouir all quhair.  
 Syne efter that, with mony speir and scheild,  
 The laif richt fraklie enterit in the feild, 23,665  
 With sic ane dois togidder that tha draif,  
 Quhill all thair scheildis into pecis raif ;  
 So thralie than togidder that tha thrist,  
 Quhill speiris brak and birneis all did brist.

#### HOW BAITH THE WYNGIS OF THE BRITIS FLED.

The wyngis baith than of the Britis oist 23,670  
 Inlaikit fast, and in the tyme neir loist,  
 In that counter sa mony thair wes keild ;  
 The laif syne fled rycht far out of the feild.  
 Than all the pais la on the middill ward,  
 Quhair 3young Constans that tyme faucht with 23,675  
 his gaird,  
 He brocht with him out of Armorica ;  
 Tha preuit weill, as my author did sa.

#### HOW DONGARDUS SOCHT CONSTANTYNE IN THE FEILD TO FECHT WITH HIM HAND FOR HAND, AND AS HE WAS SLANE.

Lib.8, f.117b. This nobill Dongard as I wnderstand,  
 Col. 1. Sic curage had for to fecht hand for hand  
 With Constantyne, of quhome he had na dout, 23,680  
 Into him self so stalwart wes and stout,  
 With sic desyre greit honour for to wyn ;  
 Than with ane raice amang thame encertin,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *adumbrit*.

Into the feld richt fraklie on his feit,  
 Trowand that tyme with Constantyne to meit, 23,685  
 Richt unauisit followit in oure far  
 Into the feld quhair that his fais war.  
 Or euir he wist, with few in cumpanie  
 That followit him, richt haistelie in hy  
 With his fais he wes closit about, 23,690  
 So that no way he had for to wyn out.  
 Syne faucht so lang, for he wald nocht be tone,  
 Quhen all his feiris war slane euirilk one,  
 Him self that tyme that stalwart wes and strang,  
 With speiris scharp that war bayth grit and 23,695  
 lang,  
 On force wes borne than braidlingis on his bak ;  
 And as he rais defens agane to mak,  
 With speiris lang that war bayth grit and squair,  
 Out throw the bodie in the breist him bair.  
 This wes the end of gude Dongard the king, 23,700  
 Quhilk wes that tyme the fyft 3eir of his ring.  
 Richt mony cownt of his deid so dred,  
 Out of the feild richt fast awa tha fled.  
 The laif, quhilk war moir stalwart in that steid,  
 Thinkand to be revengit of his deid, 23,705  
 Bald as ane boir in that feild tha fuir ;  
 Thair deidlie dyntis war awfull till induir,  
 Wes none so awfull of the Britis all,  
 Bot with ane straik tha maid thame for to fall.  
 The Pechtis proud that da war of sic pryss, 23,710  
 So manlie als, and of thair gyding wyss,  
 So hardie war, and of thair curage hie,  
 Out of the feild ane fot tha wald nocht fle ;  
 And thus tha faucht the space of half a da,  
 But victorie, as my author did sa. 23,715

## HOW ALL THE GRIT BATTELL OF THE BRITIS FLED.

Syne at the last the Britis tuke the flycht ;  
 Langar to byde tha had no strenth nor mycht.  
 For sixtene thousand in that feild wes slane,  
 Without reskew la deid vpoun that plane ;  
 Of Scot and Pecht, as my author did sa, 23,720  
 Fourtene thousand la deid that same da ;  
 And gude Dongard, that wes of Scottis king,  
 As I 3ow schew, the fyft 3eir of his ring.  
 This Constantyne quhen he had tynt the feild,  
 And had sa mony of his knichtis keild, 23,725  
 For him that tyme wald nocht convene agane,  
 Na langar than thairfoir he durst remane ;  
 Syne efterwart, vpoun the secund da,  
 Onto Kent schire he passit hame awa.  
 The Scottis all for the deid of thair king, 23,730  
 So sorrowfull and said wes of that thing,  
 Tha preissit nocht to follow on the chace,  
 No 3it the Pechtis far out of that place,  
 Bot passit hame within ane litill quhile,  
 With gude Dongard thair king to Iona Ile. 23,735  
 Col. 2. In Ecolumkill syne graithit him in his graue,  
 With all honour that sic ane prince suld have.

 HOW CONSTANTINUS, THE BRUTHER OF DONGARDUS,  
 EFTER HIS DEID, WAS CROWNIT KING OF SCOT-  
 TIS, QUHILK PREVIT WNWORTHHELIE IN ALL HIS  
 TYME.

Ane sone he had of 3outhheid within eild,  
 Congallus hecht, quhilk wes ane prettie cheild,  
 That wes our 3oung that tyme to be ane king, 23,740  
 That all the lordis for that samin thing,  
 And commoun pepill that tyme did defyne  
 The kingis bruther, callit Constantyne.

With haill consent of all wes thair ilkone,  
 Tha crownit him vpoun the marbell stone. 23,745  
 Of him that tyme tha had better beleif  
 In all his tyme no he did efter preif.  
 Fra his father, and fra his bruther als,  
 Degenerit far, baith subtill, sle and fals ;  
 Voluptuous, full of gulositie, 23,750  
 And louit men weill that culd fleche and le.  
 Adulterie and fornicatioun,  
 Rapt, and incest, and defloratioun ;  
 Stuprion to him wes sic plesour,  
 With dansing, drinking, euerie da and hour, 23,755  
 With harlatrie and hurdome mony zeir,  
 That horribill wes into this erd to heir.  
 Of him this tyme quhat sould I say 3ow moir ?  
 In Albione wes neuir king befoir,  
 So vitious wes in all his tyme as he, 23,760  
 Foullar infectit with faminitie.  
 For no requeist that the lordis culd mak,  
 No deid of armis wald he wndertak,  
 No in his tyme wald justice keip or law ;  
 Richt few thair wes of him stude ony aw. 23,765  
 For no persusioun the lordis culd mak,  
 Befoir his face or 3it behind his bak,  
 For quhat promit that tha culd mak him to,  
 No for no thing that tha sould sa or do,  
 Tha culd nocht all into ane feild him bring, 23,770  
 Quhair blude wes drawin or apperance of sic thing.  
 And als thairwith, as that my author writis,  
 He grantit peice skant askit be the Britis ;  
 At thair plesour gaif our siclike alsua  
 The tribute zeirliche that tha war wont to pa, 23,775  
 Richt quietlie, but aduiss of men of gude,  
 And mony strent that on the bordour stude.  
 Quhen all this thing our Scotland wes weill knawin  
 As he had done, and to the lordis schawin,



Tha thocht ilkone agane him to rebell ; 23,780  
 So had tha done, as my author did tell,  
 Had not bene than the nobill gude Congall,  
 Of Galloway lord, and wysest of thame all,  
 The quhilk to thame sa mony lessoun schew,  
 Greit perrell wes sic battell till persew 23,785  
 Amang thame self, knawand that it wes sua,  
 The Britis than quhilk wes thair mortall fa,  
 Redemit had that land and libertie,  
 And had ane king thair gouernor to be,  
 And bad also bot waittand on thair tyme, 23,790  
 " For to revenge the grit injure and cryme  
 " That we haif wrocht to thame this tyme befoir.  
 " Also," he said, " the Pechtis les and moir  
 " Ar perelous to lippin in, for-quhy  
 " Tha fauour thame ay hes the victory. 23,795  
 " My counsall is," he said, " for dreid of war,  
 " Till better tyme this mater to defar."  
 And so thai did at his counsall ilkone,  
 Skaillit that court, syne hamewart all ar gone.

Lib.8, f.118.  
 Col. 1.

HOW THE KING OF PECHTIS, SEING THE UN-  
 WORTHINES OF THE KING OF SCOTTIS, HAIF-  
 FAND NO BELEIFF OF HIS HELP ; QUHAIRFOIR  
 THA GART SLA THE KING OF BRITIS WITH  
 TRESSOUN.

The king of Pechtis and his lordis all, 23,800  
 Considerand quhat efter nicht befall  
 Of Constantyne that wes of Scottis king,  
 Wes so unworthie into euerie thing ;  
 Traistand richt weill gif war hapnit to be,  
 Of him tha sould get richt sober supplie. 23,805  
 The Britis als, vpoun the vther syde,  
 Quhilk war that tyme of sic powar and pryde,

And so reposit of thair libertie,  
 And thair new king and his auctoritie,  
 And tha mycht nocht aganis thair purpois    23,810  
     stryve ;  
 Quhairfoir tha haif conducit than belyve  
 Tua fair 3oung men, the quhilk on hand hes tane,  
 For greit reward and giftis mony ane,  
 To sla this king of Britis Constantyne,  
 Throw greit dissait and throw subtill ingyne.    23,815  
 Syne fenzeit thame as tha. Britis had bene,  
 In Brit langage, as my author did mene,  
 Perqueir tha war in nothing for to leir,  
 That causit thame to tak the far les feir.  
 First in the court tha maid ane quhile repair,    23,820  
 And efterwart, the langar ay the mair,  
 Fra thai culd tak and tell of mony thing,  
 Quhairthrow thai gat sic quentance of the king,  
 Tha war nocht warnit nother tyme nor tyde,  
 Quhen plesit thame to cum till his bedsyde.    23,825

#### HOW CONSTANTYNE WES SLANE WITH TRESSOUN.

Syne quhen tha saw thair tyme wes oportune,  
 That ganand wes quhen sic thing sould be done ;  
 In his chalner richt quietlie ane da,  
 Tha stikkit him in his<sup>1</sup> bed quhair he la.  
 Syne, or tha culd diuyde thame of that land,    23,830  
 Tha war baith tane and fast bund fit and hand ;  
 Syne in ane fyre war baith brint to deid,  
 For thair reward wes no vther remeid.  
 The fourtene 3eir deposit of his ring,  
 This Constantyne of Britis that wes king.    23,835

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *hiz*.

HOW THE KING OF SCOTTIS WAS SLANE WITH THE  
LORD OF THE YLIS.

Sone efter syne, as ȝe sall wnderstand,  
This Constantyne that king wes of Scotland,  
Col. 2. Richt suddantlie wes slane into ane place,  
At set purpois and nocht of suddante cace,  
Be ane that tyme qubilk wes of nobill blude, 23,840  
Lord of the Ylis and ane man of greit gude,  
For the defoulling of his dochter deir,  
Magir hir will, syne of ane vyle maneir.  
And how it wes I can nocht, except I le,  
Tell ȝow the cace, for it wes nocht tald me. 23,845  
My author said, as I can richt weil trow,  
The lordis all thair of did him allow.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE CROWNYNG OF CONGALLUS  
THE SONE OF DONGARDUS FOIRSAID, AND OF  
HIS NOBILL PRINCELIE DEIDIS, AS ȝE SALL  
EFTER HEIR.

Quhen he was deid as I haif said ȝow heir,  
Quhairof his ring wes than the threttene ȝeir,  
The lordis all, within ane lytill quhile, 23,850  
Convenit hes togidder in Argatyle;  
Crownit hes Congallus to thair king,  
The sone of Dongard, plesand and benyng.  
His fatheris way he follout as he micht,  
To euerie man to do justice and richt; 23,855  
Theif and revar gart baith heid and hing,  
Without counsall that tyme he did na thing;  
And presit ay for to mak peice and rest,  
In all his tyme he thocht sic thing wes best.  
Richt manlie als he wes in tyme of weir, 23,860  
At no man wisdome neidit for to leir;  
In his stait royall heir I leve him still,  
And to the Britis turne agane I will.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE DISCRIPTION OF THE KING  
OF BRITIS THRE SONIS, CONSTANTIUS, AM-  
BROSIVS AND VTER.

This king of Britis, callit Constantyne,  
Thre sonis had baith fettis, fair and fyne. 23,865  
The eldest hecht Constantius to his name,  
Ane basit barne ay full of dreid and schame,  
Without makdome vther of lym or lith,  
And richt vnnaturall he wes thairwith.  
And for that quhy he ganit nocht to be 23,870  
Ane king or prince, to haif auctoritie.  
Thairfoir his father, for that samyn caice,  
Maid him ane monk in ane religious place.  
He thoct he wes mair ganand for sic thing,  
Na for to be ane governour or king. 23,875

HOW WORTIGERNUS TUKE CONSTANTYNE OUT OF  
RELIGIOUN, AND MAID HIM KING OF BRITIS.

Ane greit nobill, hecht Wortigern to name,  
In all Britane he wes grittest of fame,  
Efter the deith of Constantyne the king,  
Out of religioun his sone hes gart bring,  
Magir his will, be his auctoritie, 23,880 Lib.8, f.118b.  
Syne crownit him of Britane king to be. Col. 1.  
In that beleif traistand he sould be maid  
Greit governour of all Britane so braid;  
For-quhy this king for sic thing wes vnable,  
This tirrane wrocht that tyme so tressonable. 23,885  
As he supponit, syne with haill consent,  
Of all Britane he wes maid haill regent  
And governour, baith be land and se  
To reule and steir at his auctoritie.  
Ane hundret Scottis stalwart and rycht stout, 23,890  
Als mony Pechtis knycht into ane rout,

Conducit hes that tyme for meit and fie,  
 To keip this king and at his bidding be;  
 And of his corce dalie for till haif cuir,  
 And keip him weill fra all misauentuir. 23,895  
 For greit disceptioun all this thing he did,  
 That his tressoun the clossar nicht be hid;  
 As efterwart it previt weill in deid  
 With Wortigerne in storie as we reid.  
 This sempill king, quhilk wes ane saikles 23,900  
     wucht,  
 In to his bed gart murdreis him on the nycht.  
 That samin nycht quhen it wes kend and sene,  
 Of all sic thing as he had saikles bene,  
 Ouir all that place he reirdit vp and down,  
 In his wodnes like till ane wyld lyoun, 23,905  
 As he wald ryve the flesche than fra the bane,  
 For sic displesour thair of he had tane,  
 All for the slauchter of that saikles king;  
 Bot in his thocht thair wes ane vther thing.  
 Baith Scot and Pecht that wes into his gard, 23,910  
 He hes gart tak and put thame all in ward,  
 Quhill on the morne till keip in fetteris fast,  
 Quhen da wes cuming and the nycht wes past,  
 In Lundoun toun syne airlie on the morne,  
 Baith Scot and Pecht gart present him beforne, 23,915  
 Quhair mony lord that tyme wes to se,  
 And the maist part of the commonitie.  
 Befoir thame all the Scottis he accusit,  
 And Pechtis als, of sic tressoun tha vsit,  
 Into the slauchter of ane crownit king; 23,920  
 To quhome thai gaif sic traist into that thing,  
 Thir saikles men, quhilk war richt innocent,  
 Condampnit war to schamles deid and schent:  
 Vpoun ane gallous made thame all to de,  
 For that same deith, without reuth or pitie. 23,925

HOW THE BRITIS, EFTER THE DEITH OF CONSTAN-  
TUS, BECAUS AMBROSIUS, HIS BRUTHER, WAS  
SO 3OUNG, CHESIT WORTIGERNUS TO BE THE  
KING OF BRITANE.

The Britis all as tha richt wnderstude,  
Traistand that he had done all that for gude,  
Commendit him, sayand ilkane that he  
Was richt weill worth to haif auctoritie,  
Baith 3oung and ald, als far as thai had feill, 23,930  
So able wrocht ay for the commoun weill.

The secund bruther of Constantius,  
Callit he wes to name Ambrosius  
Aurelius, ane wonder prattie cheild,  
Bot he wes 3oung and of richt tender eild. 23,935

Col. 2.

This Wortigerne, that knew full weill that he  
Wnabill was to haif auctoritie,  
Befor thame all proponit hes that thing,  
Gif plesit thame this Ambros to mak king.  
Than said thai all ilkone that tyme, that he 23,940  
Was all to 3oung ane king or prince to be,  
Considering all thing baith ill and gude,  
In so greit doubt the commoun weill than stude.

Thus ansuerit tha the lordis and all the laif.  
Said he agane, "Quhome plesis 3ow till haif?" 23,945  
For force it wes this tyme to cheis ane king.  
Than with ane voce thai said, baith ald and 3ing,  
"Thy awin self we lyke above the laive;  
"Thou ar most worthie sic office to haif."

HOW WORTIGERNUS WAS CROWNIT KING.

With sword, sceptour, and rob royall so reid, 23,950  
And croun of gold syne set vpoun his heid,  
And grit blythnes that tyme of ald and 3ing,  
This Wortigerne thair haif tha crownit king.

Schort quhile efter that he the croun had tane,  
 Distroyit hes the friendis euerilk ane 23,955  
 Of Constantyne, the quhilk was king befoir,  
 Flemit or slane thai war baith les and moir ;  
 Throw feinzeit faltis as he fand anew,  
 Waill secreitlie richt mony that he slew.  
 The 3oung childer to Constantius was brother, 23,960  
 Ambrois the tane, and Vter hecht the tother,  
 That sonis war to nobill Constantyne,  
 Quhome of befoir I schew schort quhile syne,  
 Quhan that tha knew this cruell king did sua,  
 Fra him tha fled intill Armorica, 23,965  
 Amang thair freindis for to leve in lie,  
 Quhill efterwart that tha thair tyme nicht se.

HOW CONGALLUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS, AND  
 GALANUS, THE KING OF PECHTIS, HEIRAND  
 HOW WORTIGERNE HAD SLANE THAIR MEN,  
 PERSEWIT HIM INCONTINENT.

The king of Scottis Congallus, quhen he knew,  
 As Galanus the king of Pechtis him schew,  
 How Wortigerne without ony remeid, 23,970  
 So cruellie had put thair men to deid,  
 With fals tressoun his king quhen he had slane,  
 Without respect no langar wald remane.  
 Amang the Britis baith with fyre and blude,  
 Tha enterit in with sic ane multitude, 23,975  
 With sic desyr of greit crudelitie,  
 Of the injures to revengit be,  
 Wes nothing frie, ather in fell or firth,  
 Of Britis blude that tyme gat ony girth.  
 Baith wyffe and barne, 3oung and ald ilkane, 23,980  
 Seik or 3it haill, that tyme tha sparit nane.  
 Quhairfor the Britis euirilk da by da,  
 Tha lost thair guidis and fled richt fast awa

To Wortigerne, and tald him how it stude,  
 How tha had left baith wyfe, barnis and gude ; 23,985  
 And all war slane that tyme docht nocht to fle Lib 8, f.119.  
 Fra Scot and Pecht, with greit crudelitie. Col. 1.

HOW WORTIGERNE SEND GUYTILYN TO RESIST  
 THIR KINGIS.

This Wortigerne herand that it wes so,  
 Richt haistelie gart furneis for to go,  
 With Guitilyn wes lord of Cambria, 23,990  
 Ane greit armie for to resist thir tua.  
 In Lundoun toun that tyme him self baid still,  
 To wend till weir he had bot lytill will ;  
 For he wist nocht, thairfoir he wald nocht go,  
 Quha was his freind or zit quha wes his fo. 23,995  
 This samin tyme that ze haif hard me sa,  
 This Guitilyn sone efter on ane da,  
 Come with his power as I wnderstand,  
 Quhair Scot and Pecht war skaillit in the land,  
 Without ordoure in mony sindre place, 24,000  
 Vp and doun, nocht wittand of that cace.  
 Or euir tha wist thair wes tua hundreth tane  
 In handis all, and syne richt sone ilk ane  
 Condampnit all as theuis for to die ;  
 On gallous syne sone hangit all full hie. 24,005  
 Quhen this was schawin to thir kingis tuo,  
 How Guitilyn thair liegis slane had so,  
 With all thair power on the auchtane da,  
 Come neir the place quhair that the Britis la.  
 At quhais cuming, at the first sicht and luke, 24,010  
 The Britis all so greit terroure thai tuke,  
 That tha refusit all that da to fecht,  
 So weill tha wist that euerie Scot and Pecht,



The victorie of thame and tha nicht haue,  
 Thair wes na gold nor ransom mycht thame 24,015  
 saue.

Guytilien, quhen [he] than wnderstude  
 So far than faillit wes thair fortitude,  
 With manlie wit and animositie,  
 He confort thame with curiositie;  
 And sic ane sermone that tyme to thame schew, 24,020  
 That euerie man new curage till him drew,  
 Sayand with him tha sould all erar die,  
 Out of the feild ane fit or tha wald fle.

#### HOW GUYTYLYN MET THIR TUA KINGIS IN FEILD.

And or tha durst the greit battell assaill,  
 For to temp Fortoun with thair power haill, 24,025  
 With countering and carmusche mony dais,  
 Tha la richt lang, as that my author sais.  
 Syne at the last, with haill power tha met  
 Into ane place quhair at the feild wes set,  
 With baneris braid weill brodit of the new, 24,030  
 And mony standart all of sindrie hew;  
 With buglis blast vp to the hevin on hicht,  
 In breist plait, birny, and in brasar bricht.  
 Togidder syne so stalwartlie tha straik,  
 With sic ane schow gart all the schawis schaik; 24,035  
 Thair speiris scharpe that war baith grit and  
 squair,  
 In splendoris sprang aboue thame in the air.  
 Thir wicht men weildit thair waponis so weill,  
 That euerie straik out-throw thair stuf of steill  
 Thay gart the blude brist out vpoun the grene, 24,040  
 That petie wes quha had bene thair and sene.

HOW BAITH THE BRITIS WYNGIS, EFTER THAT THA FLED, SET ON CONGALLUS. Col. 2.

Then baith the wyngis of the Britis syde  
 War put abak, and nicht no langar byde,  
 And did releve, be thousandis sevin or aucht,  
 On to the feild agane Congallus faucht; 24,045  
 And eikit hes the Britis power far,  
 And put Congallus also to the war;  
 For all the force, and all the fortitude,  
 Of the haill feild that da agane him stude.  
 The king of Pechtis persaut that in hy, 24,050  
 Into ane wing quhair he wes fechtand by,  
 Richt sone he send behind the Britis bak,  
 Wicht waillit men ane counter for to mak;  
 With sic prattik seand gif he culd preve,  
 Fra that perrell Congallus to releve. 24,055  
 The Britis quhilk about thame had ane ee,  
 Richt suddantlie, quhen tha sic thing did se,  
 Tha tuke the flicht and wald no langer byde,  
 On to thair tentis fled fast in the tyde.  
 The king of Pechtis that persaut weill; 24,060  
 Richt stalwart men that war cled all in steill  
 He gart prevene the Britis thair ane space,  
 Quhairfor tha fled all to ane vther place.  
 Thir kingis tua tha follout on so fast,  
 Quhill tha war all ouirtane syne at the last. 24,065

HOW THE BRITIS KEST THAIR ARMOUR AWA, AND  
 COME AND ASKIT GRACE.

And quhen tha saw thair wes no place to fle,  
 In grit dispair, trowing all for to de,  
 As witles men out of thair wit richt wa,  
 Thair armour all tha kest that tyme thame fra:

And syne on kneis come thir kingis till, 24,070  
 And richt puirlye put thame all in thair will.  
 Thir kingis tuo baith presoner and pra,  
 That tha had wyn into the feild that da,  
 To euerie man efter his facultie,  
 Distribut hes thairof ane quantitie. 24,075  
 This battell wes richt bludie to the Britis,  
 For tuentie thousand, as my author writis,  
 And ma that da, wer slane into the feild;  
 Of Scot and Pecht war neir foure thousand keild.  
 Quhen this wes doue, thir tuo kingis at lenth, 24,080  
 Seigit and wan richt mony toun and strenth,  
 And rycht greit slauchter maid euir all that land  
 Into that tyme without ony ganestand.

HOW WORTIGERNE, HERAND THE FEILD WAS  
 TYNT, HAD FLED OUT OF BRITANE, WAR [IT]  
 NOCHT [FOR] COUNSALL OF FREINDIS.

In Lundoun toun quhen this wes schawin plane,  
 How Guytilyn and all his men war slane, 24,085  
 This Wortigerne than of na way he wist  
 Thir kingis tuo how that he sould resist;  
 Than in his mynd richt sone deliuerit he  
 Richt secreitlie out of Britane to fle.  
 To his freindis quhen that purpois [he] schew, 24,090  
 Tha said ilkone, that counsall is wntrew,  
 To mak him self thairfor to lycht so law,  
 Fra sic ane hicht takand so grit ane faw,  
 To all the warld it wald derisioun be,  
 And he did so without battell to fle. 24,095  
 Throw thair counsall he changit hes his thocht,  
 Ane vther way syne efter that he wrocht;  
 Ane messenger, as my author did sa,  
 Sone efter that send in Germania,

Lib. 8, f. 119b.  
 Col. 1.

With gold and siluer in greit quantitie, 24,100  
 For men of weir that wald tak meit and fie,  
 Agane his fais for to mak defence :  
 He bad him spair for no coist nor expence.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE MANER AND CAUS QUHY THE  
 SAXONIS COME FIRST IN ALBIONE, QUHILK  
 WAS BE THIS WORTIGERNE, KING OF BRITIS.

That samin tyme into Saxonia,  
 Of blude royall than wes thair brethir tua ; 24,105  
 Hungast to name than hecht the eldest bruther,  
 Orsa also als callit wes the vther.  
 Thir tua tha had greit wisdome into weir,  
 At none tha neidit prattik for to leir ;  
 Full mony feild and greit fechting had sene, 24,110  
 And had siclike in mony battell bene.  
 Thir tuo brether befor this messinger,  
 Hes tane on hand, that mony one nicht heir,  
 For thair reward to mak all Britane frie  
 Of Scot and Pecht, or ellis for to die. 24,115  
 This messinger thairof wes weill content,  
 And prayit thame richt sone incontinent,  
 With all thair power tha suld reddie be ;  
 Than threttie schippis tha laid to the se,  
 Ten thousand men that waillit war and wicht, 24,120  
 In breistplait, brasar, and in birny bricht,  
 With helme and habrik, and all ganand geir,  
 Tha tuk with thame that neidfull war in weir.  
 To se tha went, the wedder wes at will ;  
 Befoir the wynd thai saillit lone and still, 24,125  
 Tua dayis or thrie togidder ay in one,  
 Quhill at the last thai come in Albione :  
 Syne set to schoir thair schippis by ane sand,  
 And with thair boitis passit all to land.

## HOW WORTIGERNUS RESSAUIT HUNGAST.

- This Wortigerne thairof he wes richt fane, 24,130  
 And causit thame all at quyet to remane  
 Ane lytill quhile, refreschit for to be  
 Of thair travell tha had tane on the se.  
 Syne efterwart, vpoun the auchtane da,  
 He furneist him, and syne fuir furth his wa, 24,135  
 With tua oistis weill garneist all togidder,  
 Of Saxonis one and of Britis ane vther ;  
 Ane multitude tha war into greit number,  
 And in all haist syne passit our Humber.  
 Col. 2. The Scottis then, and the Pechtis also, 24,140  
 Our all tha landis as tha list till go,  
 Remanand war withoutin pley or pleid,  
 Haiffand na dreid of ony Britis feid.  
 Bot quhen tha knew richt weill, and wnderstude,  
 Tha war na matche agane that multitude, 24,145  
 Tha fled ilkone except thame that mycht nocht fle,  
 As waik and seik men in infirmitie ;  
 And mony mo thraw sleuth and raklisnes,  
 That baid our lang then throw fule hardines,  
 Syne war all tane in mony sindrie steid, 24,150  
 Without discretioun all war put to deid.  
 The Saxonis said that wes ane taikin gude  
 Of victorie that thai gat the first blude :  
 And so thai did, distroyand in thair yre  
 Tha boundis braid than baith with blude and 24,155  
 fyre.  
 Thay sparit nane in quhome that tha fand lyffe,  
 Ȝoung or ald than, other barne or wyffe ;  
 In greit despyte our all that land tha Ȝeid,  
 Fra Humber water north our Tyne to Tueid,  
 And enterit syne into Dieria, 24,160  
 Among the Pechtis with fyre and blude alsua.

HOW GALANUS SEND ANE HERALD TO CONGALLUS,  
SCHAWING HIM OF THE CUMING OF THE SAX-  
ONIS.

The king of Pechtis Galanus quhen he knew  
Of thair cuming, as suith men to him schew,  
To Congallus ane messinger he send,  
The quhilk to him that tyme fra end to end, 24,165  
The haill maner hes schawin les and moir,  
Of this Hungast, as I haif said befor,  
First of his cuming fra Saxonia,  
With so greit power in Britania;  
Of Brit and Saxonis syne in sic number, 24,170  
He cuming wes attour the water of Humber;  
And all tha landis, baith of lenth and breid,  
He had distroyit to the watter of Tuied.  
Als[o] that tyme he did him wnderstand,  
How that he la richt far within thair land, 24,175  
Vsand on thame richt greit crudelitie  
Of fyre and blude without humanitie,  
Richt mekle skaith into that tyme had done;  
And war he nocht, he said, resistit sone,  
His purpois wes, baith Scot and Pecht ilkone 24,180  
Exull to mak far out of Albione.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE ORDOUR AND THE MANER  
OF THE BATTELL BETUIX HUNGAST AND GA-  
LANUS, AND HOW HUNGAST WAN THE FEILD.

Quhen this wes said, as I haif said ȝow plane,  
Or ony ansuer culd cum hame agane,  
The king of Pechtis tha haif gart wnderstand, Lib. 8, f.120.  
That this Hungast wes cumand at the hand, Col. 1.  
Within les space tha said than fourtene myle. 24,185  
The king of Pechtis in that samin quhile,  
With all the power that he doucht to get,  
Richt manfullie this ilk Hungast he met

In plane battell, quhair mony burdoun brak, 24,190  
 And mony big man wes laid on his bak ;  
 And mony berne doun of his blonk wes borne,  
 And mony schulder throw the scheild war schorne.  
 Full mony Pecht that da bled of his blude,  
 This Hungest had with him sic multitude, 24,195  
 Quhilk in the feild so stalwart war and strang ;  
 The Pechtis als that fouchtin had so lang,  
 And thair withall wer of sa few menzie,  
 That force it wes that tyme to thame to fle.  
 Of this battell quhat sould I say 3ow moir? 24,200  
 The Saxonis gat the victorie and gloir.  
 The Britis all so basit war that da,  
 That this Hungest, as my author did sa,  
 For no treittie he culd mak or trane,  
 Into the feild skant culd he gar remane. 24,205  
 Amang thame all wes nother mair nor les,  
 That da in feild that schew grit hardines.

HOW HUNGESTUS, CONSIDDERAND THE BRITIS OF  
 SICK LITILL VALOUR, CONSAUIT IN HIS MYND  
 QUHEN HE NICHT SE TYME TO CONQUEIS ALL  
 BRITANE.

This Hungest syne, quhen he considerit haill  
 The Britis war bot of sa litill vaill,  
 Than in his mynd richt sone considerit he, 24,210  
 Quhen euir it war that he his tyme nicht se,  
 Syne efterwart the Britis all ilkone  
 For till expell far out of Albione ;  
 Within him self richt far he hes defynd,  
 The quhilk remanit ay still in his mynd. 24,215

HOW GALANUS SEND ANE HERALD FOR HELP TO  
CONGALLUS.

This king of Pechtis as I said of befor,  
To king Congall, his help for to imploir,  
Ane herald send into all haist and speid,  
Beseikand him of his supplie in neid,  
Schawand to him, how be this ilk Hungest 24,220  
His<sup>1</sup> power wes that tyme so soir opprest,  
With tha Saxonis full of crudelitie,  
Busteous and bald, without humanitie;  
And that thai war withoutin men also,  
Of gentill faith, and also Cristis fo; 24,225  
The quhilk to him had done greit skayth and noy,  
And schupe him self and landis to distroy;  
And come he nocht with his supple belyve,  
Than force it wes to thame baith man and wyve,  
With schame and lak, and greit miseritie, 24,230  
Fra Albione in vther landis fle.

HOW CONGALLUS PROMITTIT HELP TO GALANUS.

Col 2.

This king Congall agane than said him till,  
Intill all haist, richt hartlie with gude will,  
That he sould cum richt sone in his supplie;  
Biddand him of gude confort [for to] be, 24,235  
And for to mak the best defence he ma.  
This king Congall syne efter on ane day,  
With mony man that worthie wes and wicht,  
Buskit richt weill all into armour bricht,  
In Pechtland with king Galanus met, 24,240  
Into ane place quhair at the tryst wes set,  
With fourtie thousand furneist for the feild,  
Baith bald and wicht that waponis weill culd w[cild].

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *He*.



Devoittlie syne, as that tyme wes the gyss  
 Of Cristin men, tha maid thair sacrifice ; 24,245  
 Prayand to Christ, that for thame sched his blude,  
 In thair defence to send thame fortoun gude  
 Agane tha paganis wes his mortall fo,  
 And ennemie alss to tha kingis tuo.

HOW THE KING OF SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS HANGIT  
 ALL THAME THAT FLED FOR FEIR, TO GIF  
 EXEMPLIL TO VTHEIRIS NOCHT TO FLIE

Syne furth tha fuir in till ane gude array, 24,250  
 Neirby the place quhair this Hungestus lay,  
 With baneris braid displayit vpoun hicht,  
 Quhill ather of vther cuming ar in sicht.  
 Of Scot and Pecht that tyme at the first luke,  
 Of thair nummer richt mony terroure tuke, 24,255  
 Of quhois sicht tha war so far adred,  
 To craig and cleuch richt mony of thame fled.  
 Quhen that wes knawin to thir kingis tuo,  
 Rycht haistelie hes efter thame gart go,  
 In handis tane and richt sone brocht agane ; 24,260  
 For thir war passing ilkone on the plane  
 Vpoun ane gallous war all hangit hie,  
 To all vther it suld exempill be  
 In tyme to cum, how euir that fortoun fawis,  
 So cowntlie to fle withoutin causs. 24,265

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE GRITT BATTELL BETUIX THE  
 SCOTTIS AND THE PECHTIS ON THE ANE PART,  
 AND HUNGEST WITH THE SAXONIS AND BRITIS  
 ON THE TOTHER PART.

Be this wes done the bowmen big and bald  
 Hes tane the feild out of number wntald,  
 Vpoun thair fute quhair that tha fuir befor ;  
 Thair scharpe schutting maid mony sydis soir,

In the vangard quhair that the Britis faucht, 24,270  
 Agane the Scottis quhair mony rout wes raucht,  
 And mony scheild war schorne all in schunder,  
 And mony breist maid bludie that wes wnder.  
 The Scottis quhilk wer wicht as ony aik,  
 Or ony vther enterit within straik, 24,275  
 Tha buir the Britis in the feild abak, Lib. 8, f. 120 b.  
 And so greit slauchter of thame thair did mak Col. 1.  
 That force it wes to thame, or ellis die,  
 Out of that feild richt suddantlie to fie.  
 And so thai did but ony baid that tyde, 24,280  
 Left all the feild and wald no langar byde.  
 In that same tyme, richt sone and suddantly,  
 Ane schour of haill descendit frome the sky,  
 With so greit mirknes and obscuritie,  
 Than neur one ane vther than nicht se ; 25,285  
 The Scottis than weill wist nocht in that caice,  
 Quhiddel to byde or follow on the chace.

HOW THE SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS TUKE AND SLEW  
 OF THE BRITIS AT THAIR PLESoure.

So at the last the cloude ane lytill we  
 Discouerit wes, that tha nicht better se,  
 Baith Scot and Pecht trowand the feild wes 24,290  
 wyn,  
 Efter the Britis langar or tha wald blyn,  
 Without ordour tha maid on thame ane chace,  
 And vp and doun in mony sindrie place,  
 Tha tuke and slew thair of the Britis bald,  
 At thair plesoure als mony as tha wald. 24,295  
 Quhill at the last the mirknes of the sky  
 Illuminat wes and all the blast gone by,  
 Quhilk clengit hes the mirknes of the air,  
 That men nicht se richt scharplie ouir all quhair.

HOW THE SAXONIS SET ON THE SCOTTIS AND  
PECHTIS QUHEN THA WAR OUT OF ORDOURE.

This ilk Hungest quhair he stude in array, 24,300  
 And all his men wnfouchtin war that day,  
 Into that schour that he sould nocht ane loiss,  
 He gart thame togidder byde richt cloiss.  
 Bot quhen he saw sone efter and beheld,  
 Without ordour his fais in the feild 25,305  
 Vp and doun war skaillit heir and thair,  
 He gaif command withoutin ony mair,  
 To sla thame all quhair tha mycht be ouirtane,  
 And in that tyme se that thai suld saif nane.  
 The Saxonis than, richt sone and suddantlie, 24,310  
 Hes set on thame with ane greit schout and cry;  
 And mony Scot and Pecht als hes slane;  
 The laif langar that mich[t] nocht weill remane,  
 Tha fled richt fast quhen tha knew the cace,  
 Without returne intill ane sober place. 25,315

HOW HUNGAST EFTER THE FEILD PASSIT HAME  
INCONTINENT TO WORTIGERNE AGANE.

This [Hungast] thair no langar wald remane  
 Into that land, bot sped him hame agane.  
 Becaus that wynter drawand wes so neir,  
 And euill wedder he saw that tyme appeir;  
 And most of all that tyme the causs wes quhy, 24,320  
 On to his purpois that he nicht apply,  
 The Britis all sone efter to expell  
 Out of Britane, as 3e haif hard me tell.  
 Col. 2. That wes the causs sua sone away he fuir  
 Out of that land, doand no man injure. 24,325  
 The mo fais the Britis had to dreid,  
 He thocht that he nicht cum the better speid.

With all his men passit to Lundoun syne,  
 To Scot and Pecht betuix Tueid and Tyne,  
 He left to thame all for to occupye, 24,330  
 As 3e sall heir the caus efter quhy.

HOW HUNGEST IN LUNDOUN BEFOIR THE KING  
 SCHEW ALL THE FASSOUN OF THIS BATTELL  
 AND HIS VICTORIE.

In Lundoun syne, befor this Britane king,  
 He schew at lenth with greit loving all thing  
 That he had done, and wyn sic victorie  
 In thair honour agane thair ennemie ; 24,335  
 And sufferit hes richt greit travell and pane  
 In his jorney or he cume hame agane,  
 Quhairfoir he said, out of Germania,  
 Or somer come, hame without langar delay  
 So greit power sall bring in Albione, 24,340  
 Sic of befor 3it saw tha neurir none.  
 Quhen thir power and thairis wer togidder,  
 Without lat tha suld be nothing liddir ;  
 Baith Scot and Pecht, at thair plesour ilkone,  
 Suld exull mak richt far fra Albione. 24,345  
 The nobillis all for most part into Britane  
 Wes nocht content quhen that tha knew certane  
 How this Hungest dissaut so the king,  
 So mony Saxone in Britane to bring.  
 Tha held his lawtie in that thing suspect, 24,350  
 Dreidand full soir it suld cum to effect,  
 That tha suld lois baith land and libertie,  
 And he baid lang in sic auctoritie.  
 Wes none so pert durst planelie speik sic thing,  
 Becaus he had sic credens of the king, 24,355  
 And wes with him auctoreist than so he,  
 Bot held thair toung and lute sic talking be :

And vther sum that tyme wes with the king,  
 Wes weill content and gaif him grit loving.  
 The king himself that tyme aboue the lave 24,360  
 Commendit him, and greit giftis him gaive,  
 Of gold and riches and all vther geir ;  
 And, for to haif the haill power of weir,  
 That euerie [strenth] suld be at his command  
 Ouir all Britane, baith be se and land. 24,365  
 This ilk Hungest thairof he wes full fane,  
 And curtaslie he thankit him agane,  
 And richt fair langage all that tyme him gaif ;  
 Dreidand thairfoir that mony of the laif  
 Louit him nocht suld change the kingis mynd, 24,370  
 Aganis his way seand tha war inclynd,  
 Or dreid thair counsall suld do him sum ill,  
 Thair with the king him self remanit still.  
 Fywe thousand men in battell weill durst byde  
 He hes gart send thame to the bordour syde, 24,375  
 To keip the strenthis and the pepill baith,  
 Of Scot and Pecht that tha suld tak na skayth.  
 Tha tynt the prysis that tyme for all thair pryde,  
 In mony bargane on the bordour syde ;  
 In schort quhile efter ilkone thair wes slane ; 24,380  
 This ilk Hungest thairof he wes full fane.  
 Quhat euir he said, it wes ay in his thoct  
 To pair thair power in all [thing] that he mocht ;  
 In that beleif siclike for to be slane,  
 Evin tuyiss als mony he gart send agane 24,385  
 Within schort quhile ; thair cace wes litill better,  
 Mony war tane and haldin fast in fetter,  
 And tuyiss als mony of thame thair wes slane ;  
 The laif all fled na langar durst remane.

Lib. 8, f. 121.  
 Col. 1.

HOW TEN GRITT NOBILLIS OF SAXONE, WITH  
FYVE THOUSAND MEN WITH WYFFE AND  
BARNIS, IN PURPOIS TO REMANE, COME THAT  
TYME IN BRITANE TO THIS ILK HUNGEST.

In this same tyme now that 3e heir me sa, 24,390  
Fyve thousand men out of Saxonia  
Vpoun the se come sailand, on the sand  
In Britane all that tyme tha tuke the land,  
With wyfe and barne as tha suld ay remane,  
In that beleif neuir to pas hame agane, 24,395  
Bot in that land ay for to leid thair lyfe.  
With thame that tyme tha brocht Hungestus wyfe,  
And his dochter the plesand Roxsana,  
Of pulchritude, as my author did sa,  
Quhilk in hir tyme, as I hard mony tell, 24,400  
Of hir persone all vther did excell;  
And ten nobillis, quhilk war men of grit gude,  
Wyiss men in weir and of the nobill blude.  
The king thairof rycht blyth and glaid wes he,  
Traistand be thame he suld revengit be, 24,405  
And victorie wyn also than of his fa;  
Welcum tha war and tha had bene far ma.  
Then grit blythnes into his mynd he tuke,  
Traistand richt weill all Britane for to bruke  
In peax and rest, and greit tranquillitie, 24,410  
And of his fais victour for to be.  
Richt mony nobill on the tother part,  
Richt greit displesour tuke in to thair hart,  
That this Hungest wes tholit be thair king  
So mony Saxone in Britane for to bring; 24,415  
Trowand richt weill and he his tyme mycht se,  
That he sould make thame bondis all to be,  
The Britis all into Britane ilkone,  
Or for to fle than out of Albione.

HOW HUNGEST OBTENIT AT WORTIGERNE THE  
 KING THE LANDIS BE NORTH HUMBER TO  
 THE SAXONIS TO MAK THAIR DUELLING,  
 QUHAIR THA DID FIRST REMANE

- This ilk Hungest he passit to the king, 24,420  
 And schew to him the fassoun of that thing.  
 With vipros vennum inwart in his mynd,  
 With lauchand luke, and plesand wordis kynd,  
 Dissaitfullie that tyme he gart him trow,  
 That he wrocht ay for his plesour and prow : 24,425  
 Desyrand him of his hienes and grace,  
 He wald prouyde for him sum land and place,  
 For wyfe and barnis quhair [that] tha mycht duell  
 But fallowschip of ony bot thame sell,  
 Col. 2. In ony cuntrie quhair sic land wes kend, 24,430  
 Quhill all tha weiris war brocht till ane end.  
 This Wortigerne, the quhilk wald not deny  
 All his desyre, I can nocht tell 3ow quhy,  
 Quhither it wes, thairof haif I no feill,  
 That he durst nocht, or than lude him so weill, 24,435  
 He grantit him, as my author did sa,  
 Ane land that tyme callit Londisia,  
 Neir Eborak, liand by Humber flude.  
 The Britis all, with housit geir and gude,  
 Out of that land he gart richt far remove ; 24,440  
 To Saxonis syne that land for thair behuif  
 Grantit, and gaif thame landis as tha lest,  
 To plant and police quhair thame lykit best.  
 Into that land ane stark castell thair stude  
 Vpoun ane craig besyde ane rynnand flude, 24,445  
 Thuvyn castell gart call it in that tyme,  
 Vpoun ane strenth biggit with stone and lyme ;  
 In tha boundis the blude of Saxone  
 Thair duelling maid first into Albione.

HOW HUNGESTUS, IN THE NIXT SOMER, WITH  
ALL HIS SAXONIS, AND WORTIMERUS, THE  
SONE OF WORTIGERNUS, WITH MONY BRITIS,  
PASSIT TO THE FEILD VPOUN SCOTTIS AND  
PECHTIS.

This beand done as I haif said ȝow heir, 24,450  
This ilk Hungest into the symmer cleir,  
With mony berne that wes bayth bald and wycht,  
Of Saxone blude, all into armour bricht,  
That worthie war thair waponis for to weild  
He furneist hes with him to fuir on feild. 24,455  
This Wortigerne sidlike our all Britane  
Contractit hes richt mony nobill man,  
That waillit war and worthie for the weir,  
And all other than that micht harnes beir,  
To Wortymer his eldest sone and air, 24,460  
Betaucht thame all to pas with him alquhair,  
And this Hungest lieutennand for to be,  
Of all the ost to haif auctoritie.  
On the thrid [da] quhairat the tryst wes set,  
Ȝoung Wortimer and this Hungest is met; 24,465  
Sextie thousandis, as my author did sa,  
Of fechtand men tha war that samin da.  
Fra Eborac tha sped thame waill gude speid,  
Ay north our Tyne quhill that tha come to Tueid.

HOW CONGALLUS AND GALANUS COME WITH ANE  
GRIT ARMIE FOR TO RESIST THIS HUN-  
GESTUS.

Than king Congallus and Galanus that da, 24,470  
With thair power neirby that place tha la,  
Vpoun ane fell neirby ane montane syde,  
With mony tent and palȝeoun of grit pryde,  
Bydand thair tyme for to resist thair fa.  
This ilk Hungest knew weill tha wald do sua, 24,475



Lib. 8, f. 121b.  
Col. 1.

Thairfoir he thocht the battell to postpone,  
 Quhill Scot and Pecht suld irkit be ilkone;  
 For hunger, cald, and grit necessitie,  
 Tha suld be fane hame bakwart all to fle;  
 Trowand richt weill that tha nicht nocht  
 prouyde, 24,480

Sic multitude ocht lang fra hame to byde.  
 This Congallus quhilk knew in till ane part,  
 Quhat this Hungestus had in mynd inwart,  
 How that he thought the battell to postpone,  
 Quhill thai war tyrit and all thair victuall gone; 24,485  
 And quhen he knew this Hungest so did mene,  
 He thocht thairfoir the battell to prevene,  
 Or dreid his men of lang lying suld tyre.  
 Betuix thir oistis thair wes ane mekle myre,  
 Quhilk be no way that tyme mycht be our 24,490  
 past;

This Congallus deuysit at the last,  
 That euerie man ane flaik sould mak of tre,  
 And faillis delf into greit quantitie,  
 Syne on the nycht, with mony staik and stour,  
 Gart mak ane brig quhair tha passit all our; 24,495  
 And on the morne, by that the da wes lycht,  
 Tha come neirby into Hungestus sycht,  
 Quhair that he la and maid him nocht to steir.  
 Thairfoir Congallus that tyme come nocht neir,  
 Bot leit him ly quhair that he la that quhile, 24,500  
 Into his mynd consauit had ane wyle.

Be the Saxonis ane grit montane thair stude,  
 Baith large and braid, and of greit altitude;  
 This Congallus, that tyme as he pretendit,  
 With all his oist vp in the mont ascendit, 24,505  
 And thair he tuke purpois to ly all nicht,  
 Quhill on the morne that it wes fair da licht.  
 This ilk Congall, of quhome befoir I spak,  
 Richt mony fagald all that nycht gart mak

Of falling wod, quhairof tha had anew, 24,510  
 And vther herbis that in the mont than grew,  
 And glak and glen in hole and mony hirne,  
 Widrit and dry that richt baldlie wald birne.  
 Thair of tha maid into greit quantitie,  
 Syne buir thame vp on to the montane hie, 24,515  
 Stude richt aboue this Hungest quhair he la ;  
 That samin nicht rycht lang befor the da,  
 Full mony fagald leit doun on thame fall  
 Birnand in fyre, and mony bleis withall,  
 That all the stra and litter quhair tha la, 24,520  
 It set in fyre richt lang befor the da,  
 Quhill all thair palzeonis brint vp in ane bleis.  
 Thame[self] also that tyme had greit vneis ;  
 Or tha nicht wyn richt weill out of that steid,  
 Richt mony ane in that fyre brint to deid. 24,525  
 The clamorus cry, the zoulling and the beir,  
 Of man and beist wes horribill for to heir ;  
 Out of the fyre nicht nocht weill wyn awa,  
 Bot lay ay still thairin birnand quhill da.  
 The langar ay the fyre fastar doun fell, 24,530  
 Flag for flag far ma na I can tell,  
 That for no way that tyme that culd be wrocht,  
 That felloun fyre for thame stanche wald it nocht.  
 And quhen tha saw it nicht na better be, Col. 2.  
 Out of that fyre that force it wes to fle, 24,535  
 And wist nocht weill than quhair awa till go,  
 Sic dreid tha had that tyme than of thair fo,  
 And sic ane feir tuke of that felloun fray,  
 Grit pane it wes to bring them to array.  
 Syne this Hungest, with greit travell and pane, 24,540  
 Arrayit thame besyde vpoun ane plane,  
 And pat thame sone all into ordour gude ;  
 Vpoun thair feit syne all that nycht tha stude!

HOW HUNGESTUS INCEDIAS [PLACIT] BEHIND  
SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS.

Syne waillit hes fyve thousand of his men,  
And gart thame ly richt clois into ane glen, 24,545  
Amang hillis quhair that tha mycht thame hyde,  
Richt clois togidder all thair still to byde.  
Gif hapnit him vpone the morne to fecht,  
Into that place aganis Scot and Pecht,  
Tha suld tak tent quhen he ane sing did mak, 24,550  
Than baldlie all cum in behind thair bak.  
Rycht weill he wist, without ane wyle or gyn,  
It wes nocht eith that tyme the feild to wyn.  
This Congallus his purpois wes that nycht,  
To gif thame feild lang or the da wes lycht; 24,555  
Trowand the trubill that nycht tha had tane,  
Had causit thame to tyne curage ilk ane.  
And for that caus he changit hes his thocht,  
Trowand that tyme that sic thing neidit nocht,  
And still remanit in the mont all nycht; 24,560  
Syne on the morne, be tha micht ken the lycht,  
Doun fra the hicht descendit in the vail  
In gude ordour with all his power haill.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE ORDOUR AND THE FASSOUN  
OF THE GREIT BATTELL BETUIX CONGALLUS  
AND HUNGESTUS; AND HOW HUNGESTUS WAN  
THE FEILD BE DISSAIT.

This ilk Hungestus, that tyme quhair he la,  
Diuidit hes his greit oist into tua. 24,565  
To Wortymer, as that my author writis,  
The vangard gaif to leid with all the Britis:  
Him self besyde remanit with the staill,  
And all the power of the Saxonis haill.  
Sielike king Congall in that samin da, 24,570  
Diuidit hes his haill power in tua;

Salamis the king, with mony nobill Pecht,  
 In the vangard diuisit wes to fecht  
 Agane the Britis that tyme for the best ;  
 And he him self aganis this ilk Hungest, 24,575  
 With mony Scot that worthie war and wycht,  
 Hes tane the feild all into armour brycht.  
 Quba had bene thair that tyme for to haif sene  
 The fedderit flanis that flew so thick betuene,  
 Blak as ane cloud, and scharpe as ony hail, 24,580  
 Ay flicht for flicht ilk ane on vtheris taill. Lib.8, f.122.  
 The tua wangairdis togidder syne tha met, Col. 1.  
 Witth brandis bricht ilkane on vther bet ;  
 So awfull was to byde thair bitter blaw,  
 At ilkane flap tha maid ane freik to faw. 24,585  
 Gude Galanus, that worthie wes and wyss,  
 And his Pechtis that da war of sic pryss,  
 The Britis all richt far abak tha bair,  
 Syne gart thame fle for tha mycht fecht na mair ;  
 Heir and thair in the fleing thik fald, 24,590  
 Tha tuke and slew als mony as tha wald.  
 Or that wes done, richt sone but ony lat,  
 The greit battellis togidder baith tha met  
 In gude ordour, with sic ane race and reird,  
 Quhill schawis schuke and trymlit all the erd ; 24,595  
 And mony burdoun all in pecis brak,  
 And mony berne wes laid vpoun his bak ;  
 So doggitlie togidder that tha draive,  
 That birneis brist and all in pecis raive.  
 Into that stour so stalwartlie tha stude, 24,600  
 That mony berne hes loisit of his blude ;  
 Wes neur sene with na berne that wes borne,  
 Ane fellar faucht with sua few folkis beforne.  
 The Saxonis than with that ane litill we  
 Setlit abak and wes reddie to fle ; 24,605  
 Had nochte Hungest the sonner blawin his horne,  
 The Saxonis all that da had bene forlorne.

HOW HUNGESTUS MEN WITH ANE BLAST OF  
HORNE IN RAYIT FEILD COME IN BEHIND THE  
SCOTTIS BAK.

For with the blast into that tyme he blew,  
Fywe thousand men, in curage cleir of hew,  
Out of ane glen into ane buschment brak 24,610  
In gude ordour behind the Scottis bak.  
The Scottis all, seand thameself in dout,  
So vmbeset of euerie syde about,  
Nocht wittand weill quhome to that tyid to turne,  
For lidder speid cumis of airlie spurne; 24,615  
And so thocht tha, thair hartis wes so hie,  
For all that fray tha thocht nocht for to fle.  
For-quhy tha had sic wirschip wyn befor,  
And for that caus thair curage wes the moir,  
Ane bargane baid lang efter bydand beild, 24,620  
Because the Pechtis wynnyng had thair feild,  
Lyp[n]ing richt lang that tha suld thame reskew:  
It wes nocht so thairfor that mycht tha rew.  
And quhen tha saw that na better mycht be,  
Tha fled ilkone als fast as tha mycht fle 24,625  
Vnto the Pechtis sune and suddantlie,  
In rayand feild quhair tha war standand by.  
This Congallus, all bludie and forbled,  
Soir woundit than out of the feild wes hed;  
Magir his will, suppois it wes on force, 24,630  
On to the hicht tha had him on ane hors.

HOW HUNGEST THOCHT TO GIF FEILD TO GAL-  
LANUS.

Col. 2. This Hungestus, quhen he saw and beheld  
That Gallanus that tyme had wyn his feild,  
Trowand he wes brokin with the Britis,  
And so tyrit, as my author writis, 24,635

And of his men so mony than had slane,  
 He schupe in haist to gif him feild agane.  
 Becaus it wes so neir that tyme the nycht,  
 Postponit all quhill on the morne wes lycht.  
 King Galanus, that weill his counsall knew, 24,640  
 Thinkand that tyme that he wald nocht persew  
 To temp Fortoun into that tyme present,  
 For of his part he held him than content;  
 And for that caus fra end to end that nycht,  
 Richt mony fyre and balis gart burne brycht; 24,645  
 And mony blast gart blaw of buglis horne,  
 As he sould byde all nycht quhill on the morne.  
 That samin nycht, richt lang befor the da,  
 Richt quyetlie he passit hame awa  
 Wnto ane strenth that tyme wes neirhand by, 24,650  
 Without perrell quhair he mycht rycht weill ly.

HOW HUNGESTUS, SEAND ON THE MORNE EFTER  
 THE FEILD SO MONY OF HIS MEN WAR SLANE,  
 TURNIT AGANE TO EBORAC AND LEFT HIS  
 MEN THAIR, AND PASSIT HIM SELF TO LUN-  
 DOUN.

Syne on the morne, quhen it wes fair da lycht,  
 And Hungest saw he had na fa in sicht,  
 He tald his men ilkone vpoun that plane,  
 And fund he had foure thousand of thame slane 24,655  
 That Saxonis war, as that my author writis,  
 Foroutin all war tane and slane of Britis.  
 Thairfoir na langar wald he thair remane,  
 Bot in all haist he sped him hame agane  
 To Eborac, and gart ane armie byde 24,660  
 At Londesias, neirby the bordour syde.  
 Passit him self to Lundoun to the king,  
 And at greit lenth he schew him euerie thing,  
 Of all his weiris and his chevalrie,  
 Of his greit battell and his victorie, 24,665

And of sic perrell also he wes in,  
 So manfullie the feild syne he did wyn;  
 Of his fais sa mony he had slane,  
 Sa mony als he loissit hes agane.

HOW WORTIGERNE RESAUIT HUNGEST WITH  
 BLYT[H]NES.

	This Wortigerne thairof he wes full glaid,	24,670
	And to him than richt freindfullie he said;	
	“ Welcum be thow, oure gyde and governour,	
	“ Welcum be thow, of all knichtheid the flour,	
	“ Welcum be thow, oure scheild and oure defence,	
	“ That weiris ws fra wrang and violence.”	24,675
	To him that tyme grit rewardis gaif,	
	Far <sup>1</sup> mo no he desyrit for to haif:	
	Siclike to him the haill auctoritie,	
	Of all Britane the governour to be;	
Lib. 8, f. 122b.	And grantit hes the Saxonis in Britane,	24,680
Col. 1.	That orabill wes to euerie Cristin man,	
	On to thair idolis of the pagane wyis,	
	In prophane places to mak sacrificyis.	
	Wnganand wes to ony Cristin prince,	
	Without faith to thoill sic offence,	24,685
	Within him self so wickitlie gart wirk	
	Agane the faith of Christ and halie kirk.	
	The bischopis all that tyme wer in Britane,	
	The kirkmen als, and all gude Cristin men,	
	Displesit war rycht far, and all the laif,	24,690
	That he to thame so greit indulgence gaif,	
	Sic pagane pepill that war vnbaptist,	
	In greit contemptioun of the fayth of Christ.	

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *For*.

HOW IT WAS SCHAWIN TO WORTIGERNE THAT  
 AMBROSIOUS AND VTER HIS BRUTHER, SONIS  
 TO CONSTANTYNE, WALD PERSEW HIM WITH  
 BATTELL.

That samin tyme to Wortigerne wes schawin,  
 That secreitlie be freindis of his awin, 24,696  
 Sayand to him that 3oung Ambrosius,  
 Quhilk callit wes also Aurelius,  
 That sone and air wes to king Constantyne,  
 Quhome of befor I schew 3ow schort quhile syne,  
 Prouydit wes into Armorica, 24,700  
 With schip and boit and mony gay gala:  
 Quhilk thocht richt sone in Britane to persew,  
 His croun and kinrik gif he nicht reskew,  
 With so greit power and so mekle schoir,  
 In Britane 3it sic saw tha neuir befor. 24,705  
 This being said, this ilk king Wortigerne  
 Abasit wes and culd nocht weill decerne  
 Into the tyme quhat best wes till be done.  
 This ilk Hungest callit befor him sone,  
 Beseikand him thair of his counsall gude, 24,710  
 In so greit dout and danger as he stude.  
 Richt plesandlie he said to him agane:  
 " Dreid nocht thairof, heir I promit 3ow plane,  
 " Als lang as I haif sic auctoritie,  
 " Baith cuir and travell I sall tak on me, 24,715  
 " Of this conditioun I sall to 3ow tell;  
 " On the south cost neirby the se to duell,  
 " Wald 3e grant ws of 3our excellent grace  
 " Ane plesand land, with mony sicker place,  
 " Quhair we mycht byde ay reddie for to be, 24,720  
 " And to defend the portis of the se,  
 " So that no schip ather be se or sand,  
 " Without oure leve suld cum into that land."



HOW HUNGEST CAUSIT ANE SAXONE, HALDIN FOR  
ANE BRIT, FENZIE TYDENIS TO WORTIGERNE  
OF THE SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS.

	Off this desyre the king wes weill content, And suddantlie thairto gaif his consent.	24,725
Col. 2.	The Saxonis all, the quhilk wer of grit number, Remanand war bezond the water of Humber, On to Kent schire translatit hes ilkone, With wyfe and barne togidder all ar gone. The Britis all that duelt into that land,	24,730
	How euir it wes, without ony demand, With all thair gude remoisit far awa, And to quhat place that can I nocht weill sa. Syne efterwart, within ane lytill space, The Saxonis all sat down into that place.	24,735
	Quhen this Hungest his purpois had cumd till, And gottin had all his desyre and will, Sone efter that, within ane lytill quhile, He vmbethocht him of ane grittar wyle, How that he micht of his purpois prevail,	24,740
	And mak the Britis dalie for to fail. Ane sle Saxone, that wes ane subtill freik, That wes perfit the Brit langage to speik, This ilk Hungest that tyme he did him leir How he suld sa, as ze sall efter heir.	24,745
	To Wortigerne he gart him pas in hy, With fals fictioun and feinzeit fantasy, Sayand to him in Pechtland he had bene, And in that tyme thair he had hard and sene So greit prouisioun for battell and weir,	24,750
	Of men and hors, harnes and vther geir, Of Scot and Pecht, with sic blythnes and gloir, In Albione sic saw he neuir befoir. Without of force tha had bene maid to fail, Richt sone thay think thir boundis to assaill,	24,755

With so greit curage and crudelitie,  
 That aufull is other to heir or se.  
 Ane hundreth men that waillit war and wycht  
 Waponis to weild all cled in armour bricht,  
 Rycht hardalie this tyme hes wndertane 24,760  
 On this Hungest alluterlie allane,  
 " Ay for to wait quhair thow gois in the feild,  
 " Neur to tak rest quhill thow be tane or keild.  
 " The thing in erth this da tha desyre maist,  
 " It is thi deid, I warne the weill, Hungest. 24,765  
 " Full weill tha wait and tha war quyte of the,  
 " Within schort quhile that all Britane suld be,  
 " And all the Britis also thairintill,  
 " Without reskew at thair plesour and will."  
 Quhen this wes said that tyme befor the king, 24,770  
 Quhilk wes abasit richt far of that thing,  
 Far fra the rycht suppois he hard him raif,  
 Zit in all thing richt grit credens him gaif;  
 And in the tyme he said to this Hungest,  
 " My afald freind, this da that I luif best, 24,775  
 " I 3ow beseik of 3our gude counsall heir,  
 " In so grit perrell as I se appeir,  
 " On euerie hand with sic danger and dreid,  
 " Without 3our help I will cum lidder speid."  
 This ilk Hungest to him agane said he, 24,780  
 " At 3our command I sall ay reddie be,  
 " To quhat purpois 3e pleis to put me to,  
 " In word and wark and all thing I can do." 24,785  
 Ane vther Saxone standand wes besyde,  
 That this Hungest befor had gart prouyde  
 Into that caus quhat counsal he sould give,  
 Onto the king he said, " Sir, with 3our leve,  
 " Commove 3ow nocht, 3e ar in litill dout  
 " Of Scot and Pecht, or ony berne about,  
 " So 3e will do my counsall in this cace." 24,790  
 And thus he said vnto the kingis grace:

Lib. 8, f. 123.  
 Col. 1.

HOW ANE SAXONE GAIF COUNSALL TO WORTIGERNUS.

- " Tak gude Orsa<sup>1</sup> quhilk is Hungestus bruther,  
 " To do sic thing abillest of ony vther;  
 " Gar him remane foirnent Armorica,  
 " With all the Saxonis in Britania, 24,795  
 " With wyfe and barnis thair to hyde and be,  
 " Endlang the coist in strenthis be the se,  
 " Quhair tha ma pleneiss and mak policie  
 " Within thame self, but ony cumpany.  
 " Sua at all tyme tha ma all reddie be, 24,800  
 " Gif ony navin cumis to the se,  
 " Into Britane out of Armorica,  
 " Ressaue 3our freind and to repell 3our fa.  
 " Hungestus sone, callit Occa to name,  
 " Wyss into weir and fluresand in fame, 24,805  
 " Caus him to cum into Britania,  
 " With new power out of Saxonia,  
 " For to remane bezond the watter of Humber,  
 " And mak 3ow quyt of Scot and Pechtis cummer.  
 " Hungest him self remane heir with 3ow still, 24,810  
 " All 3our desyr and plesour to fulfill;  
 " On euerie syde so sall 3e soner be  
 " In pece and rest and greit tranquillitie;  
 " Sen 3e ma haif so greit supple in neid,  
 " Thair is no caus quhairfoir that 3e suld dreid." 24,815

HOW OCCA, THE SONE OF HUNGESTUS, COME IN  
 BRITANE FRA SAXONE, AND BROCHT WITH HIM  
 TEN THOUSAND MEN OF WEIR TO SUPPLE  
 WORTIGERNUS.

This Wortigerne, that thocht his counsall gude,  
 To Hungestus he said quhair that he stude,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Wisa*.

" I þow beseik, in all the haist ȝe ma,  
 " Send for ȝour sone the nobill ȝoung Occa,  
 " With new support to cum in our supple ; 24,820  
 " Richt riallie he sall ressaui be."

Hungest he said, " Thocht I dar nocht deny  
 " ȝour grace, this tyme for this ressoun and quhy  
 " That ma I nocht, without damage and skayth  
 " Into Saxone of land and freindis baith ; 24,825  
 " No gyde tha haif into that land bot he."

All that he said of greit subillitie,  
 As it had bene richt far aganis his will,  
 Syne at the last consentit hes thairtill.  
 Sone efter that this ilk foirsaid Occa 24,830

Ten thousand men out of Saxonia  
 In Britane brocht, that war bayth bald and wicht,  
 Bodin for battell all in armour bricht,  
 With wyffe and barne richt mony out of number ;  
 Syne sat all doun bezond the water of Humber, 24,835 Col. 2.  
 Richt peceable without ony demand,  
 Syne callit it to name Northumberland ;  
 And ay sensyne, quha lykis for to luke it,  
 Continewalie that same name it hes brukit.

#### HOW HUNGEST REQUESTIT THE KING TO PAS WITH HIM TO LONDISSIA.

Quhen Hungest knew that tha war cuming thair, 24,840  
 As he dewysit richt weill of befoir,  
 Thair boundis all and bigging but ganestand  
 War vacand than and reddie to thair hand,  
 Fra Hummer water that tyme evin to Tueid,  
 It wes our sawin with the Saxonis seid. 24,845  
 This ilk Hungest requyrit than the king,  
 Beseiking him of his gude grace benyng,  
 To pas with him on to Londesia,  
 To se his wyfe and dochter Roxana :  
 His sone Occa with mony nobill man, 24,850  
 In his supple he hes brocht with him than.

This Wortigerne thairof wes weill content,  
 With greit triumph syne to Londesia went,  
 With knicht, squyer, and mony bald barroun,  
 In gude array tha raid all to the toun. 24,855  
 To Tuyn castell this Hungest had the king,  
 Quhair that his wyffe and Roxana the zing  
 Ressaut him at all poynt with plesance,  
 And all the honour pertening to ane prince.  
 This Wortigerne, as my author did sa, 24,860  
 Throw fantasie of this Roxiana,  
 Of hir sic plesour he had in that tyde,  
 That nicht at supper sat him self besyde,  
 Talkand of love and makand merrie cheir,  
 Betuix thame tua that plesand wes till heir. 24,865  
 Quhill at the last dame Venus cruell dart  
 Hes persit him quhair he sat throw the hart,  
 Quhilk causit him his honour to neglect,  
 And in his fame to put so foull ane blek ;  
 His awin ladie vnmaculat and clene, 24,870  
 Quhilk wes his wyfe and als his lauchfull  
 quene,  
 Repellit hes but ony caus him fra,  
 And weddit hes this ilk Roxiana,  
 Quhilk wes ane genteill that tyme vnbaptist,  
 And ennemie als to the faith of Christ : 24,875  
 Vnsemand wes to sic ane Cristin king,  
 For beistlie lust for to commit sic thing.  
 Kent schyre al haill, as plesit him to haif,  
 To this Hungest that samin tyme he gaif,  
 With boundis braid to bruke baith vp and doun, 24,880  
 And strenthis all, baith castell, tour and toun ;  
 And all the Britis gart remoif richt far  
 Into that land that tyme that duelland war.  
 Syne to Hungest and to the Saxonis seid,  
 Tha landis gaif to pleneis and posseid : 24,885  
 To Lundoun toun syne efter[wart] is gone,  
 With this Hungest and Saxonis mony one.

Roxiana, that was baith bricht and schene,  
 Into Lundoun hes crownit to be quene.  
 Schir Wortimer, of quhome befoir I spak,  
 The kingis sone, into his mynd did tak  
 Richt greit anger that his fader the king  
 Injustlie that he hes done sic thing :  
 To the bischop of Lundoun for the tyme,  
 Maid sair complaynt of his faderis falt and  
 cryme.

24,890      Lib. 8, f. 123b.  
Col. 1.

This ilk bischop, Wodynus hecht to name,  
In all Britane of sanctitude and fame  
Had no compairand of his auctoritie,  
This Wortigerne thair of soir blamit he ;  
For he that wes ane Cristin king and prince, 24,900  
Agane his faith had done so grit offence,  
To tak ane pagane for to be his pair ;  
His lauchfull wyfe sum tyme to him so deir,  
For fle[s]chlie lust and beistlie appetyte,  
Withoutin causs to do hir sic dispyle, 24,905  
For to expell furth of his bed and bour  
In all hir tyme that wes of sic honour.  
Grit lak it wes to him in all his lyfe,  
Ane infidell syne to wed on to his wyffe.  
Quhen he had said and schawin his intent, 24,910  
This Wortigerne richt soir than did repent  
Agane his faith so far he suld offend,  
In tyme to cum sayand that he suld mend.  
Throw greit displesour that he tuke betuene,  
The bitter teiris birst out fra bayth his ene, 24,915  
With mony sich and sob into the tyde.  
This ilk Hungest, that wes neir hand besyde,  
Or ony wist, into the tyme drew neir,  
And fand this king makand so mad ane beir,

And blamit him into the tyme richt soir, 24,920  
 Quhat wes the caus sayand, quhy and quhairfoir,  
 His wedding feist he had so maculat  
 With mad murning and with so soir degraat ?

HOW HUNGEST GART SLAY THE BISCHOP OF  
 LUNDOUN, BECAUS HE REPREUIT WORTIGERNE  
 THAT PUT HIS WYFE AWAY AND TUKE ANE  
 VNFAYTHFULL WOMAN.

On this bischop gart handis la in hy,  
 Baith preist and clerk that standand wes thairby, 24,925  
 And had thame all into ane quyet place ;  
 Quhen he thocht tyme without mercie or grace,  
 But dome or law, be his auctoritie  
 Richt saikleslie he maid thame all to de.  
 Young Wortymer, the kingis sone, also 24,930  
 For that same caus he hes gart seik to slo ;  
 And had nocht bene he fled into the tyme,  
 He than [had] deit for the samin cryme.  
 Quhen this wes done, syne efter on ane da  
 This Hungest wrait vnto his sone Occa 24,935  
 Richt secreitlie, and gaif to him command,  
 That all the strenthis into Northumberland,  
 Gif that he culd be slicht or zit ingyne,  
 Fra Eborac onto the water of Tyne,  
 In his keiping to tak thame all ilkane ; 24,940  
 And for to stuff ilk castell maid of stane,  
 And moir and moir the Britis euerie da,  
 Col. 2. For to molest in all thing that he ma.  
 To Scot and Pecht he sould do na injure,  
 Bot all the landis leve into thair cuir, 24,945  
 To occupie at thair plesour and neid,  
 That tyme liand betuix Tyne and Tueid.

## HOW OCCA DID THE COMMAND OF HIS FATHER.

This Occa did all his fatheris command ;  
 The strenthis all into Northumberland,  
 Sone efter that, or fourtie dais wer gone,  
 Throw slicht and force he tuke thame all ilkone: 24,950  
 Syne fenzeit causis as he culd anew,  
 And all the nobillis of that land he slew,  
 And flemit mony for richt litill thing.  
 Syne quhen he wes accusit with the king,  
 He said, als far as he richt wnderstude, 24,955  
 All that he did wes for the kingis gude.  
 For-quhy, he said, the men all that he slew,  
 War tratouris all and to the king vntrew:  
 The strenthis all war in Northumberland,  
 Tha thoct to put into the Scottis hand ; 24,960  
 And had he nocht remedit in the tyme,  
 That knew so weill thair counsall and thair cryme,  
 Lang or that tyme, he said, richt weill he knew,  
 Britane for euir tha had maid for to rew.  
 With fenzeit falsheid and with flattering, 24,965  
 This ilk Occa so plesit hes the king.

## HOW HUNGEST PAT ORDOURE AMANG HIS MEN IN KENT.

Sone efter that, this Hungest on ane day  
 Onto Kentschire he tuke the reddie way,  
 For to mak reule and ordour in his land ;  
 To euerie man than gaif ane strait command, 24,970  
 In pane of deith that tha sould ane and all,  
 Fra that tyme furth the king of Kent him call.  
 Of all tha boundis neirby his land that la,  
 Baith man and wyfe he flemit far awa ;



With bigging bair that tyme, baith but and      24,975  
 ben,  
 Tha left all waist to Hungest and his men.  
 Our all the land the kirkis gart distroy,  
 To kirkmen als he did richt mekle noy.  
 Tha that wer 3oung, and big of bone and blude,  
 He put thame all into vile seruitude,      24,980  
 And all the laif richt far he hes gart fle,  
 Or with sum stres than maid thame all to de.  
 Devoit wemen that war of religioun,  
 Defoullit thame and kest thair placis doun ;  
 So wranguslie thus he ane lang tyme wrocht,      24,985  
 Quhill that Britane all wes put to nocht.

HOW ALL THE LORDIS OF BRITANE, IN LUNDOWN  
 ON ANE DA, REPREUIT WORTIGERNE FOR THE  
 MANTEINYNG OF HUNGEST.

The nobillis all than of Britania,  
 Befoir the king in Lundoun on ane da,  
 The soir complai[n]t tha maid of this Hungest,  
 Sayand be him tha war rycht far opprest :      24,990  
 Lib.8, f.124. And how the pepill puneist war so soir  
 Col. 1. Be this Hungest, as I haif said befoir,  
 That I neid nocht heir to rehers agane ;  
 Repreuit hes richt schortlie into plane  
 This Wortigerne, bairand on him the feid,      24,995  
 Sayand richt sone, without he fand remeid,  
 Britane for ay he wald gar bring to nocht,  
 For ony way that efter can be wrocht ;  
 Quhairof, tha said, that he had all the wyte.  
 Into his face richt lang with him tha flyte,      25,000  
 That paneful wes to heir thair pley and pleid,  
 Sayand richt sone, and he find nocht remeid,  
 That all Britane, richt weill ilkone tha knew,  
 That he wes borne for euirmoir wald rew,

HOW WORTIGERNE WES DISPARIT BAITH OF  
HUNGEST AND THE BRITIS, THAT HE WES SO  
PERPLEXIT THAT HE WIST NOCHT QUHAT  
SULD BE DONE, PUTTAND OF THE TYME.

This Wortigerne of wane that wes so will, 25,005  
Wist nocht richt weill quhat he suld sa thairtill.  
Richt sad in mynd and havie into hart,  
Suspect he wes richt far of euerie part.  
Richt weill he knew this Hungest, and he mocht,  
For his distructione all his tyme he wrocht; 25,010  
The Britis all richt so for the most fect,  
In all his tyme he held thame ay suspect.  
For weill he wist that tha luifit him nocht,  
For the greit tressoun that himself had wrocht,  
So saikleslie Constantius quhen he slew, 25,015  
Schort quhile befor as I heir to 3ow schew.  
With grit silence he lute the tyme pas by,  
Disparit for with greit melancoly,  
That he wist nother quhat to do nor sa,  
With sleipand sleuth dryvand our da be da, 25,020  
That he wist nocht at quhat end to begin,  
Throw negligence lattand the tyme our ryn.

HOW WORTIGERNE WES DEPRYUIT OF HIS CROUN,  
AND HIS [SONE] WORTIMERUS CROWNIT KING  
OF BRITIS.

Off all Britane the lordis on ane da,  
In conventioun, as my author did sa,  
Depryuit hes this Wortigerne thair king 25,025  
Of his kinrik, his sceptour and his ring.  
Syne in the Walis in ane presoun strang  
Tha closit him, quhair he remanit lang.  
Sone efterwart, as I sall schaw 3ow heir,  
Syne crownit hes his sone 3ounge Wortimer, 25,030

With haill consent of Britane to be king,  
 Decretit so wes baith with ald and ȝing.  
 The Saxonis than, that war baith ferce and fell,  
 Fra Albione tha schupe for to repell;  
 And or tha wald to that battell proceed, 25,035  
 Of thair purpois for to cum better speid,

Col. 2.                   HOW WORTIMERUS, EFTER HE WAS CROWNIT  
                           KING OF BRITIS, SEND ANE HERALD TO THE  
                           KING OF SCOTTIS, ASKAND AT HIM SUPPLE  
                           AGANIS HUNGESTUS.

To king of Scottis ane herald sone tha send,  
 At grit laser all thing fra end to end  
 Quhilk schew to him, as I haif said ȝow plane,  
 That I neid nocht heir to rehers agane, 25,040  
 Of this Hungest and his enormitie,  
 Of Wortigerne and his miseritie,  
 Of Wortimer how he wes crownit king,  
 And thoct to be revengit of that thing.  
 Beseikand him of his help and supple, 25,045  
 Richt freindfullie with all humanitie,  
 Agaue the fa of Christ and halie kirk,  
 So wranguslie ane lang quhile had done wirk.  
 The haill fassone he schew to him at lenth,  
 With fals tressone as he had tane ilk strenth 25,050  
 Into Kent schire and als into Northumberland,  
 Wes none so stout that durst mak him ganestand.  
 And how he had gart cast the kirkis down;  
 Baith men and wemen of religioun,  
 Distroyit hes ane richt greit multitude, 25,055  
 Syne all the laif put in vile seruitude.  
 And war he nocht resistit be sum way,  
 Sone efter that he wist weill, and he may,  
 Fra Albione or he thoct to disseuer,  
 The kirk of Christ he suld distroy for euir; 25,060

Beseikand him, as he wes Cristin prince,  
 For halie kirk he wald mak sum defence.  
 Also that tyme he gart him knaw perfyte,  
 How Wortigerne wes all the caus and wyte  
 Of baith the battellis that war last gone by; 25,065  
 Beseikand him that tyme richt reuerentlie,  
 For to considder baith the gude and ill,  
 And wyte thame nocht it wes agane thair will.  
 Promitting a[l]s the landis les and moir,  
 At thair plesour evin as tha had befoir, 25,070  
 Fra Tueidis bank on to the water of Humber,  
 Fra euir moir but ony clame or cummer.  
 So wes decreittit in the parliament,  
 In Lundoun toun with all thair haill consent,  
 Of king and lordis ilkane be thair name, 25,075  
 For euir moir withoutin ony clame.

HOW CONGALLUS, KING OF SCOTTIS, GAIF ANSUEER  
 BE COUNSALL OF HIS LORDIS TO THE BRITANE  
 HERALD.

This king Congall, be counsall of his lordis,  
 To him agane thir wordis he recordis:  
 "Gude freind," he said, "befoir I haif hard tell,  
 "How that the Saxonis furious and fell, 25,080  
 "In Albione so wranguslie did wirk  
 "Agane the faith of Christ and halie kirk,  
 "And how tha schupe with grit injure and noy,  
 "In Albione the faith of Crist distroy; Lib 8, f.124b.  
 "And how tha war thair ennemie and fo. 25,085 Col. 1.  
 "Soir I forthink," he said, "that it is so.  
 "And for to schaw my grit humanitie,  
 "To 3ow this tyme of lufe and cheritie,  
 "Quhilk I am oblist of the law to wirk,  
 "In the defence of God and halie kirk." 25,090

HOW THE HERALD SYNE PASSIT TO THE KING OF  
PECHTIS, AND SYNE EFTER HAME TO LUN-  
DOUN WITH HIS ANSUER.

Quhen this wes said, the messinger in hy  
To king of Pechtis sped him spedely;  
With sic respons that tyme as he him gaif,  
At his plesour thair wes bot ask and haif.  
The messinger thair of he wes full fane, 25,095  
And in all haist he sped him hame agane  
To Lundoun toun, on [to] the king richt sone,  
And schew to him how that all this wes done.  
Quhair of this king wes richt hartlie content;  
In Lundoun toun with all thair haill consent, 25,100  
In parliament befor thame all in plane,  
With Scot and Pecht new peax wes maid agane,  
With ilk conditioun I spak of befor;  
The spulze all tha gart agane restoir  
On euerie syde als far as tha mycht get, 25,105  
Syne all injure forgevin and forzet.

HOW THE KING OF SCOTTIS AND KING OF  
PECHTIS COME TO THE FEILD.

This beand done as 3e haif hard me schaw,  
Richt haistilie till armis all did draw;  
The king of Scottis and Pechtis tuke the feild,  
With euerie wicht that wapin weill culd weild, 25,110  
And maid na stop that tyme without ganestand,  
Quhill that tha come into Northumberland.  
Occa that tyme that weill thair cuming knew,  
With all the Saxonis pleneist had of new  
All haill that land, at thair plesour and will, 25,115  
Richt haistelie tha gatherit all him till.

Syne quhen he saw apperand of sic skayth,  
 That da to fecht agane tha kingis baith,  
 Of nobill men had sic ane multitude,  
 Thairfoir rycht weill that tyme he wnderstude, 25,120  
 He wes ouirfew to fecht agane thame all,  
 For-quhy that da his power wes so small.  
 Quhairfoir he thocht the battell to delay,  
 Quhill efterwart that he durst thame assay,  
 Quhen that he saw his tyme mair oportune. 25,125  
 With that the Scottis and the Pechtis sone,  
 He set on thame thair with ane schout and cry,  
 In gude array quhair tha war standand by.  
 Thair wes nocht ellis bot other to do or de ;  
 The fedderit flanis in the feild did fle, 25,130  
 So baldlie bait vpoun thair armour brycht,  
 Vpoun the land richt mony law gart lycht.  
 The speiris lang, that war baitht traist and trew,  
 Aboue thair heid all into flenderis flew,  
 Throw birneis bricht quhair all thair ruvis 25,135 Col. 2.  
 raue,  
 Baith scheild and targe all into pecis clauie.  
 This Occas men, thocht tha wer neuir so wycht,  
 Vpoun the land tha war maid law to lycht ;  
 So vmbeset tha war on euirilk syde,  
 Tha tuke the flicht and nicht na langar byde. 25,140  
 Richt mony Saxone in that feild wer slane,  
 And thryis als mony in the chace agane.  
 For gold nor ransoun that da chapit nane  
 Of Saxone blude, quhair euir tha war ouirtane.  
 Occa him self on to the mouth of Humber 25,145  
 He fled awa, bot with ane litill number ;  
 Syne to his father efter on ane da,  
 Into Kentschire he passit quhair he la.

HOW WORTIMERUS, KING OF BRITIS, VINCUST  
HUNGESTUS IN PLANE BATTELL, AS EFTER  
FOLLOWIS.

The Britis all richt blyth war of that thing,  
And specialle gude Wortimer the king, 25,150  
He wes richt fane, 3e ma weill wnderstand,  
Quhen he hard tell into Northumberland,  
How that king Congall had put than to confusioun  
The Saxonis all that war of sic abusoun.  
Displayit hes his baneris vpoun hie, 25,155  
Thairin wes Crist vpoun ane croce of tre,  
Naikit and bair nalit on the rude,  
With fyve woundis bleidand for ws his blude.  
Syne with cleir voce proclamit our all quhair,  
That all quhilk leuit vpone Christis lair, 25,160  
In his defence sould follow and proceed.  
Our all Britane tha come to him gude speid;  
Fiftie thousand, as my author did sa,  
Of Britis bald he wes that samin da.  
Syne with Hungest besyde ane montane met 25,165  
In plane battell, quhair that the feild wes set,  
And vincust him without ony reskew;  
Ten thousand als thair of his men he slew.  
Chaisit him self on to ane strenth neirby,  
Without perrell that tyme quhair he micht ly. 25,170  
Syne efter that, as 3e sall wnderstand,  
With all his men into Northumberland  
He passit syne, to rest and to remane,  
Quhill his armie renewit war agane.  
And this he did, as my author did sa, 25,175  
All be the counsall of his sone Occa.  
Bot thair richt lang he durst nocht weill remane,  
Dalie his men with Scot and Pecht wer slane;  
Quhairfoir richt sone, efter ane litill we,  
At Humber mouth he passit to the se; 25,180

HOW HUNGEST AND HIS SONE OCCA FLED IN  
SAXONE, AND HOW WORTIMERUS LEUIT ALL  
THE SAXONIS TO PAS HAME, AND OF TUA  
HALIE BISCHOPPIS BROCHT OUT OF GALLIA  
IN BRITANE.

Syne efterwart he and his sone Occa, With all the laif onto Saxonia.		Lib. 8, f. 125. Col. 1.
The Saxonis all into the feild war tone, This Wortimer he fred thame all ilkone, Without ransoun or ȝit captiuitie,	25,185	
To pas all hame at thair awin libertie. Hungestus dochter, fair Roxiana, With child consaut, my author did sa, In Lundoun toun gart keip hir as ane quene, Quhill efterwart the suith thairof wes sene.	25,190	
This Wortimer syne efter on ane da, Tua halie bischoppis out of Gallia In Britane broucht, amang [thame] to remane, The faitht of Christ for to renew agane. The tane he hecht Germanus to his name ;	25,195	
The tother Lupus <sup>1</sup> of richt nobill fame. Grit diligence vpoun thame bayth tha tuke, And mony lang nycht without sleip tha woik, The faith of Christ agane for to restoir To sic perfectioun as it had befoir.	25,200	
The Britis war of so grit vanitie, That all thair tyme thai louit noveltie, And reddie ay thair awin faith to refuss, And Gentill ryte, idolatrie, till vss. Thir halie men tha sufferit mekle pane,	25,205	
Or tha culd weill reforme all thing agane On to sic stait as it wes wont to be, With thair wisdome and thair auctoritie. This Wortimer, quhilk wes ane nobill king, Richt diligent [he wes] into sic thing,	25,210	

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Vpeis*.



And da nor nycht that tyme he ceissit nocht  
 Quhill all Britane on to the faith wes brocht.  
 In all Britane wes neur ane better king,  
 Quhill he had tyme and laser for to ring:  
 Bot fals Fortoun at all thing hes invy 25,215  
 Quhen it gois richt, and for that samin quhy,  
 Doun of her<sup>1</sup> quheill scho gaif him sic ane faw,  
 And on his bak scho gart him ly full law,  
 With sic onrest that he rais nocht agane;  
 Quhairof all Britane micht be richt vnfane. 25,220

HOW ROXIANA GART POYSOUN WORTIMERUS THE KING.

Quhen he had brocht all Britane in to rest,  
 Roxiana, the dochter of Hungest,  
 Sic menis had with seruandis of the king,  
 Bud and reward that gydis euerie thing,  
 Hes causit thame for ony dreid of feid, 25,225  
 This Wortimer to poysoun to the deid.  
 Quhat sould I say 3ow moir into this thing?  
 Quhen poysound wes gude Wortimer the king,  
 Be the tressoun of this Roxiana,  
 Schort quhile befor as 3e haif hard me sa, 25,230  
 His suddant deith, so haistelic of new,  
 Throw Albione swyft as ane swallow flew.  
 The Britis all thairat lykit full ill,  
 Weipand for wo of wane tha war sa will,  
 Vncertifit tha war into sic thing 25,235  
 Into that cace quhome that tha wald mak king.

HOW WORTIGERNUS WAS RESTORIT AGANE TO HIS CROWN.

Col. 2. Decretit syne wes with baith les and moir,  
 This Wortigerne agane for to restoir

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *his*.

On to his croun, with sword, sceptour and ring,  
 As he wes wont of Britane to be king. 25,240  
 In Lundoun toun into plane parliament,  
 Ressaut him with all thair haill consent,  
 Quhair he wes sworne befoir [thame] all that tyde  
 At thair counsall in all thing for to byde;  
 And all the feid he had at thame befoir, 25,245  
 For till forgif for than and euirmoir;  
 And neuir agane remember of sic thing,  
 In handis schuikand maid gude suithning.  
 Quhen this wes done, with grit triumph and gloir,  
 This Wortigerne, as he wes wont befoir, 25,250  
 Ouir all Britane he rang oure king and prince,  
 And gart reforme all wrang and violence.  
 Thair wes all thing wes neidfull till be done,  
 At his command it wes fulfillit sone,  
 And hes all Britane into peax and rest; 25,255  
 Syne efterwart it hapnit at the last,

HOW HUNGESTUS, HERAND THAT WORTIMERUS  
 WAS DEID, COME AGANE TO BRITANE WITH  
 ANE GREIT ARMIE.

This ilk Hungest of quhome befoir I spak,  
 As that my author did me mentioun mak,  
 To Tames mouth ane rycht greit multitude,  
 Richt mony schip he broch[t] attour the flude; 25,260  
 Occa his sone and his awin brether tua,  
 With mony nobill in Germania,  
 In sic ordour with grit triumph and gloir,  
 In Albione as he come neuir befoir.  
 Quhen this wes schawin to Wortigerne the king, 25,265  
 Rycht far he wes commouit at that thing,  
 Full weill he wist it wes for litill gude,  
 That he come thair with sic ane multitude;  
 For he had kend of his tressoun befoir,  
 And for that caus he dred him all the moir. 25,270

Incontinent proclamit with ane cry,  
 That euerie man suld reddie be in hy,  
 On the best wayis als guddie as he may,  
 To meit in Lundoun on the auchtane day.  
 And so tha did withoutin ony ganestand, 25,275  
 The lordis all and baronis of that land,  
 And commoun pepill than bayth les and mair,<sup>1</sup>  
 Micht wapin weild or ony harnes bair.  
 In Lundoun toun the lordis all ilkone,  
 With Wortigerne to counsall all ar gone, 25,280  
 Amang thame all for to devyss the best,  
 For to provyde aganis this ilk Hungest.

HOW HUNGESTUS SEND ANE ORATOUR TO THE  
 BRITIS FOR TO SCHAW THAME HIS MYND, THE  
 QUHILK HUNGEST THAT TYME WAS RICHT FAR  
 DISSIMULAT.

Lib. 8, f. 125b. Off thair counsall quhen this Hungestus knew,  
 Col. 1. He thocht it wes grit perrell to persew  
 His purpois than be strenth and way of deid, 25,285  
 Traistand thair of for to cun lidder speid.  
 He knew so weill the haitrent and invye  
 The Britis had at him, and for that quhy,  
 He durst nocht weill so grit thing wndertak,  
 Or dreid he turnit him baith to schame and 25,290  
 lak:  
 Quhairfor he thocht sen it stude him in sic neid,  
 Be way of slicht to his purpois proceed.  
 Ane oratour than hes he maid to go  
 To Wortigerne and his lordis also;  
 In Lundoun toun, befor thame all in feir, 25,295  
 He said to thame as I sall say 3ow heir.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *moir*.

" O royall prince ! in thi hie majestie,  
 " Hungest my lord richt gudlie greitis the,  
 " And all the nobillis that ar in thair land,  
 " Lattand 3ow wit this tyme and wnderstand, 25,300  
 " That his cuming sua haistelie wes 3ow till,  
 " Is all for gude and no way for 3our ill.  
 " For quhy 3e knaw ilkone boith les and moir,  
 " So oft for 3ow he bled his blude befoir,  
 " And in his mynd no other 3it will mene, 25,305  
 " Bot keip kyndnes siclike befoir hes bene,  
 " That thinkis ay quhill he hes strenth to stryve,  
 " To all Britis than levand ar on lyfe.  
 " The caus quhy wes of his cuming heir,  
 " As 3e sall wit but ony dout or weir, 25,310  
 " Now at this tyme, wes for na other thing  
 " Bot for to help gude Wortigerne the king,  
 " Revengit be of tha tratouris wntrew,  
 " Gude Wortimer his sone with poyssoun slew.  
 " And mair attouir, 3e knaw be commoun law, 25,315  
 " As ressoun wald, of proper det he aw  
 " On to his oy, sone of Roxiana,<sup>1</sup>  
 " Apperand prince now of Britania,  
 " Tutour to be as ressoun wald and skill.  
 " For thir caussis, and for na other ill, 25,320  
 " 3e sall beleif this tyme that he come heir,  
 " He hes in mynd thairof, I 3ow requier,  
 " To grant him self in Britane to remane,  
 " Quhair plesis 3ow in previe or in plane,  
 " With so mony as plesis 3ow to void, 25,325  
 " And all the laif at 3our command this tyde,  
 " At 3our plesour for to pas hame agane,  
 " And in this land na langar to remane.  
 " And als thairwith he dois 3ow wnderstand,  
 " He covettis nother castell, toun nor land; 25,330

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Roxiana*.

- " Nor na lordschip at ȝow this tyme will craue,  
 " Siclike befoir as he wes wont to haif,  
 " Except thair riches and thair proper gude,  
 " Tha boucht befoir ȝicht deir with thair awin  
     blude,  
 " The quhilk tha left behind thame in Kent- 25,335  
     schyre;  
 " Na vther thing this tyme tha will desyre.  
 " The thing this tyme that most desyris he,  
 " At commoning with Wortigerne to be,  
 " Quhair plesis him in ony tyme or tyde,  
 " With equale number vpoun euerie syde; 25,340  
 " And thair the mater all baith moir and les,  
 " At lenth and laser commoun and redres,  
 " And all faltis, gif ony war befoir,  
 Col. 2. " And peax to mak perpetualie euirmoir;  
 " And freindlie love ilkane to vther schaw, 25,345  
 " As he that wes his darrest sone in law,  
 " And to forgiff all feid that wes befoir:  
 " At ȝow this tyme he will desyre no moir."

HOW HUNGESTUS DESYRE WAS SCHAWIN TO WOR-  
 TIGERNUS, AND HOW WORTIGERNE DRED HIS  
 TRESSOUN.

Quhen this was said into plane parliament,  
 Quhair all the lordis at that tyme war present 25,350  
 In audience of Wortigerne thair king,  
 Tha tuke ane da to auise thame of that thing.  
 The lordis all that tyme for the most fect,  
 Tha dred Hungest and held him richt suspect,  
 With sic petie he did than imploir, 25,355  
 Tha knew so weill his falsheid of befoir;  
 Dreidand also, and he his tyme nicht se,  
 Gif efterwart so hapnit for to be,  
 Be strenth or slicht, or ony subtill charme,  
 He sould revenge the greit injure and harme 25,360

Into Kent schire wes done him of befoir.  
 This said tha all the lordis les and moir,  
 And counsall gaif into that tyme that he  
 With gold and riches sould rewardit be ;  
 And mak freindschip for ald<sup>1</sup> feid and for new, 25,365  
 In tyme to cum ay to be leill and trew ;  
 Ilkane to vther ay curtas and heynd,  
 And this Hungest to callit be thair freind ;  
 But pleid or pley for to pas hame thair wa,  
 With all thair power into Germania. 25,370  
 Assurand him gif that plesit him nocht,  
 That he suld find far scharper than he brocht.

HOW HUNGEST AND WORTIGERNUS MET AT COM-  
 MONYNG, AND HOW HUNGEST DISSAUIT WOR-  
 TIGERNUS.

Richt mony wes into that multitude,  
 Appreivit weill that that counsall wes gude ;  
 Ȝit neuirtheles consentit to that thing, 25,375  
 That this Hungest suld commoun with the king.  
 For thai wist weill it nicht hurt thame rycht nocht,  
 Bot for to knaw the secreit of his thoct,  
 Gif his desyre wer honorabill and gude,  
 At thair counsall and at his plesour till dude ; 25,380  
 And gif it war agane the commoun weill  
 Be his desyr, as tha ma richt sone feill,  
 He neidit nocht to do bot as him lest ;  
 The hail counsall thoct all that that wes best.

OFF THE MEITTING OF WORTIGERNE AND HUNGEST.

Ane plesand place, as that my author sais, 25,385  
 Quhilk callit wes Sares into tha dais,  
 Neirby the se quhair foundit wes ane ferrie,  
 Now in this tyme callit is Sarisberrie,

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *all*.

- Vpoun ane plane the tyme and place wes set,  
 Quhair that the king and this Hungest[us] met. 25,390  
 Thre hundreth nobillis vpoun euerie syde,  
 Without wapone or armour in the tyde,  
 Dreidles of harne that tyme or ony skaith,  
 Amiddis the feild betuix thair oistis baith;  
 Lib.8, f.126. And this Hungest wes suorne to be trew, 25,395  
 Col. 1. Without tressone for ald feid or for new.  
 Syne Wortigerne and this Hungest is gone,  
 Hand for hand togidder thame allone;  
 Siclike ilk Saxoun as I wnderstand,  
 Ay with ane Brit togidder hand for hand, 25,400  
 In sindrie pairtis vp and down the plane,  
 At commoning ane lang quhile did remane;  
 And quhat it wes I can nocht richt weill tell,  
 Bot harkin and heir how efterwart befell.

#### HOW THE SAXONIS SLEW THE BRITIS WITH TRESSOUN.

- This ilk Hungest that ordand had befor,  
 That ilk Saxone with him baith les and moir, 25,405  
 Richt quietlie, quhairof nane had beleif,  
 Ane lang dager suld turss into his sleif:  
 Syne suddantlie, quhen he ane taikin maid,  
 That euerie man withoutin ony baid, 25,410  
 But ony stop or studie in that steid,  
 Suld stik his marrow in the tyme to deid.  
 And so thai did quhen he ane taikin schew,  
 Richt suddantlie the Britis all tha slew;  
 Or euer tha wist, fra thame chapit nane 25,415  
 Of all the Britis in the tyme bot ane,  
 Heldoll to name, richt stoutlie in that stryfe,  
 Quhilk fra ane Saxone ruidlie raif his knyfe,  
 And sindrie Saxonis thairwithall he slew,  
 Syne manfullie him awin self did reskew. 25,420

HOW WORTIGERNE<sup>1</sup> WAS TANE AND LED TO THAIR  
TENTIS.

Quhen this wes done the multitude all fled;  
 The king wes tane and to thair tentis hed,  
 And festnit fast with fetteris, fit and hand;  
 Syne all his armie that lay on the land,  
 Into Kent schire richt sone he hes thame brocht. 25,423  
 The Britis all seing sic tressoun wrocht,  
 Thair king that tyme so tressonable wes tane,  
 And all the lordis slane siclike ilkane,  
 Throw fals tressoun with greit crudelitie,  
 Traistand thairfor for to revengit be, 25,430  
 With all thair power pertlie on ane plane,  
 Convenit hes to gif him feild agane,  
 Contrair Hungest and his auctoritie;  
 In that intent all erar for to die,  
 Or than to be revengit, gif tha mocht, 25,435  
 Of that tressoun that this Hungest had wrocht.  
 Syne quhen tha saw thair power wes so small,  
 Without ane king and captane als with all,  
 Or governour than other les or moir,  
 Thair lordis all war slane ilkane befor 25,440  
 With fals tressone, as 3e aboue ma reid,  
 Traisting thairfor tha suld cum hylie speid,  
 Skaillit thair ost; syne tuke ane vther reid,  
 And euerie man 3eid hame to his awin steid.

HOW WORTIGERNUS GAIF OUIR ALL THE STRENTIS  
 IN BRITANE TO HUNGEST, AND PAST WITH  
 ALL THE BRITIS [IN] WALIS, AND REMANIT  
 THAIR ALL HIS TYME.

This Wortigerne the quhilk in presoun la, 25,445  
 Sic dreid of deid had boith nicht and da,

Col. 2.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Hungest*.



Throw greit monisioun that tha to him maid,  
 The strenthis all into Britane but baid,  
 With gold and riches ilkane as it standis,  
 Deliuert hes in this Hungestus handis. 25,450  
 Quhen that wes done, Hungest gaif him command,  
 With all the Britis that war in that land,  
 Pas to the Wales and thair to remane,  
 And in tha boundis neuir to cum agane;  
 With wyffe and barne thair to remane and duell, 25,455  
 Richt solitar all tyme amang thame sell.  
 With public voce proclamit syne in plane,  
 Attour command quha did langar remane  
 Efter the da affixit wes and sett,  
 All his guidis to tyne of proper dett: 25,460  
 Him self also be in Hungestus will,  
 To quhat torment he pleis to put him till.

HOW WORTIGERNE FOR DREID OF HUNGEST STAW  
 IN THE WALIS, AND OF ANE NEW ARMIE  
 THAT COME OUT OF SAXONE

This Wortigerne, full of defence and cair  
 With all the Britis that tyme les and mair,  
 Of this Hungest he stude so mekill aw, 25,465  
 Richt quietlie on to the Walis he staw,  
 Without wapone or armour for to weir,  
 But bow or brand, buklar, scheild or speir,  
 And durst nocht turs, or be so pert to preve,  
 With thame moir geir nor he wald gif thame 25,470  
 leve.  
 This Wortigerne syne, as my author sais,  
 Remanit thair in trobill all his dais.  
 Quhen this wes done as ze haif hard me sa,  
 Thair come fra Saxone efter on ane da,  
 To this Hungest quhair he wes in Britane, 25,475  
 With wyffe and barne richt mony nobill man,

With men of craft and lauboraris of the land,  
 In so greit number as I wnderstand,  
 That Wortigerne with all his power haill,  
 To his power wes of litill avail. 25,480  
 Syne efterwart in Lundoun on ane da,  
 This ilk Hungest, as my author did sa,  
 Reassaut hes into plane parliament  
 Sceptour and croun, with all thair haill consent,  
 In stait royall amang thame for to ring, 25,485  
 Ouir all Britane of Saxonis to be king.  
 Syne changit hes the name I wnderstand,  
 And efter him gart call it Hungest land;  
 And all his pepill als gif I rycht ken,  
 Efter him self gart call thame Hungest men: 25,490  
 And now Ingland and Inglismen with all,  
 Be corruptioun of langage now we call.

HOW HUNGEST GART SLA ALL THE BRITIS THAT  
 REMANIT IN BRITANE EFTER THE PASSAGE  
 OF WORTIGERNE IN THE WALIS, AND OF THE  
 GRIT DISTRUCTIOUN HE MAID OF HALIE KIRK.

Quhen this wes done, withoutin ony baid,  
 Ouir all Britane greit inquisitioun maid,  
 Quhair ony wes fund of the Britis blude, 25,495  
 That this edick or zit command ganestude,  
 Without discretioun quhair euir tha war fund, Lib.8, f126b.  
 Baith zyoung and ald in ony garth or grund, Col. 1.  
 That had no strenth nor power for to fle,  
 Richt doggitlie he maid thame all to de. 25,500  
 I can nocht weill heir expreme to zow plane,  
 In this mater suppois I wald remane  
 Ane zeir and moir continewalie to wirk,  
 The grit injure tha did till halie kirk.  
 The tempillis all, that war of lyme and stone, 25,505  
 Dstroyit hes and kest thame doun ilkone;  
 The kirkmen als, that dalie thairin sang,  
 Sum tha gart heid and vther sum tha gart hang,

And sum thá pat into vyle seruitude ;  
 With sic distruction of the nobill blude, 25,510  
 In till all part of Britane far and neir,  
 That horribill wes into that tyme till heir.  
 War all the marteris put into memoritie  
 Tha maid that tyme, as I fynd in my storie,  
 Tha wald exceid of number, be my dome, 25,515  
 The marteris far that maid war into Rome.  
 My wit this tyme is vnsufficient  
 For to expreme sua mony innocent  
 That tholit deid thair for the faith of Christ,  
 Be tha bouchouris quhilk war vnbaptist. 25,520  
 In kirk and queir syne of the pagane wyss,  
 Quhair Christ wes offerit into sacrificy  
 With preist and prelat eueri da befoir,  
 Thair idollis thair tha set vp les<sup>1</sup> and moir,  
 With all thair micht thairfoir to magnifie 25,525  
 Mahoun thair maister with fals mamourie.

HOW AMBROS AURELIUS COME FRA ARMORICA WITH  
 ANE ARMIE IN THE WALIS, AND WAN WOR-

TIGERNE, THE KING OF BRITIS.

In this same time Ambros Aurelius,  
 That bruther wes to king Constantius,  
 And sone also to Constans of greit fame,  
 With his bruther that Vter hecht to name, 25,530  
 In bark and barge, and mony gay gala,  
 Come furth that tyme out of Armorica,  
 With ane greit armie furneist to the se,  
 Of Wortigernus to revengit be ;  
 Quhilk saikleslie his eldest bruther slew, 25,535  
 Constantius, as I befoir heir schew,  
 With ane fals trane that he wrocht by tressone,  
 Syne wranguslie he held fra him his croun ;

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<sup>1</sup> In MS, *vp and les*.

Into the Walis sone efter tuke the land.  
 This Wortigerne that reddie wes at hand, 25,540  
 In rayit battell bydand with the Britis,  
 That samin tyme, as that my author writis,  
 Quhen that the feild wes reddie for to june,  
 And all the trumpettis blawand vp in tune;  
 The Britis all that tyme for the maist part, 25,545  
 This Wortigerne so haittit with thair hart,  
 Into the feild tha left him thair alone,  
 And to Ambros tha come that tyme ilk one.

HOW WORTIGERNE FLED TO ANE STRENGTH, QUHAIR  
 HE WES SEIGIT AND BRINT WITH WYFE AND  
 BARNIS TO DEITH.

This Wortigerne thair of wes soir adred;  
 Out of the feild richt sone away he fled 25,550  
 On to ane castell of his awin neirby.  
 This Ambross than him followit hastelye,  
 And laid ane seig about the hous richt sone; Col. 2.  
 Thair lang tha la and litill thing wes done.  
 That hous it stude vpone ane strength so strang, 25,555  
 Quhen tha had lyne at the seig so lang,  
 Ambrosius he gave command in hy,  
 On fra ane wod that wes neir hand by,  
 That eurie man richt mony tre suld bring,  
 About the hous syne nar the wallis fling. 25,560  
 And so tha did into grit quantitie,  
 About that hous tha laid richt mony tre,  
 Quhill tha excedit all the wall on hicht,  
 Syne set thame sone into ane bleis full bricht;  
 Quhilk brint the hous that tyme in poulder 25,565  
 small,  
 And Wortigerne with wyffe and barnis all.  
 Thus endit he that so greit tressoun wrocht,  
 Quhairby he put all braid Britane to nocht.

Aurelius quhilk did till him concerne,  
 Efter the deid of this ilk Wortigerne, 25,570  
 Of all Britane the croun to bruke the richt,  
 To him thair come richt mony worthie wicht,  
 Baith ȝoung and ald that war of Britis blude,  
 Dalie tha come into greit multitude;  
 Exhortand him agane for to reskew 25,575  
 His heretage that laitlie of the new,  
 And his pepill that wes so far opprest  
 Be the fals tressoun of this ilk Hungest;  
 So wranguslie alway that he did wirk  
 Agane the law and faith of halie kirk; 25,580  
 Quhairof thai said tha wald revengit be,  
 Or on ane da all into battell de.

HOW AURELIUS MAID PEAX AGANE WITH THE  
 KING OF SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS, AND GAT  
 THAIR SUPPLE AGANE THE SAXONIS OR HE  
 MICHT PREVAILL.

Aurelius considerit weill and knew  
 Be thair talking that tyme he wes our few;  
 Thairfoir he thocht he micht with better will, 25,585  
 At his plesour his purpois to fulfill  
 And or he wald in that mater proceid,  
 Into gude hoip for to cum better speid,  
 To Congallus ane messenger he send,  
 Beseikand him of help for to defend 25,590  
 The faith of Christ, as he wes Cristin knyght,  
 Of halie kirk for to debait the richt,  
 And for the faith he aucht to Jesu Christ,  
 Agane tha bribouris that war vnbaptist,  
 And fra Hungest that tratour so vntrew, 25,595  
 That he wald help his kinrik to persew.  
 This Congallus thair of he wes content,  
 And all the laif that tyme that war present,

Promittand him richt hartlie with gude will,  
 At tyme and place that he sall cum him till, 25,600  
 Efter his power with help and supple,  
 In all the haist that he mycht reddie be.  
 The messinger thairof he wes content :  
 To king of Pechtis passit incontinent,  
 Quhilk callit wes Lothus that tyme to name ; 25,606  
 In Albione wes none of grittar fame,  
 Stalwart and strang, and of ane large stature,  
 Baith young and fair, and rycht plesand of nature ;  
 Quhilk wes richt blyth that tyme quhen he did  
 heir  
 All the desyr of this ilk messinger ; 25,610  
 And grantit him rycht glaidlie with his hart,  
 In that purpois all tyme to tak his part,  
 Efter his power hartlie with gude will ;  
 Syne set ane da quhen he suld cum him till.

Lib. 8, f. 127.  
 Col. 1.

HOW THE MESSINGER PASSIT TO AURELIUS AND  
 SCHEW HIS ANSUEER.

This messinger quhen he hard him sa so, 25,615  
 Thankit the king and tuke his leif to go ;  
 Syne passit hame withoutin ony moir,  
 And schew all thing that he had hard befor,  
 Ilk word be word to this Aurelius ;  
 How he wes treittit with this Congallus, 25,620  
 With euerie Scot siclike and euerie Pecht,  
 And how thir kingis baith hes to him hecht  
 At tyme and place to meit him with gud will,  
 Quhair plesis him for to assigne thame till.

HOW THE BRITIS COME FURTH OF SINDRIE PARTIS  
 TO AURELIUS.

The Britis all that tyme, baith les and moir, 25,625  
 In sindrie landis quhair thai duelt befor,

Ay euerilk man quhair that him lykit best,  
 For to vmschew the danger of Hungest,  
 Into that tyme, my storie tellis thus,  
 Tha come ilkone to this Aurelius. 25,630  
 Quhilk wes content rycht weill of all tha thingis,  
 And of the ansuer also of tha kingis;  
 Syne sped him sone, in all the haist he mycht,  
 Agane Hungest for to reskew his richt,  
 On fit and hors and mony nobill man 25,635  
 Of Armorick and also of Britane,  
 With birny, brasar, bow and feddrit flane,  
 All in ane will for to reskew agane  
 Kynrik and croun with law and libertie,  
 And of Hungest for to revengit be, 25,640  
 The ennemie of Christ and halie kirk;  
 Without tarie neur for to tyre nor irk  
 Quhill he war slane, and all his men ilkone,  
 Or exull maid far out of Albione.

HOW THE KING OF PECHTIS AND THE KING OF  
 SCOTTIS BRUTHER CONRANUS MET AURELIUS  
 WITH ANE GREIT POWAR.

Syne efter that, vpoun the saxtane da, 25,645  
 The king of Pechtis hes met him in the wa,  
 With greit power that tyme of ane and vther,  
 And Conranus the king of Scottis bruther,  
 With mony Scot that worthie war and wicht,  
 With bow and brand, brasar and birny bricht. 25,650  
 Quha had bene thair that tyme for to haif sene  
 The grit kyndnes and thanking thame betuene,  
 The curtosie that this Aurelius  
 Schew to thir tua with thanking meruelous,  
 And brasit thame richt oft into his arme, 25,655  
 With plesand vult and tender wordis warme.  
 With sic talking tha drew the da to end,  
 Syne on the morne with all power did wend

Towart the place quhair that Hungestus la,  
 With all his Saxonis on the secund da; 25,660  
 Syne in ane place neirby the revar syde,  
 Forgane Hungest thir princes of grit pryde,  
 With mony roy wes royall of renoun,  
 Vpoun ane plane plantit thair palzeoins doun.  
 Syne in the field, as that tyme wes the gyiss, 25,665  
 Met in the middis with mony interpryiss,  
 On fit and hors ilk man chesit ane maik, Col. 2.  
 To just and turnay for his ladeis saik.  
 With mony raiss tha did the feild renew;  
 Raiss efter raiss ilk vther did persew. 25,670

HOW THE TUA WYNGIS WAN BAITH THAIR  
FEILDIS.

Syne at the last, with mony fedrit flane,  
 The bowmen bald hes bikkerit on the plane;  
 Richt scharpe schutting on ilk syde mycht be sene,  
 Quhen mony grume la gaippand on the grene.  
 Behind thair bak, the bowmen for to beild, 25,675  
 The grit power syne enterit in the feild.  
 The king of Pechtis as my author did sa,  
 With all his Pechtis the vangard led that da,  
 On the richt hand of this Aurelius;  
 Siclike also the nobill Conranus, 25,680  
 With mony Scot, that stalwart war and stuir,  
 On his left hand on to the feild he fuir.  
 Thir grumes gay quhilk war nothing agast,  
 War reddie all syne at ane buglis blast;  
 Into the feild tha enterit with grit force, 25,685  
 In birny bricht and mony bardit hors;  
 Thair scheildis raiff<sup>1</sup> and all thair speiris brak,  
 That countereng wes lyke ane thunder crak.  
 Than mony grume la gruffing on the grund,  
 And mony wycht man with mony werkand 25,690  
 wound;

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *raiss*.



Richt mony freik war fellit in the feild,  
 And mony knicht la cald wnder his scheild.  
 Aurelius thairto he tuke gude waucht,  
 Betuix the Scottis and the Pechtis that faucht,  
 With all the Britis that war thair that da, 25,695  
 And thame he brocht out of Armorica,  
 Of worthie men that waponis weill culd weild,  
 So cruell counter maid into the feild,  
 And buir thame self so stalwart in that stound,  
 That mony freik were fellit to the ground. 25,700  
 Baith Scot and Pecht in the tua wingis faucht,  
 So rude routtis amang the Saxonis raucht,  
 That force it wes that tyme to thame to fle,  
 Or in the feild all fechtand for to de.  
 The middill ward quhen that the wingis fled, 25,705  
 Quhair Hungest faucht, tha war so soir adred,  
 Tha tuke the flicht, and wald no langar byde,  
 Efter thame fast but tarie in that tyde.  
 Hungest him self, with mony wyle and trane,  
 Requyrit thame oft for to returne agane; 25,710  
 For na treittie that he culd mak that tyde,  
 Nor zit for bost tha wald no langar byde.  
 And quhen he saw that that mycht nocht amend,  
 He kest fra him, that he suld nocht be kend,  
 His coit armour quhairin that he wes cled, 25,715  
 Syne on ane hors fast efter thame he fled.

HOW HUNGEST TYNT THE FEILD AND FLED, AND  
 HOW AURELIUS OUIRTUKE HIM AND SLEW HIM  
 MANFULLIE WITH HIS AWIN HANDIS.

Aurelius persauit that richt weill,  
 Of his fleing that tyme quhilk had ane feill,  
 And efter him he drawe with all his force,  
 Syne with ane speir he dang him of his hors; 25,720  
 Out throw the bodie straik him deid to the grund,  
 Syne left the speir still stickand in the wound.

Occa his sone, quhilk fled into the tyde  
 On to ane mont wes neirhand by besyde,  
 Vpoun ane bay out of the feild him bair, 25,726 Lib.8, f.127b.  
 With mony wound that warkand war full sair. Col. 1.  
 Aurelius syne, vpoun the tother day,  
 To Lundoun toun he tuke the narrest way.  
 The souldourdouris thairin that did remane,  
 Quhen tha hard tell Hungest thair king wes 25,730  
 slane,  
 And Occa fled with woundis werkand soir,  
 To saif thame self into that tyme thairfoir,  
 Aurelius tha met without the toun,  
 Syne on thair kneis at his feit fell down,  
 Beseikand him, for his greit victorie 25,736  
 And nobilnes, of thame to haif mercie,  
 Syne tha war all in that tyme at his will,  
 As plesit him quhat pane to put thame till.  
 Sayand thai knew that thair iniquitie  
 Seruit richt weill withoutin reuth to die; 25,740  
 Beseikand him as he wes gracious prince,  
 For to remit the injure and offence  
 That tha had done, and freith [thame] for to go  
 To thair awin land quhair tha befoir come fro,  
 Naikit and bair, baith with barne and wyffe, 25,746  
 But gold or gude that tyme, and saue thair lyfe;  
 And thai suld sweir befoir thame all in plane,  
 In Albione neuir for to cum agane.

HOW AURELIUS THOLIT THE PUIR PEPILL TO BYDE  
IN BRITANE.

Aurelius so gracious wes and gude,  
 So full of meiknes and of mansuetude, 25,750  
 Hes sufferit thame of his benignitie,  
 With[out] crabing or 3it crudelitie,  
 But ony harme in thair bodie or hurt,  
 To pas agane withoutin stop or sturt,

With wyffe and barne hame to Saxonia. 25,755  
 And so tha did syne efter on ane da  
 Baith gude and euill that abill war for battell,  
 But hors [or] harnes, withoutin corne or cattell;  
 The puir pepill with all houshald and geir,  
 Without prattik or policie in weir, 25,760  
 Leit thame remane thair still, I wnderstand,  
 As tha war wont to laubour in that land;  
 And all that wald turne to the fayth of Christ,  
 And trew in Jesu that tyme, and be baptist.

#### HOW AURELIUS DISTROYIT ALL THE IDOLLIS.

Quhen this wes done as I haif said 3ow heir, 25,765  
 Our all Britane he hes gart spy and speir  
 Quhair tempillis war biggit of mamoutrie,  
 Quhairin thir Saxonis did oft sacrifice;  
 And suddantlie hes distroyit thame all,  
 Syne brint the idollis in poulder small. 25,770  
 The preistis all thairin maid sacrifice,  
 With all torment men culd with wit devyiss,  
 Richt riallie that tyme without petie,  
 He puneist thame for thair iniquitie.  
 The kirk of Christ syne gart agane restoir 25,775  
 To all possessionis that it had befoir,  
 And dot thame with far moir dignitie,  
 Na euir tha had and more auctoritie;  
 And ilk kirk man in his awin kirk set down,  
 That fled befoir in mony far regioun. 25,780  
 The kirk of Crist wes neur at sic honour,  
 Sen God wes borne, into Britane befoir.

Col. 2.

#### HOW AURELIUS GAIF THE SCOTTIS AND THE PECHTIS ALL THE LANDIS BETUIX HUMBER AND TUEID.

This beand [so] than into Lundoun toun,  
 With erle and duke and mony bald barroun,

The king of Pechtis and nobill Conranus, 25,785  
 And speciallie be this Aurelius,  
 Wes tretit so be thair auctoritie,  
 Quhilk schew to thame so greit humanitie,  
 With greit reward and honour our the lave,  
 As did pertene to sic princes to haif. 25,790  
 The landis all tha did befor posseid,  
 Fra Humber flude on to the water of Tueid,  
 Tha gaif to thame, with strenthis les and moir,  
 In heretage evin as tha had befor.  
 Perpetuall peax betuix thir kingis thre, 25,795  
 Confermit hes with greit affinitie.  
 Aurelius tua sisteris fair and gude,  
 That tyme he had of plesand pulchritude,  
 Porterit but peir, full of formositie,  
 Vnmaculat in clene virginie. 25,800  
 Anna, the quhilk wes eldest of the laif,  
 In matrimonie to king of Pechtis gaif ;  
 Quhilk efterwart buir to him sonis tua,  
 And ane dochter wes callit Cymeda,  
 As I sall schaw, and God will gif me grace, 25,805  
 Sone efterwart at ganand tyme and place.  
 The secund sister callit wes Ada,  
 To Conranus in mariage alsua,  
 That plesand wes full of spesiositie,  
 With gold and riches in grit quantitie, 25,810  
 Gaif to Conrane, with grit honour and gloir,  
 In matrimonie as I haif said befor.  
 Confirmand syne with thir kingis ilkone,  
 Perpetuall peax ay into Albione ;  
 And euirmoir with afald will and hart, 25,815  
 Ilkone in neid for to tak vtheris part ;  
 Euir to inforce with all thair fortitude,  
 And speciallie aganis the Saxonis blude.  
 The king of Pechtis, and Conranus also,  
 Syne tuke thair leif and baith hamewart did go. 25,820

## HOW ADA, CONRANUS WYFE, DEPARTT.

This 3ounge Ada, of quhome I spak befor,  
 Conranus wyffe, ane 3eir efter or moir,  
 Of hir first child befor his tyme rycht lang,  
 The cruell dart of awfull deith so strang,  
 Hir and hir child, with mekill pane and wo, 25,825  
 Out of this warld he gydit for to go :  
 And so faillit that grit affinitie  
 Of Scot and Brit, throw lois of that ladie.

HOW CLAUDOWUS, THE KING OF FRANCE, WAS  
 BAPTIZIT VNDER REMEGEUS, AND TUKE THE  
 FAITH OF CHRIST.

In that same tyme it hapnit vpoun chance,  
 Claudoweus the quhilk wes king of France, 25,830  
 And the fyft king als of the Frenche blude ;  
 He wes the first, gif I richt wnderstude,  
 Off Frenschemen that tuke the fayth of Christ ;  
 Lib.s, f. 128, In that same tyme this king he wes baptist  
 Col. 1. Be ane bischop callit Remegius, 25,835  
 Quhilk now in hevin ane sanct is glorius,  
 Fyve hundreth 3eir efter the Virgin buir  
 The sone of God, quhilk hes all thing on cuir.  
 Thre halie bischopis in tha samin dais  
 In Scotland rang, as my author sais ; 25,840  
 Ane callit Colman of greit auctoritie,  
 Modan and Meden war halie men all thre,  
 Quhilk in thair tyme wald nocht tyre nor irk .  
 To fortifie the faith of halie kirk ;  
 That had grit grace into this warld thairfoir, 25,845  
 Tha ring in hevin now in eternal gloir.  
 Gude Congallus, of quhome befor I tald,  
 Into that time wes febill, waik and ald,  
 And viseit wes with sad seiknes and soir,  
 Into this tyme that he nicht leve no moir. 25,850

Syne of his ring efter the tuentie 3eir,  
 He tuke his leif and baid na langar heir;  
 In Ecolumkill syne graithit wes into graif,  
 With all honour that sic ane prince suld haif.  
 Ane better king I trow nor he wes one, 25,865  
 In all his tyme wes nocht in Albione;  
 Manlie in weir, and plesand into peice,  
 And with all leid weill louit wes but leis;  
 All thing 3eid richt that wes wnder his cuir,  
 Equale he wes ay baith to riche and puir. 25,860  
 Me neidis nocht at this tyme him to love,  
 Richt weill I wait his awin deidis will prove  
 His nobilnes, quha lykis for to luke.  
 Heir endis baith his deidis and the aucht buke.

HOW CONGALLUS DEPARTIT, AND OF THE CROWN-  
 YNG OF CONRANUS HIS BRUTHER GERMANE,  
 AND OF HIS NOBILL DEIDIS.

Lib. 9.

Efter the deith of worthie Congallus, 25,865  
 His bruther germane, callit Conranus,  
 Crownit he wes of Scotland to be king,  
 Becaus his sonis that tyme wes our 3ing.  
 The eldest sone he hecht Eugenius,  
 The secund als wes callit Conuallus, 25,870  
 The 3oungest bruther also of the thre,  
 To name Kynnattill callit than wes he:  
 As I sall schaw efter, be Godis grace,  
 Of thir brethir quhen I haif tyme and place.  
 This Conranus, of quhome befoir I spak, 25,875  
 Greit travell dalie did vpoun him tak  
 To keip his kinrik into rest and peice,  
 That da no nycht wald nocht sojorne nor ceis  
 For no travell, sa lang as he nicht lest,  
 Quhill he put all into gude peice and rest. 25,880

OFF ANE MERVKLOUS MONSTOURE SENE AT THE  
HUNTIS.

Quhen this wes done as 3e haif hard me tell,  
Tak tent and heir of ane wounder befell.  
This king being in hunting on ane da,  
With mony nobill in Atholia,  
Ane hart wes sene thair of greit quantitie, 25,885  
Baith grit and fatt, with hornis lang and hie.  
Quhen he wes bertnit to gif the houndis blude,  
Out of his wame ane meruelus multitude  
Of foule serpentis into that tyme thair threw,  
Baith grit and lang of mony diverss hew. 25,890  
Quhairof that tyme the pepill wondrit all,  
Col. 2. Sayand it wes of thingis to befall  
Ane grit taikin, other of ill or gude ;  
So said tha all, gif tha richt wnderstude.  
Als of this hart the hornis mervelus, 25,895  
For byt or stang of beistis venomous,  
Wer medicyne in ony tyme or tyde,  
And quhair tha come mycht na sick beist abyde.  
This king he wes the first that maid that act,  
Befoir the air ane dittay for to tak 25,900  
In euirilk schyre, as my author did sa ;  
Quhilk lawis zit ar keipit at this da.  
In rialtie<sup>1</sup> I lat him heir remane,  
And to the Britis turne I will agane.

HOW AMBROSUIS AURELIUS FELL IN GREIT SEIK-  
NES, AND HOW OCCA AND HIS BRUTHER  
PASSINGIUS COME WITH ANE GREIT ARMIE  
OUT OF SAXONE IN BRITANE.

Aurelius, of quhome befoir I spak, 25,905  
As that my author did me mentioun mak,  
Vexit he wes with grit infirmitie,  
Be constillatioun of the planetis hie.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *riallie*.

Ilk da be da his seiknes grew so soir,  
 That he nicht nother gang nor ryde no moir ; 25,910  
 And all his bodie, or my author leis,  
 He grew als bair and lene as ony treis,  
 That euerie man that tyme for the most effect,  
 Than of his deith tha held him rycht suspect.  
 Syne suddantlie this grit seiknes wes schawin 25,915  
 Onto Occa be freindis of his awin,  
 Into Saxone quhair that he did remane ;  
 Quhair of that tyme he wes joyfull and fane.  
 With his brother callit Passingius,  
 Quhilk sonnys war befor to Hungustus, 25,920  
 Aurelius with his awin handis slew,  
 Nocht lang gane syne as I did to ȝow schew,  
 With the haill power that tha purches ma  
 Of all the princes in Germania,  
 Aurelius trowand for to fynd deid, 25,925  
 Or ony king was crownit in his steid,  
 Richt suddantlie, as my author did sa,  
 Into Britane tha come all on ane da.

## HOW THAT THE BRITIS PASSIT ALL TO COUNSALL.

Thair of the Britis abasit war ilkone,  
 And suddantlie to counsall all ar gone, 25,930  
 For to devyss richt haistelie and sone,  
 In that matter quhat best is to be done.  
 Thair king with seiknes vexit than wes so,  
 That he nicht nother rycht weill ryde nor go ;  
 Vter his bruther in the Walis la 25,935  
 Richt seik that tyme, as my author did sa ;  
 Amang thame self thair wes grit discord,  
 Quhome that tha suld mak governour and lord ;  
 Tha had na grace that tyme for to agrie,  
 Bot stude richt lang at sic diuersitie. 25,940



Lib.9, f.128b.  
Col. 1.

Aurelius that richt weill wnderstude  
That thair diuisioun wald do litill gude,  
Thairfoir to gar thair myndis cord in one,  
The haill mater vpoun him self hes tone.  
Thocht he wes waik, and waponis mycht nocht 25,945  
weild,  
Betuix tua hors gart turs him to the feild  
On ane litter, that buir him hie on-loft,  
Within ane bed quhair that he la full soft.

HOW AURELIUS STRAIK FEILD WITH OCCA OR  
ANSUER COME AGANE.

To king of Pechtis ane herald sone he send,  
And king of Scottis, the quhilk that maid 25,950  
thame kend  
Ilk word by word as I haif said 3ow heir,  
Beseikand thame that wes his freindis deir,  
Of thair supple richt sone incontinent.  
Quhairof thai baith that tyme<sup>1</sup> war [weill] content,  
Promitting baith that thai sould mak supple, 25,955  
In als grit haist as tha nicht reddie be.  
Or that ansuer come to Aurelius,  
Occa that tyme and als Passingius,  
Thir tua brether, sa grit distruction maid  
Into Britane our mony boundis braid, 25,960  
That force it wes than for to gif thame feild  
With euerie wicht that waponis than mycht weild.  
Aurelius besyde ane mont tha met  
In plane battell quhair that the feild wes set;  
Quhair mony freik wes fellit thair throw force, 25,965  
And mony berne borne bakwart fra his hors,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *tyme*.

And mony man in the tyme euill woundit.  
 The Britis all that tyme wer neir confoundit;  
 And had nocht bene this ilk Aurelius,  
 Throw his curage, my author sais thus, 25,970  
 Quhen that he saw thame drawand all abak,  
 Quhilk causit thame sic confort for to tak,  
 And in the feild syne maid ane new onset,  
 And with thair brandis on the Saxonis bet.  
 Thair wyngis all that warkit of befoir, 25,975  
 Into that tyme tha fele thame nothing soir,  
 Na in thame na febilnes culd feill,  
 But als ferce and waldin than as ane eill;  
 And in that stour richt stalwartlie tha stude,  
 Spilland richt mekle of the Saxone blude, 25,980  
 And wrocht thame wo with mony woundis wyde.  
 The Saxonis than vpoun the tother syde,  
 Turnit thair bak ilkone and tuke the flicht.  
 Aurelius, for it wes neir the nicht,  
 Forbad to follow forder of that plane, 25,985  
 In gude ordour gart thame thair still remane,  
 Quhill on the morne that it<sup>1</sup> wes fair da licht.  
 Syne equalie that tyme to euerie wicht,  
 Efter his grie and facultie that tyde,  
 The hail spulze amang thame gart provyde. 25,990  
 Syne maid ane moustour efter on ane plane,  
 Numberit his men and fand so mony slane,  
 He thocht he wald no moir battell persew,  
 Of Scot and Pecht quhill that he gart reskew.  
 And for that caus, for tua monethis and ane, 25,995  
 Trewis that tyme with the Saxonis hes tane;  
 Skaillit his oist, syne passit is anone  
 Onto ane place wes callit Gouentone.  
 Into that place quhair that he did remane,  
 This ilk herald come hame to him agane, 26,000

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *is*.

Fra Conranus and king of Pechtis also,  
 Schort quhile befor he maid to thame till go,  
 Within les space sayand na monethis thre,  
 That tha wald send him grit help and supple.

Col. 2.

HOW OCCA SEND HIS BRUTHER FOR NEW POWER  
 INTO SAXONE, AND OF HIS AGANE CUMING  
 WITH THAME, AND AS ANE MONK POYSONIT  
 AURELIUS BE TRESSOUN.

Occa that tyme, quhen he knew that it wes so, 26,005  
 Passingius his bruther hes gart go  
 For new supple out of Germania.  
 With new power than fra Saxonia  
 He come agane within ane litill space,  
 On to his bruther in that samin place. 26,010  
 In that same tyme, as my author did sa,  
 Be the persuasioun of this ilk Occa,  
 Ane mensworne monk, full of ingratitude,  
 Sayand he wes ane of the Britis blude,  
 Ane fals Saxone and fenzeit als we[s] he, 26,016  
 And rejectit fra religiositie,  
 On to this king in to Gwyntonia  
 He come that tyme, in seiknes quhair he la ;  
 Sayand he wes ane potingar richt fyne,  
 And had grit prattik of all medicyne, 26,020  
 Quhilk tuke on hand that tyme, for litill thing,  
 Of that seiknes that he suld haill the king.  
 The king him self, rycht so did all the laif,  
 To this fals monk richt grit credence tha gaif;  
 Trowand that he sua sicker wes and suir, 26,026  
 Tha pat the king alhaill into his cuir.  
 That samin nicht he poysonit him or da,  
 Syne thiftuouslie he staw fra him awa ;  
 On to Occa syne passit hes richt sone,  
 And schew to him all thing how he had done. 26,030

HOW OCCA, EFTER AURELIUS WAS POYSONIT BE  
TRESSOUN, ENTERIT IN BRITANE WITH GRIT  
CRUDELITIE THAT ALL THE BRITIS FLED IN  
OTHER PARTIS.

Quhen Occa knew Aurelius wes deid,  
But successour that tyme into his steid;  
Except Vter nane vther than had he,  
Quhilk viseit wes with grit infirmitie,  
That tuichit him weill scharplie and rycht soir, 26,035  
Into the Walis as I said of befoir.  
And or thair power suld removit be,  
Of Scot or Pecht or tha get moir supple,  
This ilk Occa, with mekill bost and schoir,  
Moir cruellie nor euir he did befoir, 26,040  
Richt grit destructioun, and with amaritude,  
Ouir all Britane maid of the Britis blude;  
Without discretioun other of 3oung or ald,  
Tha bludie boucheouris busteous wes and bald.  
The Britis all tha fled fra hand to hand, 26,045  
Sum in the Walis, and sum into Pechtland;  
All febill folk that tyme that mycht nocht fle,  
Without reuth tha maid thame all to die.

HOW THE SCOTTIS AND THE PECHTIS CUMAND TO  
AURELIUS, HEIRAND OF HIS DEITH, PASSIT  
HAME AGANE.

That samin tyme, into ane ordour gude,  
Of Scot and Pecht ane rich[t] greit multitude, 26,050  
Qubilk cumand war to this Aurelius  
In his supple, my author sais thus.  
Syne quhen tha hard Aurelius wes deid,  
And nane vther succaidand in his steid

Lib. 9, f. 129.  
Col. 1.

To gyde the laif, bot fleand to and fra, 26,055  
 And tha knew nocht thair freind than be thair fa;  
 And for that caus tha turnit all agane,  
 In gude ordour syne passit hame ilk ane.  
 Off Ambross ring into the auchtane 3eir,  
 All this hapnit as I haif said 3ow heir. 26,060  
 The Britis all fra he wes put in grave,  
 Baith 3oung and ald, lordis and all the lave,  
 Onto the Walis passit in ane ling,  
 And crownit hes this Vter to be king.  
 Quhen he wes crownit with the haill consent, 26,065  
 With all the lordis syne incontinent,  
 Proclomit syne hes with ane opin cry,  
 That euirilk man richt sone and suddantly  
 Suld reddie be, als gudlie as he micht,  
 Agane Occa for to defend thair richt. 26,070  
 And so tha did, within the tuentie da  
 Semblit richt sone, as my author did sa,  
 With mony wicht that waponis weill culd weild,  
 Ane grit power weill furneist for the feild.  
 Vter him self as knawin wes that tyde, 26,075  
 So seik he wes micht nother gang nor ryde,  
 And for that caus committit all the cuir  
 Of that battell, and [all] the auenture,  
 Vnto ane man hecht Natolay to name,  
 Of sempill blude without honour or fame. 26,080  
 And for that caus, as that my author writis,  
 Displesit wes the nobillis of the Britis,  
 That sic ane man of law birth and valour,  
 Sould thame prevail into so grit honour,  
 And with thair king haldin so deir and leif; 26,085  
 Quhilk wes the caus efter of thair mischeif.

HOW GOTHLOUS, LORD OF CORNEWALL, LEFT THE  
FEILD, FOR INVY HE HAD AT NATHOLOY  
THAIR CAPTANE.

Quhen the battell wes reddie for to june,  
 And trumpettis all blawand in sindrie tune,  
 The lord of Cornewall, callit Gothlous,  
 In all his tyme ane freik wes richt famous, 26,090  
 With all his folk he left the feild that da,  
 And wald not fecht, as my author did sa.  
 On him [he] had so grit rancour and noy,  
 For the preferring of this Nathaloy,  
 Quhilk wes unworthie intill all degre, 26,095  
 To Gothlous ane fallow for to be.  
 The Britis all persaeand he wes gane,  
 And tha in feild wer left but help allane,  
 And vmbeset with Saxonis on euerie syde,  
 Tha tuke the flicht and wald no langer byde: 26,100  
 In gude ordour, at greit laser and lenth,  
 Tha fled richt fast togidder till ane strenth.  
 This ilk Occa quhen that he saw thame fle,  
 Trestand that tyme it sould for tressone be,  
 Seand befoir Gothlous fled so sone, 26,105  
 Or ony thing into the feild wes done;  
 Than for ane trane trowand that it wes wrocht,  
 And for that caus farder he follouit nocht, Col. 2.  
 Or dreid tha suld begyle him with ane slycht.  
 For that same quhy into the feild all nycht, 26,110  
 Remanit still in ordour and array,  
 Quhill on the morne that tha nicht ken the day.  
 Syne on the morne quhen that the da wes cleir,  
 And he saw none into his sicht appeir,  
 He knew full weill than that the Britis fled; 26,115  
 Fra that tyme furth the weill les he thame dred.

HOW OCCA, EFTER THE FEILD WAS WYN, SEND  
 ANE HERALD TO VTER, COMMANDAND ALL  
 HIS BRITIS TO PAS IN THE WALIS AT ANE  
 DA VNDER THE PANE OF DEITH, AND SO HE  
 DID.

To Vter syne ane herald sone he send,  
 Command[and] him richt haistelie to wend  
 With all his Britis that tyme to the Walis  
 Within ane da, thairof gif that he falis, 26,120  
 That ane<sup>1</sup> wer fund thair other les and moir,  
 Into the boundis his fader had befor,  
 3young or ald without restrictioun,  
 Tha suld all de for thair transgressioun.  
 Vter that tyme thairof he lykit ill, 27,125  
 3it neuirtheles he thocht he wald fulfill  
 All his desyr, for his plesour sum part  
 Into that tyme, quhill he saw efterwart  
 Of his purpois he nicht cum better speid:  
 Into that tyme it stude him in sic neid. 28,130  
 And to the herald said agane in feir,  
 Thir samin wordis as I sall schaw 3ow heir.  
 "Gude freind," he said, "sa to my cousing deir,  
 "I am content now of his cuming heir,  
 "And lykis weill that he haif to remane, 28,135  
 "Quhair plesis him, in hie land or in plane,  
 "Boundis richt braid for him and all his men,  
 "Off that conditioun so that he will ken,  
 "That we ressaue him alway for oure freind,  
 "At oure plesour in oure landis to leind; 28,140  
 "And nocht be force, na 3it throw sic maistrie,  
 "As 3e this tyme of ws had victorie,  
 "Bot as oure freind quhome we love with our  
 hart,  
 "Agane all other for to tak oure part.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *nane*.

" And we to him sall obleiss ws siclike, 26,145  
 " To tak his part quhill we ma stand and stryke ;  
 " Foure wyiss lordis to cheis on euerie syid,  
 " And obleis ws at thair decreit to byde,  
 " Quhat euir it be, without ony repreif."  
 With this ansuer the herald tuke his leif, 26,150  
 And to Occa he schew baith les and moir,  
 The wordis all that I schew 3ow befor.

HOW THAT VTER AND OCCA MET AT ANE TRYST,  
 AND BE THE ADUISS OF LORDIS ON ILK  
 SYDE DIUYDIT BRITANE BETUIX VTER AND  
 OCCA THAT TYME.

Off this respons Occa wes weill content : Lib.9.f.129b.  
 Without delay richt sone incontinent Col. 1.  
 Tha set ane da quhair sic thing suld be done, 26,155  
 Into ane place quhair that tha met rycht sone.  
 Foure lordis syne chesit on euerie syde,  
 That wysast wes for to convoy and gyde  
 The haill mater, and tak on thame the cuir.  
 Syne four for four togidder than tha fuir, 26,160  
 And sone all aucht, with rype knowlege and cleir,  
 Accordit hes as I sall schaw 3ow heir.  
 The eistmest part of Britane to the se,  
 On to the middis with toun and touris hie,  
 Saxonis sal haue thairin for to remane, 26,165  
 Without reclame [of] ony Brit agane.  
 Britis the laif of all Britane to bruke  
 In peice and rest ; syne sueir on bell and buik, -  
 That euerie on to vther sould be trew  
 In tyme to cum for ald feid or for new. 26,170  
 Quhen this wes done as 3e haif hard me sa,  
 Ilk man tuke leif and passit hame his wa.



HOW VTER, KING OF BRITIS, HALDAND HIS 3ULE  
IN LUNDOUN, TUKE FRA GOTHLOUS, LORD OF  
CORNEWALL, HIS WYFFE, AND GAT ON HIR  
IN ADULTRIE ARTHURE THAT WES KING.

Lang efter that tha leuit in peice and rest.  
Sick ydilnes [as] that ma nocht weill lest,  
Bot insolence and vther vices mo ; 26,175  
The Britis all wer in that time rycht so.  
Efter lang peice to grit riches tha grew,  
Syne efterwart to vices all tha drew,  
Lyke brutell beistis thair appetit fulfill ;  
Oftymis welth garris wisdom to go will. 26,180  
This ilk Vter, syne efter mony 3eir  
How hapnit him, tak tent and 3e sall heir.  
At Lundoun toun in the natiuitie  
Of Christ Jesu, with grit solempnitie,  
In mid winter quhen that the wedder is cuill, 26,185  
This ilk Vter that tyme he held his 3uill,  
With mony lord and mony ladie bricht,  
That curtas war, and mony nobill knycht.  
Amang the laif, my author sais thus,  
Thair wes that tyme the nobill Gothleus, 26,190  
Of Cornewall lord, befoir as I 3ow tald,  
In all his tyme that wes ane berne full bald.  
With him that tyme thair wes his lady cleir,  
In all Britane of plesance had no peir ;  
Of quhome Vter sic plesance tuke that tyme, 26,195  
That he for lufe wes lampit in the lyme,  
And Luiffis dart thirlit his hart so soir,  
Into that tyme he suffer nicht no moir.

HOW VTER SEND TO GOTHLOUS WYFFE.

To hir he send ane seruand of his awin,  
Richt quyetlie ane tryst for to haif drawin, 26,200

At his plesour quhair he and scho suld meit ;  
 The fyre of lufe him handlit with sic heit,  
 He tuke no rest quhill that sic thing wer done. Col. 2.  
 Thairof hir lord than warnit wes rycht sone ;  
 Syne quietlie, as my author did sa, 26,206  
 That samin nycht he staw with hir awa.  
 Quhen Vter knew that scho wes passit so,  
 Foroutin schame richt haistelie but ho,  
 On fit and horss he followit efter rycht fast,  
 Quhill he ouirtuke that ladie at the last. 26,210  
 Hir lord that tyme his lyfe so soir he dred,  
 Onto ane castell of his awin he fled  
 To saue him self, he wes into sic dout.  
 Vter ane seig gart la the hous about ;  
 Syne at the seig quhair that he la sa lang, 26,215  
 And wan the hous, thocht it wes neurir so strang,  
 It biggit wes so stark of lyme and stone.  
 Out of the hous quhen Gothlous wes tone,  
 With king Vter accusit wes full soir,  
 Quhairfoir he fled out of the feild befoir 26,220  
 Fra Natholoy befoir richt mony 3eir,  
 Bot schort quhile syne as I haif said 3ow heir.  
 And for that caus with grit crudelitie,  
 And his awin wyffe, this Vter gart him de.

#### THE COMMENDATIOUN OF ARTHURE

That samin tyme he tuke his wyfe him fro, 26,225  
 He gat with hir, my author sais so,  
 Ane sone wes callit Arthour to his name ;  
 In all Britane wes none of grittar fame.  
 Thocht he wes gottin in adulterie,  
 3it efterwart he wan grit victorie, 26,230  
 As I sall schaw within ane litill space,  
 Sone efterwart quhen I haif tyme and place.

And of his getting vther sum men sais,  
 Be meane of Merling in tha samin dais;  
 The quhilk Vter transformit mervelus 26,235  
 Into the figour of this Gothlous,  
 Syne in his liknes with his wyfe he la.  
 Gif this be suith I can nocht to 3ow sa.  
 Becaus sic thing is nocht kyndlie to be,  
 Thairfoir my self will hald it for ane lie. 26,240  
 This ilk Arthure, fra tyme he grew to eild,  
 In all Britane wes nocht ane farar cheild,  
 And all prattik he preissit ay to prewe;  
 In him Vther had so gude beleif,  
 That he sould be baith worthie, wyss and 26,245  
 wycht;  
 And so he wes quha reidis of him richt.  
 Gif it be suith heir as my author sais,  
 No lauchfull sone Vter had in his dais;  
 That wes the caus, als far as I haif feill,  
 This 3ounge Arthour he louit than so weill. 26,250  
 For love of him richt far he brak the law,  
 As I sall tell, and tak tent to my saw.

HOW VTER, FOR INORDINAT AFFECTION THAT  
 HE HAD TO THIS ARTHURE, GART ALL THE  
 LORDIS OF BRITANE SUEIR IN PLANE PAR-  
 LIAMENT, THAT EFTER HIM THA SOULD MAK  
 THIS ARTHOUR THAIR KING.

Lib.9, f.130. Vpoun ane tyme, the lordis him beforne  
 Col. 1. In parliament he gart thame all be sworne,  
 Efter his tyme tha suld mak Arthure king, 26,255  
 And no vther in Britane for to ring.  
 The king of Pechtis, hecht Loth, into tha dais,  
 Had to his wyffe, as that my author sais,  
 Vteris sister, baith plesand and fair,  
 Quhilk wes to him narrest and lauchfull air; 26,260

And of Vter he wes richt euill content,  
 And sindrie syis his seruandis to him sent,  
 Beseikand him with plesand wordis fair,  
 That he wald nocht defraud the rychtuous air,  
 Cristane his wyfe, that wes ane ladie brycht, 26,265  
 Wittand so weill that scho had all the richt.  
 For no requeist that he culd send him till,  
 This ilk Vter wald nocht brek of his will  
 Nocht worth ane hair, bot at his purpois baid,  
 And wald nocht heir requeistis that war maid. 26,270  
 The king of Pechtis that tyme quhen he knew,  
 That justlie than he nicht nocht weill persew,  
 Als lang as Vter levand war on lyfe,  
 No kynd of richt pertenand to his wyffe,  
 All Vteris tyme this ilk schir Loth thairfoir, 26,275  
 He held him cloiss and spak thairof no moir.

HOW THE BRITIS GREW TO YDOLATRIE BE CUM-  
 PANY OF THE SAXONIS.

The Britis all, quha had greit cumpany  
 With the Saxonis, grew to ydolatrie;  
 Efter thair law lëvand the faith of Christ,  
 And left thair barnis alway vnbaptist, 26,280  
 And leuit all tyme at thair faith and lair.  
 Sic wes the vse of Britane ouir all quhair,  
 In greit errour richt lang and mony 3eir,  
 Of 3oung and ald that odious wes till heir.  
 For clerk or preist, or 3it religious man, 26,285  
 Na for na bischop that wes in Britane,  
 So wnfaithfull that tyme wes all tha folk,  
 Thair greit errour culd nocht gar thame revoik.  
 Ane halie bischop, callit Germanus,  
 And his collige, to name hecht Sevarus, 26,290  
 Into Britane Vter agane he[s] brocht,  
 Quhilk for na travell that tyme tyrit nocht.

Preichand our all in previe and in plane,  
 Reformand mony to the faith agane;  
 Quhilk clengit thame richt clene of all thair 26,295  
     cryme,  
 And mony miracle kyth into the tyme;  
 Quhilk brocht the Britis all, baith les and moir,  
 To the same faith that tha war at befoir.

HOW PERDIX AND KYNRICUS COME TO OCCA  
 WITH GREIT POWER.

In this same tyme now that 3e heir me sa,  
 Tua grit nobillis out of Germania, 26,300  
 Perdix the one, and Kynricus hecht the vther,  
 I can nocht tell gif that he wes his bruther,  
 Bot weill I wait, with mony nobill man  
 To this Occa tha come into Britane.  
 Of thair cuming this Occa wes full fane; 26,305  
 In sindrie landis quhair tha sould remane  
 Maid ilk ane lord of his awin gratitude,  
 Becaus to him tha war so neir of blude.  
 Col. 2. Vter thairof he wes nothing content:  
 Ane herald syne to him incontinent 26,310  
 He send, and schew how he had gottin wit  
 So wranguslie that he brak his promit.  
 Gif mister be, he askit him to preve,  
 For to ressaue sic strangeairis but his leve;  
 That wes agane the oblissing he maid, 26,315  
 Quhilk seillit wes with baith thair seillis braid.  
 And he did so, he said it wald distroy  
 Peax and concord, and gender sturt and noy;  
 Within schort quhile it sould occasioun be  
 That naine micht leif into tranquillitie. 26,320

## HOW OCCA MAID ANSUER TO VTERIS HERALD.

Quhen this wes said, as I haif said ȝow heir,  
 Befoir Occa ilk word by word perqueir,  
 He wes displesit richt far at that thing,  
 And said, "Gude freind, say now wnto thi king,  
 " That he is far this tyme into the wrang; 26,325  
 " That sall he wit I trow, and I leif lang.  
 " Agane the richt so far I heir him rave,  
 " That blaimes me becauss I did ressaue  
 " My tender freindis in my awin land;  
 " As I of him sic dreid and aw suld stand, 26,330  
 " That I durst nocht, but his plesour and will,  
 " Ressaue na freind cumis on caice me till;  
 " As he war king and governit our all,  
 " And [I] to him war sympill bund and thrall.  
 " And mair attour, se thow sa to thi king, 26,335  
 " I faillit neur to him into nothing;  
 " Na in my tyme thocht I neur him do,  
 " Quhill he on force compellis me thairto.  
 " Thairfoir," he said, "and I leif half a ȝeir,  
 " He sall forthink that euir he send the heir, 26,340  
 " Or causit the sic langage for to sa;  
 " No moir as now, thairfoir pas hame thi wa."

## HOW VTER WAS ABASIT FOR FEIR OF OCCA.

Befoir Vter quhen this epistill wes red,  
 Of this ansuer he wes richt soir adred  
 For aventure that efter nicht befall, 26,345  
 Into that tyme, so wes his lordis all.  
 Ane vther herald sone send Occa till,  
 With grit reward to satisfie his will;  
 At his plesour gif tha mycht purches<sup>1</sup> peice,  
 In tyme to cum to gar all weiris ceiss. 26,350

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *purchest*.

All the reward into grit thank tha tuke,  
 Bot his desire richt schortlie tha forsuik.  
 Without ansuer the messinger wes fane,  
 Saiff of his lyif, for to pas hame agane.

HOW THE BRITIS, SEAND THE FALSHEID OF SAX-  
 ONIS, MAID THAME ALL FOR BATTELL.

The Britis all, fra tyme tha hard and knew 26,355  
 That be no way the Saxonis culd be trew,  
 For no conditioun, oblissing or band,  
 No 3it for otht or halding vp of hand,  
 Wald sicker be, for signet or 3it for seill,  
 For-quhy thair kynd wes neur 3it to be leill; 26,360  
 Thairfoir that tyme this Vter gart proclame  
 Our all Britane, that nane sould byd at hame,  
 Bot to convene within ane lytill space,  
 Of thair best wayis at set da and at place,  
 To pas with him quhat way that he wald wend, 26,365  
 Off all thir weiris onis to mak ane end.  
 Sidlike the Saxonis, on the vther syde,  
 Buskit for battell wald na langar byde.  
 Tha king of Pechtis that thair diuisioun knew,  
 Becaus the Britis to him wes so wntrew, 26,370  
 As to defraude him of his heretage,  
 Modred his sone, the quhilk wes within age,  
 And for that causs the Britis him forsuik,  
 With this Occa richt plane part than he tuke;  
 Of quhome Occa wes richt hartlie content, 26,375  
 Quhen that he knew how this king Lothus ment.

HOW KING LOTH SEND TO CONRANUS FOR HELP  
 AGANE VTER

The king of Pechtis, that callit wes Lothus,  
 Ane herald send onto this Conranus,

The king of Scottis, for his help and supple ;  
 Sayand, that tyme so grit mister had he 26,380  
 Agane the Britis sic wrang that had him wrocht,  
 Contempnand him and his power to nocht,  
 His barnis als, the quhilk wes lauchfull air  
 To this Vter the quhilk his sister bair,  
 King Lothus wyffe, Cristina hecht hir name, 26,385  
 Quene of the Pechtis of greit honour and fame.  
 This king Vter no lauchfull sone had he ;  
 Arthure his sone, into adultrie  
 Gothleus wyffe to him befoir scho bair,  
 Off all the Britis he wes maid prince and air, 26,390  
 To bruik the croun efter king Vteris deid ;  
 That wes the caus this Loth held him at feid.  
 Of him that tyme for to revengit be,  
 Desyrit hes at Conranus supple.

## HOW CONRANUS DENYIT TO HELP LOTH.

To this desyre Conranus into plane, 26,395  
 And his lordis sic ansuer maid agane.  
 Sayand, tha culd be no titill of richt  
 Agane the Britis to move battell or mycht,  
 Without tha wald be fals bayth and mensworne,  
 Brekand the aith that tha had maid beforne 26,400  
 Onto the Britis, quhilk for no stres or neid  
 Faillit to thame vther in word or deid.  
 Ane vther thing tha said tha dred far moir,  
 Quhilk in thair mynd than movit thame rycht  
 soir,  
 And in thair conscience wes ane stang and 26,405  
 brode,  
 For to tak pairt with ennimeis of God  
 And halie kirk, in contempione of Christ,  
 With tha barbouris the quhilk war vnbaptist,



	Agane the Britis, memberis of halie kirk; Greit wrang it wer with thame sic thing to wirk,	26,410
	And tha did so, tha said, it seruit blame. With that respons the herald passit hame On to king Loth, and tald him all perqueir, Ilk word by word as I haif said now heir.	
Col. 2.	3it neurtheles thocht he sic ansuer gat, With this Occa, foroutin ony lat, With mony freik that tyme he fuir on toun, Agane Vter to battell maid him boun. Thairof Vter he dred this tyme full soir, And lordis all of Britane les and moir,	26,415 26,420
	For be no way of no wisdome tha wist Thair grit power how that tha suld resist. Makand thair mone vnto this Germanus The halie bischop, and to Sauerus, Quhome of to 3ow I schew schort quhile befoir, The help of God that tyme for to imploir.	26,425

HOW KING VTER AND HIS LORDIS, THROW THE  
COUNSALL OF ANE HALIE BISCHOP CALLIT  
GERMANUS, PASSIT TO THE FEILD AND  
VINCUST THE SAXONIS.

	This Germanus bad thame tha sould nocht be rod, Bot haif gude hoip and put thair help in God In thair defens, and of his faith also, And follow him and he suld formest go Into the feild, and he sould wndertak That tha sould nother suffer skaith no lak; Traistand in God, and fecht in his defens, Tha suld prevaill but ony violence.	26,430
	In that beleif king Vter gart proclame Ouir all Britane, wnder the paice of blame,	29,435

That enirilk freik war habill for the feild,  
 And all vther that waponis doucht to weild,  
 On thair best wayis within ane litill space,  
 Suld reddie be to meit at da and place. 26,440  
 On the same da quhen that the tryst wes set,  
 The Britis all togidder thair tha met  
 Vter thair king vpoune ane plesand plane.  
 The halie bischop, callit wes Germane,  
 And his collige Sauerus that same da, 26,445  
 With all the kirkmen in Britania,  
 Convenit wes into that samin place,  
 Within the grit solempnitie of Pace.  
 Wes baptist thair that same da of the Britis  
 Richt mony thousand, as my author writis, 26,450  
 Levand the law of superstitioun,  
 Quhilk war befor of all conditioun,  
 Vsand the law of fals ydolatrie,  
 Dalie with Saxonis had sic companie.

HOW THAI SCHEW TO VTER THAT THE SAXONIS  
 WES SO NEIR, AND OF THE COUNSALL OF  
 GERMANUS.

To thame that tyme thair come ane spy and 26,455  
 tald,  
 How that Occa with mony berne full bald,  
 And king of Pechtis in his cumpanie,  
 With greit power wer cumand neirhand by.  
 Than king Vter, suppois that he wes rod,  
 3it neuirtheles he had sic traist in God 26,460  
 He put his men in till ordour gude;  
 All in array syne in the feild tha stude.  
 This Germanus the vangard tuke to leid,  
 With stalf in hand, and myter on his heid;  
 Weill cled he wes in his pontificall 26,465  
 Into that tyme, so wes the kirkmen all.

Lib. 2, f. 131.  
 Col. 1.

Euirilk man accordig to his stait,  
 In kirk habit withoutin maill or plait,  
 Ane crucifix of birneist gold so bricht,  
 Befoir thair face he gart bair he on hicht. 26,470  
 Syne gaif command to all man les and mair,  
 Ouir all the oist that tyme wes present thair,  
 Tha suld tak tent quhen that tha hard him cry;  
 Syne euerie man for to reherss in hy  
 The samin word, and in the samin tone, 26,475  
 With loud voce se that it sould be done.

HOW VTER AND OCCA MET IN PLANE BATTELL,  
 AND VTER WAN THE FEILD WITHOUT ONY  
 STRAIK BE ANE MIRACLE OF ANE HALIE  
 BISCHOP GERMANUS.

Be this wes said the Pechtis war in sycht,  
 And Saxonis all with mony baner bricht,  
 In gude array evin reddie for to june;  
 The trumpetis blew in mony sindrie tune. 26,480  
 This halie bischop Germane gaif ane schout,  
 And all the kirkmen standand him about,  
 Alluleya! with ane schout tha sang;  
 And sic ane sond with all the rochis rang.  
 Syne all the laif of Britis that war by, 26,485  
 Siclike tha sang, all with ane schout and cry,  
 That throw the sound, the rumord and the reird,  
 The schawis schuik and trimlit all the erd,  
 With sic rebous reboundand fra the bruke,  
 The Saxonis all thair of greit terror tuke; 26,490  
 And Pechtis als siclike amang the laif,  
 Semand to thame the erd opnit and clai,  
 And all the cragis that wer standand by  
 Suld fall on thame, thairfoir richt suddantlye  
 In that effray thair armour kest thame fra, 26,495  
 And fled richt fast ouir mony bank and bra,

Onto ane flude quhair tha thocht our to found,  
 Quhair mony thousand of thame thair wes dround.  
 In sic affray thai war than of thair lyfe,  
 Tha tynt the feild but straik of sword or knyfe. 26,500

HOW THE SAXONIS TYNT THE FEILD AND FLED  
 WITHOUT STRAIK, AND HOW THE BRITIS FOL-  
 LOWIT AND MAID GREIT SLAUCHTER, AND  
 SYNE TUKE ALL THE SPULZE.

With greit blythnes the Britis than beheld,  
 And tuke with thame the spulze of the feild.  
 Syne efter that, vpoune the secund da,  
 Ilk man tuke leif and passit hame his wa :  
 Seand the Saxonis cum so lidder speid, 26,506  
 Fra that da furth tha had of thame no dreid.  
 The Saxonis als, thocht the Britis wer few,  
 Fra that da furth tha durst thame nocht persew  
 Efter all that richt lang and mony zeir,  
 Quhill at the last hapnit as ze sall heir. 26,510  
 Thir tua bischopis, of quhome befor I spak,  
 Sone efter that thair levis bayth did tak,  
 And saillit furth our salt se and our sand, Col. 2.  
 With greit blythnes hame in thair awin land,  
 In Gallia, with greit honour and gloir, 26,516  
 To thair citeis quhair that tha war befor.  
 Syne efter that Vter the king of Britis,  
 And all his lordis, as that my author writis,  
 Fra tyme tha war diswsit fra the weir,  
 Sic viuarie and euil laittis did leir 26,520  
 Of drinking, dansing, hurdome and harlatrie,  
 Quhat wes the caus I can nocht tell zow quhy  
 Into the tyme that sic thing suld be done,  
 That tha changit fra nobill men sa sone  
 To vyle bodeis without ressone or skill, 26,526  
 Lyke brutell beistis takand ay thair will.

For no preching of prelat, preist or clerk,  
 That tha culd schaw, other in word or work,  
 Tha wald nocht leve thair wickit mynd and will,  
 For no exempill culd be schawin thame till. 26,530

#### HOW OCCA WAS SLANE IN THE FEILD AGANE THE BRITIS.

Thair vicius lyfe quhen Occa wnderstude,  
 He thocht the tyme wes ganand than and gude,  
 For to redeme the greit honour and gloir  
 He tynt throw thame into the feild befoir.  
 Syne on ane da, quhair that the feild wes set, 26,535  
 In plane battell with baith thair poweris met,  
 With euerie wicht that micht ane wapin weild,  
 Quhair that the Saxonis richt sone wan the feild.  
 Fyftene thousand of Britis thair was slane,  
 The laif all fled na langar wald remane ; 26,540  
 Into the feild no langar than durst byde.  
 King Occa als, vpoun the tother syde,  
 Throw misgyding wes slane into the feild.  
 In his defens wes mony Saxone keild,  
 And so greit skaith into the feild tha gat, 26,545  
 Richt mony da ane lang quhile efter that,  
 In plane battell the Britis to persew  
 Durst nocht agane, quhill that thair strenthis grew.

#### EFTER THE DEID OF OCCA, HIS BRUTHER SONE CALLIT OCCA WAS CROWNIT.

Quhen that this king, as 3e haif hard, wes deid,  
 His bruther sone tha crownit in his steid, 26,550  
 Quhillk in his tyme ane freik wes of grit fame,  
 And Occa als he callit wes to name.  
 The Saxonis seand how into that feild  
 Thair king that tyme and mony mo war keild,

Of that mischeif, as my author did wryte, 26,555  
 To king of Pechtis alhail tha gaif the wyte,  
 Into that tyme alledgand than that he  
 In that battell the Britis suld supplie,  
 Agane the aith he maid to thame beforne ;  
 Quhairfoir, tha said, he wes fals and mensworne : 26,560  
 And for that caus this ilk Occa pretendis,  
 Gif that he ma, of him to haif ane mendis.

HOW COLGERNUS COME FRA SAXONE IN BRITANE Lib.9, f.131b.  
 TO OCCA. Col. 1.

And sone efter ane chiftane cheualrus,  
 The quhilk to name wes callit Colgernus,  
 With greit power furth of Saxonia, 26,565  
 He brocht that tyme out of Germania.  
 Syne gaif to him than for rewaird and meid,  
 The landis lyand betuix Tyne and Tueid,  
 With all fredome of firth, forrest and fell,  
 Baith Scot and Pecht so that he wald repell 26,570  
 Be strenth and force, other of blude or fyre,  
 And he thairof for to be lord and syir.  
 And so thai did sone efter on ane da,  
 This Colgernus and als the king Occa,  
 With ane greit ost, richt large of lenth and 26,575  
 breid,  
 Tha enterit syne betuix Tyne and Tueid :  
 Baith Scot and Pecht that tha fand in that steid,  
 Richt suddantlie tha pat thame all to deid.  
 Than all the laif tha fled richt fast awa,  
 Sum in Pechtland and sum in Gallowa, 26,580  
 To thair kingis with greit reuth and petie,  
 Schawand to thame all thair calamitie.

QUHEN THIS COLGERNUS HAD FLEMIT BAITH SCOT  
AND PECHT OUT OF NORTHUMBERLAND, THAI  
PASSIT TO THAIR KINGIS AND SCHEW THE  
GREIT TRUBILL THA WAR IN.

Thir kingis boith, with all power tha mocht,  
Richt suddantlie towart the Saxonis socht,  
Without delay other nycht or da, 26,585  
Quhill that tha come quhair that the Saxonis la.  
Into that tyme, as that my author writis,  
With thir tua kingis thair wes rycht mony Britis,  
Come thair that da of thair auctoritie,  
Agane thair fa thair freindis to supple, 26,590  
Quhilk in that oist richt greit wounderis that  
schew  
Of thir Saxonis, and tha had all bene trew;  
Sayand tha war of so greit quantitie,  
So stark and wicht, full of crudelitie,  
And so awfull with visage grym and wan, 26,595  
Ane luke of thame wald flie ane vther man.  
Throw sic langage our all that ost tha spak,  
Into the tyme so greit terrour tha tak,  
Ilk man that da than, baith of Scot and Pecht,  
Present wes thair refusit for to fecht. 26,600  
Syne at the last throw curage of thair kingis,  
Quhilk schew to thame by mony sindrie thingis,  
That tha that tyme wes richt abill to speid,  
The Saxonis als wer no men for to dreid,  
No 3it so bald for all thair bost and schoir, 26,605  
Quhilk vincust war richt oft syis of befoir,  
Be ressonis quhy tha schew thame in that tyde,  
Quhilk causit thame all baldlie for to byde,  
And all thair dreid changeit into yre,  
Birrand in anger het as ony fyre, 26,610  
As wod lyonis into the tyme tha fuir.  
Thir kingis tuo than take on thame grit cuir

To put thair men than into ordour gude,  
 In till array syne neir the Saxonis zude,  
 All in ane mynd, ane will and ane intent. 26,615  
 The Saxonis baldlie baid thame on the bent,

HOW THAI FAUCHT QUHILL THE NYCHT TWYNNIT  
 THAME.

Col. 2.

In plane battell with mony birny bricht,  
 And faucht all da quhill tuynnit thame the nycht.  
 On euerie syde richt mony than war keild  
 Of nobill men la deid into the feild. 26,620  
 Thir tua kingis that samin nycht lang or da,  
 Out of the feild tha passit hame thair wa,  
 With all the laif richt haistellie in hy.  
 The Saxonis held tha wan the victory,  
 Vpoun the morne seing thir kingis fled, 26,625  
 Out of the feild sua suddantlie thame sped.  
 This beand done, ane litill efter syne,  
 Baith Scot and Pecht betuix Tueid and Tyne,  
 Out of tha landis richt fast gart thame fle,  
 Vsand in thame so grit crudelitie 26,630  
 In fyre and blude, with mony warkand woundis,  
 Quhill tha war baneist all out of tha boundis;  
 And Saxonis sone in thair saittis set down,  
 Inhabitand baith castell, tour and toun.  
 Syne Colgernus, for his reward and hyre, 26,635  
 Of tha landis tha maid him lord and syre,  
 And for to haif the gyding of all thing,  
 Our all the laif nixt hand Occa the king.  
 This ilk Occa richt weill that tyme he knew  
 In Albione freindis he had waill few, 26,640  
 In any syde, that wald him ony gude,  
 Thairfoir he knew quhen thai thocht tyme to  
 dude,  
 That all the princes into Albione,  
 Suld him assay with thair power ilkone.



And for that causs, dredand it suld be trew, 26,646  
 Richt mony strenth hes biggit of the new ;  
 The ald strenthis distroyit war befoir,  
 Gart big agane at lasar les and moir.

HOW OCCA GAIF VTER FEILD AND WAN THE  
 FEILD, AND COMPELLIT HIM AND ALL HIS  
 BRITIS TO PAS TO THE WALIS, AND LEFT ALL  
 THE LANDIS TO OCCA QUHILE HUNGEST HAD  
 BEFOIR.

Syne turned hes his anger and his yre  
 On to the Britis als het as ony fyre, 26,650  
 Agane the aith that he had maid beforne,  
 Settand nocht by for to be mensworne.  
 For trow me weill, tha culd neur zit be trew,  
 Quhen plesis thame thair partie to persew ;  
 Haiffand na dreid other of schame or lak, 26,655  
 Thair is no band that mannis wit can mak  
 Ma fessin thame in forme or zit effect,  
 Quhen plesis thame tha find ane caus to brek.  
 And so tha did that samin tyme to the Britis,  
 In tyme of trewis, as my author writis, 26,660  
 Sayand that tha with sa grit bost and schoir,  
 To Scot and Pecht into the feild befoir,  
 Quhair mony ane of thame wes maid to de,  
 Incontrar thame tha maid so grit supple ;  
 And for that caus tha gaif king Vter feild, 26,665  
 Quhair mony Brit that samin da war keild,  
 And all the laif war skatterit far in tuyn.  
 This [Occa] syne quhen he the feild did wyn,  
 Vpoun ane da to Lundoun maid him boun,  
 But ony seig ressaut hes the toun. 26,670  
 Syne all the Britis thairin that he fand,  
 And all other withoutin ony ganestand,  
 Into the Walis compellit for till go,  
 And this Vter quhilk wes thair king also.

The boundis all in Britane les and moir, 26,675  
 The quhilk Hungest inhabit of befoir,  
 This ilk Occa he brukit in tha dais  
 At his plesour, as that my author sais,  
 Callit Ingland, into gude peax and rest,  
 And biggit strenthis quhair him lykit best. 26,680

HOW THAT ANE SAXONE POYSONIT KING VTER.

Vter that tyme, as my author did sa,  
 Into the Walis seik in the febris la,  
 Of quhome the nature, het as ony fyre,  
 Is ay cald watter erast to desyre.  
 Richt so did he, as my author did meyne, 26,685  
 Ane fals Saxone trowand ane Brit had bene,  
 Out of ane woll discendand fra ane spring,  
 He send that tyme cald water for to bring.  
 This fals Saxone, that subtill wes and sle,  
 Into the water rank poysoun pat he ; 26,690  
 Of the quhilk Vter drank for to cuill his thrist,  
 At greit lasar als oft tyme as he list ;  
 Quhilk efterwart swellit him fit and hand,  
 With so greit sturt nicht nother ly nor stand ;  
 Fra syde to syde ay turnand to and fro, 26,695  
 Out of this warld quhill he wes maid till go.  
 Than of his ring into the auchtene 3eir,  
 Thus endit he, as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 The 3eir of God fywe hundreth wes and ane,  
 And tuentie als into that tyme bigane. 26,700

HOW CONGALLANUS SPAK PROPHECIE OF THE  
 SAXONIS, THE PECHTIS AND THE BRITIS,  
 (QUHA WAS ARBOT OF ECOLUMKILL).

Ane nobill man, hecht Congallanus to name,  
 Ane faithfull father of honour and fame,

Quhilk abbot wes than of Ecolumkill,  
 Quhome to sic grace God in his tyme gaif till,  
 Be inspiratioun of the Halie Spreit 26,705  
 Of thingis to cum culd gif ane suith decret,  
 Evin als perfyte as it war all gone by ;  
 Perfite he wes into sic prophecye.  
 He tald richt lang, as that my author writis,  
 Befoir the tyme, the distructioun of the Britis; 26,710  
 And of the Pechtis did siclike also,  
 Als perfitlie as it had bene ago ;  
 And of Scotland how that it sould succed  
 In heratage, as previt weill be deid,  
 Richt lineallie descendit hes ay down, 26,715  
 Sen first Fergus of Scotland take the croun.  
 Als of the Saxonis in the tyme said he,  
 Lang efterwart tha sould richt afald be  
 In the honour of God and halie Kirk,  
 Wounderfull werkis efterwart sould wirk, 26,720  
 Syne finallie, syne efter to conclude,  
 Of thair ending he spak bot litill gude.  
 Richt mony thingis in his tyme he schew,  
 Quhilk efterwart war all fund verra trew.  
 Ane<sup>1</sup> halie virgin wes in that same tyde 26,725  
 Borne in Scotland, callit wes Sanct Bryde.  
 Be that scho come to fourtene zeiris of age,  
 In Christis faith scho had so hie curage,  
 That for his saik the warld scho forsuik,  
 And in the tyme religious habit tuik ; 26,730  
 Ressaut wes into that samin quhile,  
 Be ane bischop duelt into Mona Yle ;  
 Efter hir deith syne bureit in tha dais,  
 In till Yrland of ane religious wais,  
 In Duna abba, as my author did sa, 26,735  
 In the same graif quhair that Sanct Patrik la.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *In*.

Marling also wes in tha samin dais  
 Into Britane, as that my author sais,  
 Ane incobus with subtill sorcerie,  
 Quhilk be illusioun of the ennemie, 26,740  
 Quhen that him list to round into his eir,  
 Culd tell perfitlie baith of peax and weir:  
 And sindrie thingis be nature mycht be knawin,  
 Of quhome the secreittis oft syis wes him schawin,  
 Quhilk the euill angellis knawis by nature, 26,745  
 That till all man is hie and richt obscur.  
 In this mater no langar will I dwell,  
 Bot turne agane my storie for to tell.

HOW THE BRITIS, AGANIS THE COMMOUN LAW,  
 EFTER THE DEID OF VTER CROWNIT HIS  
 SONE ARTHURE; THE QUHILK WES ANE  
 BASTARD.

Efter the deith of Vtter king of Britis,  
 No lauchfull sone, as that my author writis, 26,750  
 Into that tyme he had to be his air.  
 Anna his sister, plesand and preclair,  
 Schir Lothus wyfe quhilk to him sould succaid,  
 Gif all be suith in storie as we reid,  
 To him scho buir schir Modred and his brother 26,755  
 Gawane the gay, als gude as ony vther,  
 And Cameda hir one dochter also,  
 That mother wes to halie Sanct Mungo.<sup>1</sup>  
 The king of Pechtis schir Loth into tha dais,  
 On to the Britis, as my author sais, 26,760  
 Ane greit ambaxat suddantlie he send,  
 Beseikand thame with hartlie recommend,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Nungo*.

Him to ressaue vnto thair prince and king,  
 Sen be his wyfe he had richt to that thing,  
 Quhill that his barnis war of lauchtfull age, 26,766  
 Quhilk aucht the croun of verra heretage  
 Of commoun law and propper det, for-thi  
 Be consuetude tha nicht him nocht deny.

#### HOW THE BRITIS GAIFF ANSUEER TO THE HERALD.

The Britis all thairat rycht lichlie leuch,  
 With greit heidding and scornynge als aneuche; 26,770  
 Sayand, schir Loth nor nane of his ofspring,  
 Quhilk Pechtis war, sould be thair lord and king:  
 Na nane vther, thairto tha war all sworne,  
 Lib. 9, f. 132b. Without he war ane verra Britane borne.  
 Col. 1. With this ansuer, with loud lauchter and blame, 26,776  
 That samin tyme tha send the herald hame;  
 Syne wranguslie, agane the commoun law,  
 With haille consent than baith of ane and aw,  
 This young Arthure, borne in adulterie,  
 Tha crownit king and put the richt air bye. 26,780  
 That wes the caus, as 3e ma wnderstand,  
 Quhy this schir Loth send in Northumberland  
 To Colgernus, of quhome befor I spak,  
 Promitting him his plane part for to tak  
 Agane the Britis intill euirilk thing, 26,786  
 And speciallie agane Arthure thair king,  
 Quhilk wranguslie vsurpit had the croun,  
 In contrair him and his successioun.  
 All thir conditionis richt weill Arthure knew,  
 Be sindrie men thair secreittis to him schew; 26,790  
 And weill he wist his power wes our small,  
 In plane battell to fecht agane thame all.

HOW ARTHURE AND OCCA MET BESYDE LUNDOUN  
IN FEILD, AND ARTHURE WAN THE FEILD  
AND CHAISSIT OCCA AND SLEW MONY OF HIS  
MEN.

Fra Armorik richt mony nobill man,  
For that same caus he brocht into Britane.  
Ane nobill man that callit wes Hobell 26,795  
Thair chiftane wes, as my author did tell.  
Syne king Arthure, as my author writis,  
With all the power he had of the Britis  
And Armorik, richt sone he tuke the wa,  
For to gif feild onto this king Occa, 26,800  
Or the Saxonis bezond the water of Humber,  
And Pechtis als sould cum and eik his number,  
Richt haistelie, or tha suld all convene,  
Causit Arthure with battell him prevene.  
Besyde Lundoun, quhair that the feild wes set 26,805  
Within ten myle, thir tua kingis thair met,  
In plane battell standand sa lang at stryfe,  
Quhill mony Saxone loissit hes the lyffe.  
The duchteast that da wes maid to de,  
And all the lawe on force than for to fle. 26,810  
With so greit grace this king Arthure began,  
For the first feild that euir he straik he wan  
Greit victorie, quha lykis for to luke,  
The Britis all of him sic curage tuke,  
Within schort quhile traistand throw [him] 26,815  
to be  
Restorit all agane to libertie.  
To Lundoun toun syne on the secund day,  
With all power he tuke the narrest way ;  
Befoir the zettis thair he lichtit doun,  
With lytill travell syne he wan the toun, 26,820  
And enterit in at his plesour and will ;  
With his lordis thair he remanit still,

At greit laser als lang tyme as tha lest,  
 Aduisand thame quhat thing to do war best.

HOW OCCA, EFTER THE FEILD WES<sup>1</sup> TYNT, PASSIT  
 TO SAXON AND BROCHT WITH HIM NEW  
 POWER, AND, OR HE COME AGANE, ARTHURE  
 VINCUST THE SAXONIS BE NORTH HUMBER.

Col. 2. This ilk Occa out of the feild that fled, 26,825  
 Of 3oung Arthure he wes so soir adred,  
 Seand he had so gude fortoun and chance,  
 Out of Britane he passit into France.  
 Syne tuke the se sone efter on one da,  
 And passit hes on to Saxonia, 26,830  
 His power thair agane for to renew.  
 All this counsall quhen that king Arthure knew,  
 Intill all haist he sped him with greit number,  
 On to the Saxonis duelland bezond Humber.  
 He thocht he wald with battell thame persew, 26,835  
 Or Occa come hame with his power new.  
 The king of Pechtis, schir Loth, or he come thair,  
 With all his power that tyme les and mair,  
 And Colgernus, nocht far fra Humber flude,  
 Tha met Arthure with ane greit multitude. 26,840  
 This gude schir Loth the wangard led that da,  
 Aganis him men of Armorica,  
 With thair chiftane, Hoell that hecht to name,  
 Ane berne full bald withoutin ony blame.  
 With bernis bald, that waponis weill culd 26,845  
 weild,  
 Agane Colgerne king Arthure tuke the feild.  
 Quha had bene thair that da for to haif sene  
 Sa mony berne la bleidand on the grene,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *was*.

Sa mony steid la stickit in the feild,  
 And mony knight full cald wnder his scheild. 26,850  
 Tha nobill men than of Armorica,  
 Into that feild tha did so weill that da,  
 That force it wes the Pechtis for to flie,  
 Of thame tha had sic superioritie.  
 The Saxonis saw quhen that the Pechtis fled; 26,855  
 Into greit dout so soir tha war adred,  
 For basitnes tha durst no langar byde,  
 Bot left the feild and fled richt fast that tyde.  
 With all the haist tha doucht awa till hy  
 To Eborac, that tyme wes neirhand by. 26,860

HOW ARTHURE SEIGIT EBORACK AND WAN IT  
NOCHT.

About the toun Arthure ane seige gart sett;  
 With diligence tha haif done all thair dett.  
 For thre moneth that seig lestit still,  
 And king Arthure that tyme gat nocht his will,  
 That toun it wes so stalwart, stark and strang. 26,865  
 Quhen king Arthure had lyne thair so lang,  
 Ane messinger sone come to him than and schew  
 How king Occa with greit power of new,  
 Fra Saxone come with schippis out of number,  
 And had tane land into the mouth of Humber; 26,870  
 And all the Saxonis in Northumberland,  
 He had with him togidder in ane band:  
 The king of Pechtis, schir Loth, that wes nocht  
 liddar,  
 With haill power were cumand baith togidder.  
 Fra thir tydenis war to king Arthure tald, 26,875  
 Thair at the seige no langer ly he wald;  
 Seand his power also ilk da faillis,  
 Richt sone he passit hame on to the Walis;  
 And left his men in strenthis thair to ly,  
 On to the bordour quhill winter war gone by. 26,880



Lib. 9, f. 133.  
Col. 1.

And syne him self with honour and renoun,  
And mony lord, passit to Lundoun toun ;  
And in the toun all wynter did remane,  
At thair counsall, quhill symmer come agane.  
This king Arthure, as my author did sa, 26,985  
In Lundoun toun that wynter quhair he la,  
He vsit hes sick liberalitie,  
Of gold and siluer in sic quantitie,  
That ilk man said he rakkit nocht of gold  
No moir that tyme than muldis of the mold. 26,990

HOW ARTHURE WAN THE FEILD TWYSS AGANIS OCCA  
AND COLGERNUS, AND SYNE WAN EBORAC  
THROW ANE TRANE OF ANE BRIT WITHIN THE  
TOUN.

Syne into ver, quhen that the da grew lang,  
This king Occa, with all his power strang  
He brocht with him out of Saxonia,  
He tuke the feild syne efter on ane da.  
And Colgernus, quhilk wes at his command, 26,995  
With all the Saxonis in Northumberland,  
Amang the Britis raisand fyre and blude,  
Distroyand all thame that in that tyme ganestude.  
This 3oung Arthure, that wes baith het and hie,  
Of thame that tyme for to revengit be, 26,900  
Richt mony ane that waponis weill culd weild,  
Fra Lundoun toun he tuke with him on feild,  
And gaiff thame battell tuyss on ane plane.  
In ilk battell wes mony Saxone slane ;  
And thocht king Arthure loissit mony man, 26,905  
Tha feildis baith with greit honour he wan.  
To Eborac sone thairefter maid him boun,  
And set ane seig richt sone about the toun.  
Within the toun biggit with stone and lyme,  
Ane Brit thair wes remanand in the tyme, 26,910

And for ane Saxone haldin than wes he,  
 Amang thame quhilk had greit auctoritie.  
 Of euerie port he knew richt weill the gyn ;  
 Vpoun the nicht he lute king Arthure in,  
 And tuke the citie sleipand as tha la, 26,915  
 Greit slauchter maid syne lang or it wes da,  
 Baith young and ald that war of Saxonis seid,  
 Richt blyth thai war quhen that tha saw thame  
 bleid.

And had nocht bene Arthure the nobill king  
 Had in his hart sic pitie of that thing, 26,920  
 That stanchit thame quhen that he hard thame  
 mone,

Richt cruellie tha had bene slane ilkone,  
 Baith man and wyffe withoutin mair mercie ;  
 The Britis bald at thame had sic invye.  
 Syne in the toun remanit hes thair still, 26,925  
 All symmer our, at his plesour and will ;  
 With mony carmusche oft on euerie hand  
 Of the Saxonis dwelt in Northumberland,  
 Quhile to persew and quhile to defend,  
 Quhill all that symmer passit wes till end. 26,930

HOW ARTHURE AND ALL THE NOBILLIS OF BRITANE  
 REMANIT IN EBORAC THE NIXT WYNTER.

In wynter syne this nobill king Arthure,  
 Within that toun that sicker wes and sure,  
 And all the nobillis that war in Britane,  
 Remanit thair with mony vther man,  
 Conducit war to pas into his weir, 26,935  
 With hors and harnes, and all vther geir.  
 In Eborac, sen first on ground it stude, Col. 2.  
 Wes neuir sene so greit ane multitude,  
 As in that toun remanit euirilk da,  
 With dansing, singing, feisting, sport and pla, 26,940

Drinking, dyis, and all sic wrang abusioun.  
 For multitude oft makis greit confusioun ;  
 Throw ydilnes, in greit gulositie,  
 Tha failt richt far without humanitie,  
 Or zit ressonne ; als het as ony fyre, 26,646  
 Lyke brutell beistis takand thair desyre.  
 This same king Arthure, as my author sais,  
 In Eborac into tha samin dais,  
 He wes the first with glutony and guill  
 That euir begouth to mak sic feist in Zule ; 26,650  
 In Eborac, that wynter quhair he la,  
 Continuand wnto the threttene da.  
 Quhilk wes the caus thairfoir that all the Britis  
 Fell in sic folie, as my author writis,  
 That tha forzet thair greit honour and gloir, 26,655  
 And victorie that tha had win befor ;  
 Quhilk maid thame all vnabill for the feild,  
 To walk and fast, and waponis for to weild.  
 All that wynter, quhen tha vsit sic glew,  
 This king Occa his power did renew 26,660  
 With nobill men out of Saxonia,  
 Him to supplie brocht in Norththrumbria,  
 That werthie war thair waponis for to weild.  
 In symmer syne, quhen Arthure tuke the feild,  
 The Britis all, war wont so bald to be, 26,665  
 War sopit so with sensualitie,  
 With gluttony and lichorus appetyte,  
 Quhair in that tyme tha put thair haill delyte,  
 Of weir that tyme tha had no moir desyre,  
 Nor for to put thair feit into the fyre. 26,670  
 For that same caus, as my author judgis rycht,  
 This king Arthure thocht he wes wyss and wýcht,  
 Quhilk in his time sic fortoun had and chance,  
 Quhairfoir richt mony dois him now aduance,  
 Agane his fa richt semdill culd prevaill, 26,675  
 And of his purpois oft wes maid to fail.

HOW ARTHURE MAID ANE BAND TO LOTH, THAT  
 EFTER ARTHURIS TYME LOTH AND HIS AIRIS  
 SULD SUCCEID TO THE KINRIK OF BRITANE  
 FOR AY.

And for that caus, quha richt can vnderstand,  
 With king Lothus king Arthure maid ane band,  
 Agane Occa than for to tak his part;  
 Syne all malice and rancour in his hart 26,980  
 Glaidlie forgif, without ony invye,  
 Stryfe and injure in tymes passit by.  
 Of that condition I sall to ȝow schaw,  
 Concord wes maid be cours of commoun law;  
 That is to say, foroutin ony stryfe, 26,985  
 That king Arthure for terme of all his lyfe,  
 Evin as him list, and at his awin lyking,  
 Sould bruke the croun of Britane and be king.  
 Efter his deid the croun suld than retour  
 To schir Modred, quhilk wes of hie honour, 26,990  
 King Lothus sone and als his lauchtfull air,  
 The quhilk his wyfe Cristina to him bair,  
 That sister wes to king Vter also,  
 And lauchfull air withoutin ony mo.  
 Schir Gawin als, that wes ȝoung Modredis 26,995  
 bruther, Lib. 9, f. 133 b.  
 Col. 1.  
 Bot he alone that tyme tha had na vther,  
 With king Arthure he sould remane ay still,  
 And for to haue, at his plesour and will,  
 Lordschip and land of Arthour in his fie,  
 And in the court richt greit auctoritie. 27,000  
 Decretit wes also amang the lawe,  
 That Modredus in mariage sould have  
 The fairrest ladie that wes in Britane,  
 That dochter wes than of ane nobill man,  
 Quhilk callit wes Gualanus to his name. 27,005  
 The fair ladie of all bewtie but blame,

Into Britane that tyme scho buir the bell,  
 Gif all be trew that I hard of hir tell.  
 Hir father als, of honour and renoun,  
 Grittest he wes in Britane nixt the croun. 27,010  
 The caus it wes, gif I richt wnderstude,  
 Modred suld wed into the Britis blude,  
 His barnis borne and fosterit be also,  
 Into Britane quhill tha culd speik and go ;  
 And all thair tyme sould haldin be for Britis, 27,015  
 And no Pechtis, as that my author writis ;  
 And first Brit langage for to speik and vse,  
 So that the Britis culd nocht weill refuse,  
 Quhen that tyme come, Modred to be thair king,  
 And his barnis to succeid to his ring. 27,020

ARTHURE PROMITTIT ALL THE LANDIS BE NORTH  
 HUMBER AGANE TO THE SCOTTIS AND PECH-  
 TIS.

Promittit wes siclike that tyme in plane,  
 That Scot and Pecht sould haif alhail agane  
 The landis all be north the water of Humber,  
 As tha war wont, but ony clame or cummer,  
 But ony fraude, as tha war wont als frie, 27,025  
 Agane the Saxonis for to mak supple.  
 And mekle mair wes done into that tyme,  
 No I list heir to put in verss or ryme.

HOW ARTHURE, KING OF BRITIS, AND CONRANUS,  
 KING OF SCOTTIS, WITH THE KING OF PECHTIS,  
 MET TOGIDDER.

This beand done, within ane litill we  
 Convenit hes thir nobill kingis thre, 27,030  
 Arthure and Loth with mony vther mo,  
 And Conranus the king of Scottis also,

At Tyne water with mony worthie wicht, In basnet, brasar, and in birny bricht; With helme and habrik, and all vther geir, On hors and fit with mony bow and speir, Of fals Saxonis for to revengit be, But faith or law full of iniquitie. This king Occa, that knew richt weill befoir All thair prouisioun that tyme les and moir, Traistand richt weill he nicht na powar be In plane battell agane tha kingis thre, For that same caus out of Saxone he brocht, Witht greit power, in all the haist he mocht, Ane nobill man of grit honour and fame, The quhilk Cheldrik wes callit to his name, Off all Saxone of knichtheid wes the flour, Into his tyme he wan so greit honour. This king Occa of thir thre kingis knew, Lang of befoir as secreit men him schew, Tha wald be thair with all power tha mocht; Thairfoir that tyme I trow he tareit nocht, Bot in greit haist, with all power he ma, Prevenit thame at set place and at da; Airlie at morne, sone be the da wes lycht, Ather of vther cuming ar in sycht.	<p>27,088</p> <p>27,040</p> <p>27,045</p> <p>27,080</p> <p>27,068</p>	<p>Col. 2.</p>
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HOW THE GREIT ARMIE WAS DIUYDIT IN THRIE  
BATTELLIS; THE KING OF SCOTTIS TUKE THE  
VANGAIRD, THE KING OF PECHTIS THE REIR-  
WARD, AND ARTHURE IN THE MIDWARD.

This king Arthure without tarie that tyde, In thre battellis thair power did divyde. To Conranus, quhilk lykit him to haue, With mony Scot the vangard he him gave; To king Lothus, wpoun the tother syde, The secund wyng with Pechtis gaif to gyde.	<p>27,080</p>
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Betuix thame tuo he rayit his awin feild,  
 With mony Brit that waponis weill culd weild.  
 Siclike king Occa, on the tother syde, 27,065  
 In thre battellis his armie did diuyde ;  
 To Cheldrik, as flour of all the laif,  
 At his gyding the vangard than he gaif,  
 Him to obey and be at his bidding,  
 In feild to fecht aganis the Scottis king. 28,070  
 To Colgernus the tother wyng also,  
 Aganis Loth in battell for till go ;  
 With mony Saxone waponis weill culd weild,  
 Agane Arthure him self syne tuke the feild.

HOW COLGERNUS COME FURTH FRA THE LAIF AND  
 REPREUIT LOTH, AND PASSIT AGANE BUT AN-  
 SUER.

This Colgernus vpone ane cursour wycht, 27,075  
 With speir in hand all cled in armor brycht,  
 Befoir the lawe furth in the feild he raid,  
 Towart king [Loth] wnder his baner braid,  
 And with ane voce richt loud on him did cry,  
 " Fy on the king ! fy on thy falsheid, fy ! 27,080  
 " Withoutin caus that brokin hes thi band,  
 " And obliassing thow maid with thi awin hand,  
 " To ws that faillit neur [zit] to the,  
 " In word nor werk as weill ma preuit be ;  
 " And makand freindschip quhair thow had 27,085  
 greit feid,  
 " Of thy injure without ony remeid,  
 " The quhilk to the sa oft befor hes faillit,  
 " And of thair purpois also had prevalit,  
 " Had nocht bene we, for ony thing thow docht :  
 " Now weill I wait thi kyndnes is for nocht." 27,090  
 And mekle moir dispitfullie he spak :  
 To him king Loth no ansuer than wald mak.

Schir Colgernus than prickit our the plane,  
Without ansuer, on to his men agane.

HOW ARTHURE AND CONRANUS WITH LOTHUS GAIF    Lib.9, f.134.  
FEILD TO OCCA AND COLGERNUS AND WAN    Col. 1.  
THE FEILD, QUHAIR OCCA FLED AND COL-  
GERNUS WAS SLANE.

On euerie syde the trumpetis blew on hycht.    27,095  
With baneris braid that brodin war full brycht,  
And standartis waiffand with the wynd full wyde,  
The cruell Scottis wes awfull till abyde.  
Of fedderit flanis in the feild that flew,  
Heidit with steill als thik as ony dew,    27,100  
And ferce as fyre out of the flynt dois found,  
Quhair euir tha hit tha maid ane werkand wound.  
With speiris lang, and mony schynand scheild,  
The men of armes enterit in the feild ;  
So thrafullie togidder that tha thrang,    27,105  
And sic ane raiss that all the rochis rang,  
Quhair mony berne wes laid vpoun his bak,  
And mony speiris all in spalys brak ;  
With kene knokis ilk ane on vther quellit,  
Quhill mony freik into the feild wes fellit.    27,110  
In the vangard quhair that the Scottis faucht,  
So mony rout amang the Saxonis raucht,  
Schir Cheldrik, thocht he wes neuir so wycht,  
Wes slane that da ; the laif all tuke the flicht,  
And left the feild without ony remeid,    27,115  
Quhair mony Saxone thair that da la deid.

HOW COLGERNUS STRAIK LOTH FRA HIS HORS,  
AND HOW COLGERNUS WAS SLANE WITH TUA  
PECHTIS.

Schir Colgernus vpoun ane cursour wycht,  
Agane schir Loth he ran ane cours full richt.



Or he wes of him warnit in that tyde,  
 He hit king Loth vpoun the farrar syde, 27,120  
 And festnit hes his speir into his scheild,  
 Doun of his hors syne draif in[to] the feild.  
 Tua pert Pechtis on hors wer huvand by,  
 Schir Colgernus richt sone and suddantly  
 With thair speiris him stickit in that steid, 27,125  
 Doun of his hors syne to the ground fell deid.  
 King Loth thair lord, withoutin ony pane,  
 Boith hail and feir syne horsit hes agane.  
 Colgernus men, seand that he wes slane,  
 Into the feild no langar wald remane : 27,130  
 Of his slauchter so greit discomfort hed,  
 Out of the feild richt fast away tha fled.  
 The middill battell into king Occais feild,  
 Persaut weill the wyngis baith wer keild,  
 And thai but help wer left vpone the plane, 27,135  
 Into the feild no langar wald remane :  
 For ocht Occa culd outhur do or sa,  
 Tha left the feild and fled richt fast awa.  
 Occa<sup>1</sup> him self onto the se he fled,  
 Syne in ane schip, quhilk reddie thair he had, 27,140  
 Richt quyetlie, soir woundit, on ane da  
 That samin tyme fled in Saxonia.

HOW THE SAXONIS, EFTER THA HAD TYNT THE  
 FEILD, COME ALL TO KING ARTHURE BESEIK-  
 AND HIM OF GRACE, AND OF HIS ANSWER  
 AGANE.

Col. 2.      Sone efter that, within ane lytill space,  
 The Saxonis all convenit in ane place  
 To thair counsall efter tha tynt the feild. 27,145  
 Syne quhen tha knew thair captanis all wer keild,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Occo*.

And in the feild sa mony als war slane,  
 Without beleif to gif battell agane;  
 For-quhy thair power sempill wes and small,  
 And thai that tyme but chiftane war withall, 27,160  
 For that same caus, or than my author leis,  
 Befoir king Arthure all vpoun thair kneis  
 Richt piteouslie his grace tha did imploir,  
 For to remit all faltis of befoir.  
 Beseikand him of his hienes and grace, 27,165  
 That he wald grant thame in sum quyet place  
 For to remane withoutin skaith or lak,  
 At his plesour gude seruice for to mak.  
 Quhen king Arthure hard thair desyr and will,  
 Into that tyme sic ansuer maid thame till: 27,160  
 Gif that tha list to tak the faith of Christ  
 Withoutin baid, and for to be baptist;  
 Of halie kirk als for to keip command,  
 Tha sould be fre to duell into his land,  
 At thair plesour ilk ane baith les and moir, 27,165  
 With all fredome sic as tha had befoir,  
 In peax and rest all tyme baith evin and morne;  
 Syne bodelie ilkane for to be sworne,  
 Britis agane neur mair till persew  
 In plane battell, for ald feid or for new. 27,170  
 Quha lykis nocht for to keip that command,  
 In pane of deith he war fund in that land;  
 And no les pane, as my author did sa,  
 Quha did remane attour the fyftene da.

HOW THE SAXONIS PASSIT ALL FRA ALBIONE ONTO  
 SAXONE AT THE COMMAND OF ARTHURE

Sone efter that ane company full large 27,175  
 Of Saxon men, with mony bark and barge,  
 Tha tuke the se all efter on ane da,  
 Syne passit hame on to Saxonia.

The men of gude that duelt about neirhand,  
 Seand the Saxonis cumand to the land, 27,180  
 Lyke to pereis baith of hungar and cald,  
 Tha swoir and said amang thame mony fald,  
 That efterwart, and tha thair tyme nicht se,  
 Of that injure tha sould revengit be.  
 Richt mony Saxone, efter tha war gone, 27,185  
 Remanit still lang into Albione,  
 Quhilk fenzeit war takand the fayth of Christ,  
 With fraudfull mynd tha war ilkane baptist,  
 With greit corruptione still into thair thocht,  
 Into that tyme suppos tha said richt nocht. 27,190

HOW THE SAXONIS DUELLAND IN VECTA ILE THAT  
 LEVIT WAR RE ARTHURE SEND IN SAXONE,  
 AND BROCHT ANE GREIT POWER OF MEN IN  
 BRITANE, MAKAND GRIT DISTRUCTION.

This being done as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 Gude king Arthure, richt lang and mony 3eir,  
 Greit diligence he hes done da and nycht,  
 The Christiane faith with all power and mycht,  
 And Christis kirk, agane for to restoir 27,195  
 To the same forme that it wes of befoir.  
 And hes gart big kirkis that war cassin doun,  
 Prelattis and preistis of greit deuotioun,  
 Solempnitlie thairin to sing and sa ;  
 The commoun pepill on the halie da, 27,200  
 Diuyn service and word of God to heir,  
 All ceremoneis efter the law to leir.  
 Baith da and nycht ane lang tyme so he wrocht,  
 Quhill all Britane vnto the faith wes brocht.  
 My author sais in the samin quhile, 27,205  
 The Saxonis duelland into Vecta Yle,  
 Fra Albione that lyis sum thing south,  
 Evin richt foirnent the water of Tamis mouth,

Out of Saxone ane greit power hes brocht.  
 So quietlie amang thame it wes wrocht, 27,210  
 Or Arthure wist, tha wrocht richt mekle noy  
 Ouir all Kentschyre quhilk tha schupe to distroy.  
 And quhen that caice to king Arthure wes kend,  
 To king of Scottis and Pechtis sone hes send  
 For thair supple, sidlike as of beforne, 27,215  
 Agane thair fais fals war and mensworne,  
 The faithles doggis gif that he culd dant.  
 All his desyre tha tua kingis did grant;  
 Ten thousand men fra euirilk king also,  
 To king Arthure that time wer maid till go. 27,220  
 Ane man of gude callit Ewgenius,  
 The sone and heir of nobill Congallus,  
 Quhilk king of Scotland wes into his dais,  
 Conranus bruther, as my author sais,  
 Vnkill also wes to this ilk Ewgene, 27,225  
 Quhilk captane wes to all the Scottis men.  
 Schir Modred, king Lothis sone and air,  
 Prince of the Pechtis, baith plesand and fair,  
 Quhome to his father gaif the oist to gyde  
 Of proude Pechtis that war rycht full of pryde. 27,230

HOW EUGENIUS, PRINCE OF SCOTLAND, AND  
 MODRED, PRINCE OF PECHTLAND, PASSIT TO  
 LUNDOUN TO ARTHURE.

Thir tua princes, withoutin ony baid,  
 Towart Lundoun to king Arthure tha raid.  
 Of thair cuming richt blyth and glaid wes he,  
 Welcumand thame with all humanitie,  
 And thankit thame with hartlie mynd and will, 27,235  
 In his supplie at sic neid come him till.  
 Towart Themys vpoun ane plesand plane,  
 Neirby Lundoun, he gart the ost remane,  
 Quhair tha plantit all thair palzeonis down;  
 And he him self syne passit to the toun, 27,240

And lordis all war with him thair ilkone,  
 Baith les and moir to counsall syne ar gone.  
 Efter counsall, thre dais in the toun  
 Remanit still thair at thair oratioun ;  
 Syne finallie, efter on the fourt da, 27,945  
 Solempnitlie he gart baith sing and sa  
 Diuyn service with prelat, preist and clerk.  
 In his baner syne all of brodin wark,  
 Porterit perfite the Virgin clene and puir,  
 Of hir bosum the quhilk that Jesu buir, 27,950  
 Fra that tyme furth, as that my author sais,  
 In his baner he buir hir all his dais.  
 Syne furth of Lundoun tuke the narrest wa,  
 Onto the camp quhair his grit ost lay,  
 Commendand him on to the Virgin brycht, 27,955  
 That Jesu buir, for to manteine thair rycht.

Col. 2.

HOW IT WES SCHAWIN TO ARTHURE THAT THE  
 SAXONIS WAS NEIRHAND, AND HOW HE SEND  
 MODRED AND HIS GUDE-FATHER GUALLANUS  
 TO SPY THAIROF, AND OF THE FALS TRESSOUN  
 OF THE SAXONIS THAT TYME TO MODRED  
 AND GUALLANUS.

Ane man to Arthure schew into that quhile,  
 The Saxonis all within les nor fyve myle,  
 Evin at thair hand war huvand by ane hicht,  
 On fit and hors, all cled in armour bricht. 27,960  
 Schir Modred, ane chiftane cheualrous,  
 And his gude-father nobill Guallanus,  
 Thir tua freikis quhilk war of mekle force  
 Passit befor than with fyve thousand horss,  
 In curage cled, that burneist wes full bricht. 27,965  
 So as tha raid furth vpoun randoun richt,  
 Fra Saxonis send ambassadouris to meit  
 To king Arthure, quhome gudlie tha haif greit,

Traistand richt weill but perrell to remane  
 In that same place quhill that tha come agane; 27,270  
 And for that caus vpoun the samin feild,  
 Traistand no ill, tha baid baith man and cheild.  
 Quhen this ambaxat come king Arthure till,  
 And schew to him all thair desyre and will,  
 Quhilk in the tyme zit thai obtenit nocht, 27,275  
 Traistand for tressoun that it sould be wrocht;  
 Richt weill he wist that thai culd nocht be leill,  
 Thairfoir les will he had with thame to deill,  
 To thame no ansuer in the tyme he gawe,  
 Quhill that he war aduysit with the laif. 27,280  
 That samin tyme the fals Saxonis wntrew,  
 Schir Modred, that na disceptioun knew,  
 Or euer he wist that, with ane cry and schout,  
 In rayit battell set him round about.  
 Quhen Modred saw it nicht na better be, 27,285  
 Withoutin schame also he nicht nocht fle,  
 Suppois his power in that tyme wes small  
 In feild to fecht agane tha Saxonis all,  
 Zit neurtheles that tyme he tuke to reid  
 That euerie man revenge suld his awin deid; 27,290  
 Gif weirdis wald of force sic thing to be,  
 Throw fals tressone tha suld be maid to de.

#### HOW MODRED TUKE FEILD AGANIS THE SAXONIS.

Syne in the feild tha enterit with ane crak,  
 Quhair mony berne war laid vpone thair bak,  
 And mony ane war maid full braid to bleid, 27,295  
 Into that stound la steickit wnder steid.  
 Schir Modred, his power wes so puir,  
 Into the feild no langar nicht induir;  
 Thair of his men the tua part than wer slane,  
 The laif all fled no langar mycht remane. 27,300

To the grit oist richt fast tha tuke the flycht,  
 And styntit neur quhill that tha come in sycht.  
 Schir Modred wes brocht away of force,  
 And Guallanus, but ony hurt on hors;  
 Haill and feir, suppois thair men wes slane, 27,305  
 To king Arthure thir tua come hame agane.  
 Quhen this wes schawin to gude Arthure the king,  
 Quhilk gritlie wes aggrevit at sic thing,  
 The Saxone herald thair remaning maid,  
 Zit wndeliuerit on his ansuer baid; 27,310  
 Then king Arthure with his captanis ilkone  
 That present war, to counsall all ar gone,  
 Efter decreit in presens of the lawe,  
 To that herald sic ansuer than he gawe.

Lib. 9, f. 135.  
 Col. 1.

#### HOW ARTHURE GAIF ANSUER TO THE HERALD.

" Ȝour greit falaheid oft befor I kend, 27,315  
 " That broucht Ȝow ay wnto ane wickit end,  
 " And ay will do, I bid nocht for to heill,  
 " For in my tyme I fand Ȝow neur leill.  
 " Ȝe schaw Ȝour self wnfaithfull, fraudfull schrewis,  
 " Now wnder traist, quhen Ȝe war takand 27,320  
     trewis,  
 " Out of beleif trowand of Ȝow no ill,  
 " So greit injure as Ȝe haif done ws till.  
 " Quhairfor," he said, " heir I command in plane,  
 " Ȝe send to me no message[r] agane,  
 " In tyme to cum we will thame nocht ressaue. 27,325  
 " And thow thi self this ansuer now sall haue:  
 " For the fals tressoun this tyme Ȝe haif wrocht,  
 " And I may leif it salbe full deir bocht;  
 " Fra blude and battell I sall neur blin,  
 " Quhill thair is ony of Ȝour cancarit kin 27,330  
 " In Albione, that I mak God avow.  
 " Na vther ansuer sall thow get as now."

This beand said befor that multitude,  
 Thair come fourtie of the grittest men of gude,  
 That wes that tyme in all the Saxone oist, 27,335  
 To king Arthure, lawlie but ony boist  
 Excusand thame of all wes done him till ;  
 Sayand, it wes aganes the nobillis will  
 All that wes done, as tha sould gar him ken,  
 Vnhappellie be ill asposit men, 27,340  
 That knew nocht weill quhat that the nobillis  
 ment,  
 Nor zit of thame had counsall nor consent.  
 Arthure, that dred thair greit falsheid and fraude,  
 Into the tyme he gaif command and bad  
 Without ansuer tha sould be keipit still, 27,345  
 Quhill efterwart that he had wrocht his will.  
 And so tha did that tyme at his command,  
 Gart thame remane thair still without ganestand.

HOW ARTHURE LANG FORROW DA TUKE THE  
 SAXONIS ALL SLEIPAND, QUHAIR THA WAR  
 ALL SLANE FOR THE MOIST PART, AND ALL  
 THE LAWE WAR CHASIT.

That samin nycht, ane lang quhile forrow da,  
 This ilk Arthure, quhair that the Saxonis la, 27,350  
 With all his power movit in schort quhile,  
 Quhair that tha la within les nor thre myle.  
 In thre partis the greit oist than diuydit ;  
 The formest ost this ilk schir Modred gydit  
 In gude ordour, with egir mynd and will, 27,355  
 Quhill that he come neirby the Saxonis till.  
 The vtter watche war sone in handis tane ;  
 The inwart watche war slane and chaist ilk ane ;  
 Onto the camp all sleipand quhair tha lay,  
 Ouir all the oist tha maid ane felloun fray, 27,360



Col. 2.

With so greit dreid amang thame all ilk deill,  
 Quhat for till do tha wist nocht ane than weill.  
 Thairfoir that tyme tha dred ilkone full soir,  
 For the injure tha did Modred befoir;  
 Wittand richt weill thair wes na dome bot deid, 27,365  
 Richt will tha war how tha suld find remeid.  
 Than, or tha micht be grathit in thair geir,  
 With breistplait braid, with bow, bukler and speir,  
 Richt mony thousand war maid for to de;  
 Without armour als all the lawe to fle 27,370  
 Heir and thair, with mony cairfull cry.  
 Than efter thame king Arthure sone gart hy  
 Horssmen in haist, with speiris scharpe and lang;  
 Quhair tha ouirtuke thame in the thickest thrang,  
 Withoutin respite, reuth, or zit remeid, 27,375  
 Richt doggitlie tha dang thame all to deid.

#### HOW THE SAXONIS THAT FLED DROUND IN ANE FLUDE.

The lawe that chaipit fra thair hand that tyde,  
 Into ane flude that wes neirhand besyde,  
 Bot fra the feild that wes ane lytill we,  
 Tha dround ilkone for fercenes our to fle. 27,380  
 Quha had bene thair that da for to haif sene  
 Sa mony grume la granand on the grene,  
 Greit petie wes to luke vpoun that plane,  
 Sa mony thousand in that tyme la slane,  
 With sic abundance bleidand of thair blude, 27,385  
 Sa mony als wer dround into the flude;  
 The cairfull cry wes hiddeous for till heir  
 Of woundit men and sic that micht nocht steir,  
 Sum but the leg, and sum wantit the arme,  
 To ony hart it wald haif done grit harme 27,390

For to behald the reid blude as it ran,  
 And mad murning of mony woundit man.  
 The Saxonis all that into strenthis la,  
 To Arthure come sone efter on ane da,  
 With all the lawe that levand war on lyve, 27,395  
 On kneis bair ilkane, baith man and wyfe,  
 With soir sobbing, richt oft saying allace!  
 Beseikand him of his excellent grace,  
 With piteous voce he wald for thame prowde  
 Within his boundis to remane and byde, 27,400  
 And thai suld be gude seruandis ay him till,  
 At his plesour in all thing as he will:  
 Sayand richt litill it nicht him avail,  
 Sic,puir pepill quhilk to him neuir did fail,  
 For to perische with hunger or with cald, 27,405  
 That mycht thame weild evin as him awin self  
 wald.

Quhen Arthure hard as tha haif said him till,  
 Rycht gratiuslie he tuke thame in his will,  
 Without offence other of 3oung or ald;  
 Thair wes no Brit that tyme durst be so bald, 27,410  
 For ony feid of Saxone or injure,  
 For till offend other riche or pure,  
 Quhill tha war fred and passit euerilk one  
 Without injure hame into Albione.  
 The puir pepill that tuke the faith of Christ, 27,415  
 That fen3it war suppois tha war baptist,  
 Tha war levit all at the kingis will,  
 Into Britane to lawbour and byde still,  
 And grit tribute and victigall alsua,  
 Ilk 3eir by 3eir to king Arthure till pa; 27,420  
 And neuir till vse hors, harnes or geir,  
 Or 3it waponis that neidfull war in weir;  
 And neuir agane the Britis till persew,  
 Bot euirmoir sworne to be leill and trew.

Lib. 9, f. 135 b.  
Col. 1.

HOW ARTHURE PASSIT TO LU[N]DOUN, AND GAIF  
GREIT REWARDIS BAITH TO THE SCOTTIS AND  
PECHTIS, AND HOW THAI TUKE THAIR LEVE  
AT ARTHURE AND PASSIT HAME.

Quhen this wes done king Arthure mad him 27,425  
boun,  
And all the nobillis onto Lundoun toun,  
Quhair tha remanit quhill the tuentie da,  
With dansing, singing, feisting, sport and pla.  
To Scot and Pecht rycht grit rewarde he gaif,  
Tha wantit nothing that tha list to haif. 27,430  
Ewgenius, and gude Modred also,  
Tha tuke thair leif and hamewart bayth did go,  
With greit blythnes thairby, 3e ma weill ken,  
In thair travell tha loissit richt few men :  
Syne haill and feir, without ony ganestand, 27,435  
Ilkone of thame come hame in thair awin land.  
Fra king Arthure so worthelie anone  
Of Saxone blude had changeit Albione,  
He maid the Britis alway to leif fre  
Ouir all Britane, with land and libertie, 27,440  
In peice and rest, richt lang and mony da.  
That samin tyme, as my author did sa,  
Gude Conranus without stop or ganestand,  
In pece and rest he gydit all Scotland.  
Equale he wes ay baith to riche and puir, 27,445  
Quhill he wes 3ounge and nicht travell induir,  
Vnder his wand he leit be wrocht na wrang ;  
And syne vox ald nicht nother ryde nor gang,  
On to ane man committit all the cuir,  
Quhilk wnder him than all the office buir, 27,450  
Ouir all Scotland wes justice in tha dais,  
Callit Toncet, as that my author sais.  
Suppois he had so greit auctor[it]ie,  
3it borne he wes bot of ane law degrie,

Infectit far with auerice that syn ; 27,455  
 Quhair euir he knew gold or gude to wyn,  
 Wald find ane falt suppois thair had bene nane,  
 And wranguslie distroyit mony ane,  
 Gat he thair geir he set nocht ellis by ;  
 Quhairat ilk lord dispyit had and invye, 27,460  
 And luikand ay quhill tha thair tyme nicht se,  
 Of this Toncet for to revengit be.

HOW TONCETUS, HALDAND ANE AIR IN [F]ORES-  
 TOUN, FOR COUETUSNES GART SLA TUA SAIK-  
 LES MEN, QUHAIRFOIR HIS FREINDIS SLEW  
 TONCET ON ANE DAY.

This ilk Toncet, of quhome befor I tald,  
 It' hapnit him in Murraland to hald  
 In Forest toun that tyme ane justice-air, 27,465  
 And for na petie riche and puir wald spair,  
 Quhat euir tha war, to mak thair pak full thin ;  
 Quhair euir he wist that thair wes gude to wyn,  
 Richt saiklislie sa mony he gart die.  
 So in the toun thair hapnit for to be 27,470  
 Thre riche merchandis duelland in the tyme,  
 Quhilk wer condampnit for ane causles cryme,  
 But ony falt, haifand no e to treuth,  
 Syne put to deid but pitie or reuth,  
 For causs he knew that thair wes gude to wyn. 27,475  
 Thairfoir thre nobillis of thair awin kin,  
 This ilk Toncet ane da quhair tha did meit,  
 Richt cruellie tha slew him on the streit,  
 Syne of the toun fled to thir hillis hie, Col. 2.  
 To saue thame self, it nicht na better be ; 27,480  
 Knawand so weill how that the king wes sett,  
 For no requeist thair wes, no grace to get

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Ln.*

That levand wes thairof, man or wyffe,  
 Als lang as he micht leve and bruke the lyfe.  
 And for that causs, knawand it wald be sua, 27,485  
 Decreittit hes thair king and prince to sla,  
 And tak thair chance gif that wald be remeid;  
 No vther wa tha micht evaid his feid.

OFF THE TRESSONE OF THE LORD OF ATHOILL,  
 CALLIT DONALD.

Ane lord of Athoill, callit wes in tha dais  
 Donald to name, as that my author sais; 27,490  
 With this ilk king weill louit [than] wes he,  
 And of him had richt greit auctoritie,  
 3it neurtheles he keipit ane euill part  
 To that same king he louit with his hart;  
 At him that tyme he had richt grit invy, 27,495  
 Quhat wes the causs I can nocht tell 3ow quhy.  
 Into Lochquhaber, ane toun sum tyme of fame,  
 Quhil Inverlochtie callit wes to name,  
 Quhair that the king remanit for the tyme,  
 And this Donald committar of the cryme, 27,500  
 Withoutin caus, as that my author schew,  
 He send for thame that this Toncetus slew  
 Richt quietlie, and bad thame cum him till,  
 Gif that [thai] thocht thair purpois to fulfill,  
 Than wes best tyme gif tha list to do ocht, 27,505  
 And he sould help thame als far as he mocht.  
 Richt quyetlie syne efter on ane nycht,  
 Quhen all war cloiss, onwist of ony wicht,  
 This fals Donald that knew full weill the gin,  
 In the chalmer quhair that the king la in, 27,510  
 Into ane bed besyde him quhair he la,  
 He leit thame in, syne staw him self awa  
 Richt quietlie, as none knew his intent,  
 Of all sic thing as he war innocent.

HOW CONRANUS ASKIT THAME MERCIE ON HIS  
KNEIS.

This saikles king in his bed quhair he la, 27,515  
 Persaut weill richt lang befor the da  
 The greit tressoun that tyme wes to him wrocht,  
 And what till do rycht weill than wist he nocht.  
 Out of his bed he lap with all his cuir,  
 On kneis bair syne sat down on the fluir 27,520  
 Richt piteouslie befor thame in that place,  
 Beseikand thame of thair mercie and grace.  
 On kneis bair befor thame that he sat,  
 Haldand his handis to the hevin with that,  
 Beseikand thame than for to saif his lyfe, 27,525  
 Ilk ane of thame out throw him thrang a knyfe,  
 On wittand syne tha passit all awa:  
 Thair he la deid syne on the fluir quhill da.  
 Sic wes his chance, as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 Then of his ring the fyve and threttie 3eir. 27,530  
 With greit dolour syne, bayth of gude and ill,  
 Tha buir his bodie to Ecolumkill,  
 Of kinglie wyiss takand thairof grit cuir,  
 Syne sesit him thair into sepultuir,  
 Than of our Lord fyve hundret 3eir ago, 27,535  
 Threttie and fyve withoutin ony mo.  
 Ane nobill prince in all his tyme wes he,  
 Except in eild with sic partialitie  
 He gydit wes as 3e ma heir me mene,  
 Quhilk till ane prince of na way suld pertene, 27,540  
 Thair counsall vse quhilk war of law degrie.  
 For-quhy ane man that is in pouertie,  
 The quhilk pretendis to ane hiear stait,  
 For to win riches all tyme air and lait,  
 Swyfter nor ane swallow will by ressonne ryn, 27,545  
 On to him self ma he get gude to wyn.

Lib.9. f.136.  
Col. 1.

That wes the caus, as it ma weill be kend,  
This nobill king maid sic ane hastie end.

HOW EWGENIUS THE SONE OF CONVALLUS, EFTER  
THE DEID OF CONRANUS, WAS CROWNIT KING  
OF SCOTTIS, THE QUHILE EWGENIUS WAS  
WITH ARTHURE AT <sup>1</sup> THE WYNNING OF THE  
SAXONIS, AS 3E HAIF HARD BEFOIR.

Quhen he wes deid as I haif said 3ow heir,  
The lordis all of Scotland far and neir, 27,560  
Convenit hes into that samin quhile,  
To croun thair king togethir in Argyle.  
But contrapleid other of ald or 3ing,  
Ewgenius tha crownit to be king,  
The eldest sone of worthie Congallus, 27,565  
And als he wes that ilk Ewgenius,  
With king Arthure than wan sic laud and gloir  
In the last feild, as 3e haif hard befoir,  
Quhair mony Saxone deit on ane da,  
Schort quhile befoir as 3e nicht heir me sa. 27,560  
Sone efter syne that he wes crownit king,  
Perswadit wes with wordis richt benyng,  
Of men of gude in mony sindre steid,  
For to revenge this gude Conranus deid,  
His deir vnkle so tender of his blude, 27,565  
In tyme to cum till ken all other gude,  
So cruellie without caus or offence,  
For to put hand other in king or prince.  
Eugenius this counsall did neglect:  
Thairfoir the pepill held him all suspect 27,570  
That he sould be assistar to that cryme,  
Suppois he wes richt saikles in the tyme,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *as*.

For-quhy the king he louit as his lyfe.  
 Ȝit neurtheles this ilk Conranus wyfe,  
 With tua sonnys sone efter on ane da, 27,575  
 For dreid of him fled in Ybernia.  
 This fair ladie, quhilk wes of fame vnfyld,  
 Departit thair syne with hir eldest child.  
 The ȝoung[er] child, richt plesand and benyng,  
 Remanit thair in keiping with the king, 27,580  
 Ane bony barne, withoutin ony blame,  
 Quhilk callit wes Adamus to his name.  
 Ewgenius, the first ȝeir of his ring,  
 So worthelie he had him in all thing,  
 To riche and puir with greit equalitie, 27,585  
 Aboue all vther louit than wes he.  
 Baith gude and ill than stude of him sic aw,  
 So just he wes without rigour of law ;  
 Humbill and meik, and curtas till all man,  
 With love and fauour all thair hartis he wan. 27,590  
 And gif it hapnit ony innocent Col. 2.  
 Be partiall way be hurt in iugment,  
 Thair caus gif tha nicht find [na] refuge,  
 Committit suld be till ane heiar judge,  
 For to reforme be his auctoritie 27,595  
 Sic wrang sentence agane to equitie ;  
 And gif it hapnit ony to be so puir,  
 Process of law that nicht nocht weill induir,  
 In falt of riches, gold, substance or mycht,  
 Without power for to defend thair richt, 27,600  
 The coist alhaill to be in his expenss,  
 So that the puir man sould thoill na offens.  
 No man ane wedow fra hir hous suld caw  
 Attouir ane myle for to thoill the law.  
 Richt [mony] that he maid into his tyme, 27,605  
 That I list nocht heir for to put in ryme ;  
 Thairfoir of him heir I will hald me still,  
 And to king Arthure turne agane I will.



HOW THE BRITIS, EFTER LANG PEAX, GREW TO  
 RICHES, QUHAIR THROW THA MISKNEW BAITH  
 GOD AND THAME SELF, QUHAIR THROW THA  
 CAUSIT ARTHOUR TO BREK THE BAND TO THE  
 KING OF PECHTIS, AS EFTER FOLLOWIS.

Lang peax and rest causis greit policie,  
 Quhair throw oft syis thair cumis grit plentie 27,610  
 Of gold and riches in till abundance,  
 Of meit and drink, with sporting and plesance,  
 In sic acces quhilk causis mony men  
 The warld, thame self, and God for to misken.  
 This suith example, as my author writis, 27,615  
 I verifie ma richt weill be the Britis;  
 Quhilk throw lang peax to sic riches and mycht  
 Tha grew that tyme and efter till sic hicht,  
 With greit abusoun than ouir all Britane,  
 That tha misknew richt far bayth God and man. 27,620  
 Quhilk causit thame, withoutin cause, wnwraith  
 To brek thair band with obliissing and aith  
 On sacrament in sanctuar wes sworne  
 To king Lothus, as 3e haif hard beforne,  
 Efter the tyme of king Arthuris ring, 27,625  
 That Modred than of Britis suld be king,  
 Quhilk efterwart revoikit and forthocht;  
 Of all tha said ane word tha keipit nocht.  
 Arthure him self na laufull sone had he,  
 For-quhy his wyffe ay in sterilitie, 27,630  
 All his dais scho wes withoutin cheild,  
 Alls weill in 3outhheid as scho wes in eild.  
 Becaus Arthure had no successioun  
 For to succeid efter him to his croun,  
 Into Britane thair king and prince to be, 27,635  
 The Britis all but oportunitie,

Hes causit Arthure in the tyme declair,  
 Quhilk efter him of Britis suld be air  
 Of all Britane, quhilk war ane man of gude.  
 All in ane voce togidder tha conclude, 27,640  
 That king Modred sould neuir bruke thair croun,  
 Nor 3it nane of vther of his successioun,  
 Agane the aith and obliissing befoir  
 That tha had maid the Britis les and moir.

HOW ARTHURE DECLARIT CONSTANTYNE, S[CHI]R Lib. 9, f. 136b.  
 CADROCHIS SONE OF CORNEWALL, KING OF Col. 1.  
 BRITANE ETTER HIM.

Tha gart Arthure richt sone declair that thing, 27,046  
 Efter his tyme quha sould be lord and king.  
 At thair desyre that he wald nocht deny,  
 Ane man of gude that standand wes neirby,  
 Quhilk Constantyne to name callit wes he,  
 Schir Cadrochis sone, of greit auctoritie, 27,650  
 Of Cornwall lord, ane greit nobill tha dais,  
 This ilk king Arthure, as my author sais,  
 Hes namit him for to be prince and king,  
 Efter his tyme our all Britane to ring.  
 Fra that tyme furth our all Britane wes he 27,655  
 Haldin for prince with greit auctoritie.  
 Ane quhile befoir, as that my author sais,  
 Schir Loth the king of Pechtis in his dais,  
 The quhilk Pechtland efter that samyn da,  
 Efter his name callit it Loudonia, 27,660  
 Departit wes ane quhile befoir nocht lang;  
 Modred his sone into his steid than rang.

HOW MODRED, KING OF PECHTIS, HERAND HOW  
 ARTHURE AND ALL THE BRITIS HAD BROKIN  
 THAIR BAND MAID BEFOIR TO HIS FATHER  
 LOTHUS, WAS RICHT COMMOUT, AND OR HE  
 WALD INVEY BATTELL, [SEND] TO THAME ANE  
 HERALD.

Quhen Modred knew thair greit perversitie,  
 Vnfaithfulnes with sic fragilitie,  
 The band and aith to him that tha had brokin, 27,665  
 He wist nocht weill how that he sould be wrokin,  
 Of thair falsheid for to revengit be,  
 He knew so weill thair instabilitie.  
 And thocht to him tha had done sic offence,  
 3it wald he nocht be way of violence 27,670  
 Into that tyme his purpois till persew,  
 Perfitliar thair myndis quhill he knew.  
 With agit men that culd of curtasie,  
 He send to Arthure for that samin quhy,  
 Him to requair with Britis les and moir, 27,675  
 To keip promit that tha had maid befoir.  
 The quhilk to do he nicht nocht weill deny,  
 Sen he nor his had nother caus nor quhy  
 To brek the band that tha had maid beforne,  
 With mony aith thairto obleist and sworne. 27,680  
 Befoir thame all that present thair wes plane,  
 This king Arthure sic ansuer maid agane.

HOW ARTHURE GAIF ANSUER TO THE HERALD.

"Gude freind," he said, "3e be in wrang for-thy,  
 "That blamis ws withoutin caus or quhy,  
 "Sayand to 3ow we haif brokin promit;  
 "That is nocht trew, as thow sall rycht weill 27,685  
 wit.

" And for this causs, oure band and obblissing  
 " Wes to schir Loth and to na vther king,  
 " Quhilk all his tyme we keipit richt perfite.  
 " Thairfoir," he said, " we ar nocht for to wyte, 27,690  
 " Efter his tyme thow ma weill wnderstand,  
 " Suppois to 3ow we keip nocht that same band."  
 This was the ansuer that king Arthure gaif,  
 With loud lauchter and scornynge of the laif;  
 Syne but reward, with mekill bost and blame, 27,695  
 To king Modred the herald passit hame,  
 And schew to him ilk word, boith les and moir,  
 At greit lasar, as I haif said befoir.  
 This king Modred quhen he thair ansuer knew,  
 And his lordis all, in sic anger grew, 27,700  
 Into the tyme ilkane baith said and swoir,  
 Other to die or of that grit injure  
 Revengit be, micht tha haif tyme and space,  
 Richt suddantlie with help of Goddis grace.

Col. 2.

#### HOW MODRED ASKIT HELP AT EWGENIUS.

In that mater, or tha wald moir intend, 27,705  
 To king Eugene ane herald sone tha send,  
 And schew to him the mater all and how,  
 Ilk word by word as I haif schawin 3ow ;  
 In sic effect befoir as tha war spokin,  
 And how Arthure his aith and band had 27,710  
 brokin.  
 Beseikand him of his help and supple,  
 Of tha injuris for to revengit be ;  
 Saying also, Arthure ressaut hed  
 All flemit men furth of Scotland that fled,  
 And furneist thame baith into horss and geir, 27,715  
 And all waponis that neidfull war in weir ;  
 Quhilk with the Britis on the bordour la,  
 Greit heirschip maid oft into Gallowa ;

Sayand richt sone, and he his tyme mycht se,  
 Of Scot and Pecht he wald revengit be 27,720  
 For the injure wes done to thame beforne,  
 Richt mony ane 3eir or ony of thame wes borne.

#### HOW EWGENIUS GRANTIT HELP TO MODRED.

Ewgenius considerit than richt weill  
 All that wes trew, and also had ane feill  
 That Arthour thocht sone efter, and he mycht, 27,725  
 All Albione, suppois he had nochit richt,  
 Weild at his will for the injure and wrang,  
 To his eldaris wes done befor richt lang.  
 For that same caus rycht hartlie with gude will,  
 All his desyre moir glaidlie grantit till ; 27,730  
 Sayand, he suld within ane litill space,  
 With all power meit him at da and place.  
 With this ansuer the herald hame he 3eid  
 To the king of Pechtis callit wes Modreid,  
 And schew to him ilk word, baith les and 27,735  
 moir,  
 Of his ansuer as 3e haif hard befor.  
 Quhairof that tyme rycht weill content wes he ;  
 Syne gart proclame be his auctoritie,  
 That euerilk man, als gudlie as he ma,  
 Sould reddie be within ane certane da, 27,740  
 For to convene at sett da and at steid,  
 On thair best wayis, wnder the pane of deid.  
 And so tha did, keipit the place and da ;  
 King Ewgene als, as my author did sa,  
 With greit power of Scottis out of number, 27,745  
 He met Modred vpoun the water of Humber ;  
 Vpoun ane plane wes on the water syid,  
 Tuik purpois thair togidder for to byde.

HOW ARTHURE BOWNIT TO THE BATTELL AGANIS MODRED WITH SUPPLE OF EWGENIUS, AND  
HOW THE PECHTIS MET ARTHURE IN FEILD. Lib. 9, f. 137.  
Col. 1.

Arthure richt weill that all thair counsall knew,  
 Richt suddantlie that tha suld him persew ; 27,750  
 For that same caus, out of Armorica  
 Ane armie brocht that come with him that da;  
 And euerie Brit that waponis docht to weild,  
 On fit and hors he brocht with him on feild.  
 Full mony berne that wes baith bald and 27,755  
 wucht,  
 In curage cleir that burneist wes full brycht,  
 On to that feild wnder his baner brocht,  
 Of glitterand gold that worthelie wes wrocht.  
 The proud Pechtis on the tother syde,  
 In rayit battell on the bent did byde, 27,760  
 Weill cled in curage and cot of armour cleir,  
 With buglis blast that hiddeous wes till heir,  
 And staitlie standertis strickit vpon hicht,  
 Thair face for face stude in thair fais sicht.

HOW THE BISCHOPIS 3EID BETUIX THAME.

Off Scotland, Pechtland, and Britane also, 27,765  
 In to that tyme betuix thame thair did go  
 Richt mony bischop with thair oratioun,  
 And famous men als of religioun.  
 And first of all onto thir kingis tuo,  
 Beseikand thame that tha sould nocht do so, 27,770  
 Bot to be wyiss and at gude counsall byde,  
 For greit dangeir that efter nicht betyde  
 On to thame all, gif sua hapnit to be  
 That da to meit in to that mad mellie.

Ouir all the warld, quhen it war kend and 27,776  
 spokin,  
 Of Albione the power wes so brokin,  
 That tha micht nocht thame fra thair fa defend ;  
 " On to the Saxonis syne quhen it is kend,  
 " Quhilk hes 3ow all at malice and invye,  
 " Traist weill tha sall, richt sone and suddantlye, 27,780  
 " Of Albione haif haill auctoritie,  
 " Or mony thousand on ane da sall de."  
 Quhen this wes said befor thame all present,  
 Baith Scot and Pecht thair of wer weill content ;  
 So that the Britis wald keip thair aith and 27,785  
 band,  
 Tha maid befor subscriuit with thair hand,  
 Forder as than tha sould thame nocht inuaid,  
 And keip to thame conditione that tha maid ;  
 And wald tha nocht, quhat euir efter fell,  
 The wyte of all sould licht amang thame sell. 27,790  
 Quhen this wes said befor thame all ilkone,  
 To Arthure syne thir prelati all ar gone,  
 And schew to him siclike as of befor,  
 With greit effect the danger les and moir ;  
 The greit perrell of battell and the chance, 27,795  
 To him tha schew with all the circumstance.  
 Syne efterwart tha schew to him also  
 The gudlie ansuer of thir kingis two,  
 All thair desyr als far as tha culd knaw,  
 Wes all bot richt according to the law, 27,800  
 And of all ill als tha war innocent.  
 Arthure thair of that tyme wes weill content  
 To keip the band that he had maid but leis,  
 With Scot and Pecht to leif in rest and peis.

How THE BRIT LORDIS WALD NOCHT LET      Col. 2.  
 ARTHURE CORD WITH MODRED, AND BOSTIT  
 THE BISCHOPIS THAT MAID INTERCESSIOUN.

Into that tyme war standand neir besyde      27,806  
 Britis full bald, presumptuous, full of pryde,  
 To Constantyne that war of kin full neir,  
 The quhilk befor, as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 Declarit wes of Britane to be king,  
 Efter the tyme of this king Arthuris ring ;      27,810  
 Quhilk haldin war of greit auctoritie,  
 Baith with the king and the commwnitie ;  
 Into the tyme maid greit impediment,  
 And be no way wald grant, or 3it consent,  
 To keip the band that tha had maid befor ;      27,815  
 For-quhy tha said, with mekle bost and schoir,  
 Thir kingis tuo alledgit had sic lawes  
 Aganis thame withoutin ony caus,  
 Or ressoun quhy, just battell till inveife,  
 Quhilk in that tyme tha offerit thame to preve.      27,820  
 All this tha said with greit affectioun  
 Of Constantyne, and no way be ressoun,  
 Quhilk efterwart tha mycht forthink full soir  
 The Britis all, and sall do euir moir.  
 For no requeist or intercessioun      27,825  
 Thir bischopis maid oft with greit oratioun,  
 The Britis bald be no way wald conceid  
 To the desyr of this king Modreid.  
 Richt scharpe langage to thir bischopis tha gaif,  
 Sayand, tha come king Arthure to dissaue ;      27,830  
 Out of thair sight tha bad thame hy thame sone,  
 Or tha suld rew that euir sic thing wes done.  
 Sic manassing tha maid thame with grit boist,  
 Quhairthrow that tyme thair raiss throw all the  
 oist



Sic rude rumour of all war standand by, 27,835  
 That euerie syde richt sone and suddantlye,  
 With mony one that waponis weill culd weild,  
 On fit and horss hes enterit in the feild.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE BATTELL OF THE BRITIS,  
 BETUIX KING ARTHURE ON THE ONE SYDE  
 AND SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS ON THE OTHER  
 SYDE, STRIKIN AT HUMBER WATER.

The bowmen bald, that war bayth strang and stuir,  
 Of Scot and Pecht into the feild tha fuir. 27,840  
 Thair scharp schutting maid sydis for till sow,  
 Throw all thair geir tha gart thame grane and grow.  
 The Britis bald into that stour that stude,  
 For all thair bost tha bled richt mekle blude.  
 The Scottis bowmen and the Pechtis<sup>1</sup> baith, 27,845  
 Into the feild tha did richt mekle skaith.  
 Lang efterwart of thame it had bene spokin,  
 War nocht that tyme that thair array was brokin  
 With men on hors, couerit with targe and scheild,  
 That skaillit thame richt wyde into the feild, 27,850  
 In sindrie partis vp and down the plane,  
 That tha culd nocht cum till array agane.  
 Be that the vangard of the Britis syde,  
 Thair prince that tyme, schir Constantyne, did gyde,  
 With all thair power enterit on the plane, 27,855  
 Of Ordolus the lord faucht him agane.  
 Gude schir Gawane that da, with Arthure king,  
 The secund wing he had at his gyding,  
 Tytest that tyme he wes of ony vther  
 Agane Modred, suppois he wes his bruther. 27,860  
 Ewgenius and schir Modred also,  
 Into the feild agane Arthure did go

Lib.9, f.137b.  
 Col. 1.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Scottis*.

With sic ane counter, like ane thunder crak,  
 Quhill scheildis rawe and mony speiris brak ;  
 Birny and basnet brist wer all in schunder, 27,865  
 Heidis war hewin in pecis that war wnder.  
 Tha rappit on with mony rout full rude,  
 Quhill breistis brist and bockit out of blude ;  
 Full mony freik war fellit thair on force,  
 And mony stout man stickit on his horss ; 27,870  
 Full mony berne lay bulrand in his blude,  
 And mony stalwart stickit quhair he stude.  
 Into that stour that stalwart wes and strang,  
 With dyntis dour ilkane on vther dang,  
 Quhill all the water into Humber flude, 27,875  
 Als reid as roissis<sup>1</sup> ran all our with blude,  
 And all the coist full of deid corsis la.  
 Continuallie fra morne airlie that da,  
 Tha faucht ay still quhill nune wes passit by,  
 And no man wist quha had the victorie ; 27,880  
 Quhill at the last ane stalwart Scot and stout,  
 In Brit langage full loud he gaif ane schout  
 That all the Britis vnderstude richt plane ;  
 " Allace ! " he said, " oure nobill king is slane !  
 " Arthure, allace ! for euir now art thow gone ! 27,885  
 " And slane this da oure nobillis ar ilkone.  
 " Is no remeid to all the laif bot flie,  
 " Or doutles all ilk man heir man we die."  
 Full mony Brit quhen that tha hard that cry,  
 Tha kest fra thame thair harnes haistelie, 27,890  
 But ony stop or tha wald langar stynt,  
 Syne fled als fast as fyre dois out of flynt.  
 The lawe that knew that cry wes for ane trane,  
 Still in the feild ay fechtand did remane,  
 Suppois that tyme thair power wes bot small, 27,895  
 Quhill syne on force tha wer confoundit all,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *roissit*.

And slane ilkone for all thair senzeorie :  
 To Scot and Pecht so fell the victorie.  
 This battell wes richt bludie to thame baith,  
 Wes none that da that chapit but greit skayth ; 27,900  
 Of Scot and Pecht that da into the feild,  
 War tuentie thousand and king Modred keild.  
 King Arthure als vpoun the tother syde,  
 And schir Gawane with mony vther gyde,  
 With threttie thousand best war of the Britis, 27,905  
 Wer slane that da, as that my author writis.

HOW EWGENIUS HELD THE FEILD THAT NYCHT,  
 AND ON THE MORNE PARTIT THE SPULZE  
 AMANG HIS MEN.

Col. 2.	<p>             Eugenius he held the feild that da,              Syne on the morne quhair all the Britis la,              Richt mony nobill fra the feild that fled,              Within thair tentis lyand in thair bed, 27,910              Thair with thair quene, Gwanora<sup>1</sup> hecht to name,              And hir ladeis vnmaculat of fame,              Eugenius, thair sleipand quhair tha la,              Into thair bed he tuke thame lang or da,              And all the riches in the tyme tha had. 27,915              Syne haistelie on to the feild him sped,              And all the spulze in the feild he fand,              Richt quietlie, without stop or ganestand,              To euerie man into the tyme he gaif,              Efter his deid as he hes wrocht to haif. 27,920              Arthuris wyffe was callit Gwanora,              That in hir tyme wes fair as dame Flora,              Onto the Pechtis quhilk plesit thame to haif,              This ilk princes Eugenius to thame gaif,           </p>
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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Gwanora*.

And ladeis all, suppois tha had bene may, 27,925  
 With mony vther presoner and pray.  
 Syne all the laif, quha lykis for to heir,  
 In Scotland brocht baith pray and presoneir.  
 Sidelike the Pechtis with the quene Gwanoir,  
 And presoneris that tha had les and moir, 27,930  
 Tha send to keip into Orestia,  
 Quhilk callit is now Angus at this da.  
 Into ane castell callit Doun-bervie,  
 Quhair of the fundament restis zit to se,  
 Quhilk biggit wes richt weill with lyme and 27,935  
 stone,  
 Tha presoneris war keipit thair ilkone,  
 Remanand thair ilkone quhill tha war deid.  
 Thair graifis zit apperis in that steid,  
 By Megill toun, ten myle aboue Dundie,  
 Thair graifis zit remanis for to se: 27,940  
 Off quene Gwanoir all tyme amang the laif,  
 Be the scriptour weill knawin is the graif.  
 This wes the end, as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 Of king Arthure the thre and tuentie 3eir  
 Than of his regnne, and of Eugene also, 27,945  
 The aughtene 3eir withoutin ony mo,  
 And of oure Lord fyve hundreth als but fail  
 Fourtie and tua, that wes the number haill.  
 In no storie autentik that I reid,  
 Zit hard I neur of this Arthuris deid, 27,950  
 No of his werk, als far as I can speir,  
 Moir worthines nor I haif said 3ow heir.  
 Thocht mony fule affectit to him be,  
 That rakkis nocht to fenzie or to le  
 In his loving, trowing richt weill thairfoir 27,955  
 To bring his name to sic excellent gloir;  
 Thairof begylit weill I wait thai war,  
 For-quhy thair fablis fenzeit ar so far,  
 And ar so lyke impossibill for to be,  
 That all men wait rycht weill thairfoir tha lie. 27,960

Off Fyn-Mak-coull, and als of Robene Hude,  
 And of Arthure als schortlie to conclude,  
 The suithfastnes quha knew of all thir thre,  
 Off thame richt oft ar maid full mony le.  
 As for my self, sa ilk man as tha will, 27,965  
 Off king Arthure quha sais gude or ill,  
 Moir in effect nor I haif said 3ow heir,  
 He fen3ies far, that wait I weill but weir.  
 Off quhome the name is 3it in memorie,  
 Richt famous men befoir that wrait this storie, 27,970  
 Efter thair mynd, siclike as tha me schew,  
 Ilk word be word out of thair werk I drew,  
 Quhilk haldin is of greit auctoritie,  
 Thairfoir trow thame, gif 3e will nocht trow me.  
 I wait nocht weill how it come first in vse, 27,975  
 Withoutin caus to mak of him sic russ;  
 Considdering all his infelicitie,  
 Haif e to richt and lat affectioun be,  
 I hald him for the maist vnhappie king  
 Off all the Britis that did in Britane ring. 27,980  
 For-quhy he wes so faithles and wntrew  
 To king Modred, befoir as I 3ow schew,  
 And manesworne als, the hand of God thairfore,  
 As ressonne wald, it tuechit him full soir.  
 Britis bifore quhilk wes of sic renoun, 27,985  
 Sensyne tha tynt baith thair kinrik and croun;  
 As plesis God, till all men weill is kend,  
 Falsheid come neurir till ane better end.

Lib.9, f.138.  
 Col. 1

HOW THE BRITIS, EFTER THE DEITH OF KING  
 ARTHURE, IN LUNDOUN TOUN CROWNIT  
 CONSTANTYNE THAIR KING.

Efter this tyme that I haif said 3ow heir,  
 The Britis all convenit far and neur 27,990  
 To Lundoun [toun] into ane parliament,  
 And crownit hes with all thair hail consent

This Constantyne, of quhome befoir I tald,  
 Syne efter that thir bludie bouchouris bald,  
 In vilipensioun of this king Modred, 27,995  
 That his airis suld nocht to thame succعيد,  
 His tua sonis wes keipit in the cuir  
 Of Gallanus, the quhilk his dochter buir,  
 Tha slew thame baith with greit crudelitie  
 In hir armes but reuth or 3it petie : 28,000  
 And so endit the haille successioun  
 Of king Modred, the quhilk had richt to the croun.  
 This saikles slauchter and ingratitude,  
 The cruell deid, the vengeance of thair blude,  
 Abhominabill other to heir or se, 28,005  
 Vnpuneist lang God wald nocht suffer it be.  
 Ouir all the warld the word it wrocht rycht  
 plane,  
 Richt suddanelie how king Arthure wes slane,  
 With all the nobillis of Britania,  
 In that same feild wer tane and slane that da, 28,010  
 And of the pepill slane wer out of number,  
 In that conflict vpoun the water of Humber.

HOW THE SAXONIS, HERAND THE DEITH OF  
 KING ARTHURE, COME AGANE IN BRITANE  
 WITH RYCHT GRIT POWER.

The Saxonis sone thairfoir in bark and barge,  
 To Albione with greit power and large,  
 Tha sped thame sone with all the haist tha ma, 28,015  
 Quhill that tha come into Britania,  
 Into ane place quhairat tha tuke the land,  
 With litill stryff, but stop or 3it ganestand.  
 The Britis all quhometo that fortoun falis,  
 Tha maid on force to pas all to the Walis : 28,020  
 Saxonis sensyne, as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 Inhabite hes the boundis of Ingland,

Withoutin pley, at plesour les and moir,  
 That callit wes Britania of befoir.  
 I mervell quhy that men sould so commend 28,035  
 Arthure, the quhilk maid so wnhappie end,  
 For quhais falt sic infelicitie  
 Remanis' zit, and ay like for to be.  
 Throw his vnhap, his falsheid, and his gilt,  
 So mekle blude richt secreitlie wes spilt; 28,030  
 The Britis als than tynt honour and gloir,  
 Kinrik and croun, and will do euir moir.

HOW CONSTANTYNE, THE KING OF BRITIS, PASSIT  
 IN YRELAND, AND TUKE RELIGIOUS HABITE  
 THAIR VNKNWIN.

Col. 2. This Constantyne quhilk efter him did ring  
 Into the Walis of Britis to be king,  
 Ane man he wes of religiositie, 28,035  
 And quhen he saw the greit calamitie  
 And seruitude tha Britis war in brocht,  
 He traistit weill the greit falsheid tha wrocht  
 In the defrauding of the king Modreid,  
 Quhilk richteous wes till Vter to succeid; 28,040  
 Into his mynd thairfoir he dred so soir,  
 That wes the caus that tha war puneist foir,  
 Within him self richt havelie he buir,  
 So wranguslie he take on him sic cuir,  
 In the defrauding of the richteous air. 28,045  
 Thairfoir his ladie, plesand and preclair,  
 The quhilk he louit our all erthlie thing,  
 And sonis als quhilk efter him suld ring,  
 The hand of God departit hes him fro,  
 And left him self richt destitute in wo. 28,050  
 Syne quhen he knew the caus quhy and quhairfoir,  
 Quhat wes the caus he puneist him so soir,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Remanit*.

Richt quyetlie on to Ybernia,  
 Into ane bark he passit on ane da ;  
 Kinrik and croun and all the warld forsuik, 28,055  
 And syne on him religious habit tuke  
 Amang the monkis thair in ane abba,  
 To greit knowlege syne grew ilk da be da :  
 Syne efterwart, preichand with greit desyr  
 The faith of Christ, wes martyrit in Kyntyre. 28,060  
 Sic wes his chance, his fortoun and his werd,  
 Quhilk now ane sanct is haldin in this erd,  
 And of Kynnoule the patroun als is now,  
 And Govane als, bot tua myle fra Glasgow.  
 Of this mater heir will I speik no moir, 28,065  
 Bot turne agane quhair I come fra befoir.

HOW JURMAURIK RANG IN BRITANE THE TYME  
 OF CONSTANTYNE.

This Jurmaurik, of Saxonis that wes king,  
 Into Ingland that samin tyme did ring,  
 The first degrie fra Hungest wes descendit, 28,070  
 In all his tyme greit pece he ay pretendit.  
 With Scot and Pecht, as my author did sa,  
 He keipit pece onto his ending da.  
 Ewgenius, quhilk wes of Scottis king,  
 In pece and rest syne all his tyme did ring ;  
 Syne efterwart, as I sall schaw 3ow heir, 28,075  
 Than of his ring the aucht and threttie 3eir,  
 And of our Lord fyve hundretht and saxtie,  
 And aucht also, compleit war and gone by,  
 Departit hes into that samin quhile.  
 His bodie borne wes syne to Iona Yle, 28,080  
 With all sic pomp ane prince pertenit till,  
 And bureit wes into Ecolumkill.



HOW CONVALLUS, THE BRUTHER GERMANE OF  
EUGENIUS, WAS CROWNIT KING EFTER THE  
DEID OF EWGENIUS HIS BROTHER.

Quhen so departit wes Eugenius,  
 His bruther germane callit Convallus,  
 Richt circumspect and wyss into all thing, 28,085  
 Wes crownit than of Scotland to be king.  
 Vnsufficient my mynd is for to dyte,  
 My hand wald irk, my pen wald tyre to wryte,  
 Gif that I sould perfittlie put in verss,  
 His greit vertew my author did rehers. 28,090  
 Als far as Phebus with his bemis bricht  
 All vther sterne exceedis into licht,  
 Siclike this king, baith into word and deid,  
 In godlines all other did exceid.  
 The crucifix he held in sic honour, 28,095  
 Aboue ilk zet of castell, toun and tour,  
 In purpure, asure, and in gold sa bricht,  
 In audience he gart be set on hicht ;  
 Quha gois by on fit, and als on hors,  
 Suld honour him that deit on the croce. 28,100  
 Forbad also in paithment or in streit,  
 To mak ane cors quhair men zeid on thair feit,  
 That it sould nocht dishonorit be so far,  
 Vnder thair feit to stramp into the glar.  
 Ane crucifix of birneist gold so bricht, 28,105  
 With rubeis reid and dyamontis weill dicht,  
 Vpoun ane staff weill cled with siluer cleir,  
 With poleist perle, and mony gay sapheir,  
 Quhair euir he raid that corce he gart be borne,  
 Into his sicht ane lytill him beforne ; 28,110  
 And as he on lap, or lichtit of, his horss,  
 Vpoun his kneis he kissit ay that corss.  
 Into the kirk quhill that he sat or stude,  
 Vpoun his heid come nother hat nor hude ;

And richt semdill, bot gif my author leis, 28,115  
 Into the kirk he wes sene of his kneis.  
 To kirk men als richt greit honour did he,  
 And causit thame obeyit for to be  
 Intill all thing wes ordand thame to haif,  
 And greit reward richt oft to thame he gaif 28,120  
 Off buik and chaleis, and of vestiment,  
 Of gold and siluer, and of vther rent.  
 Throw the greit vertew in him self he had,  
 The fame of him our all the warld it spred,  
 In Ingland, Yreland, and Armorica, 28,125  
 In France, in Flanderis, and Almonia,  
 That mony one desyrit him till se,  
 For his gude lyfe tha prasit him so lie.

HOW ANE HALIE MAN, CALLIT COLUMBA, COME  
 FURTH OF YRELAND IN SCOTLAND TO SE THE  
 HALIE KING.

Ane halie man, Columba hecht to name,  
 Into Ireland quhen he hard of his fame, 28,130  
 This halie man of ane religious place  
 Abbot he wes ane weill lang tyme and space,  
 With ten brether of greit auctoritie,  
 In Scotland come Convallus for to se.  
 With all honour that sic ane man suld haif, 28,135  
 This Convallus Columba did ressaue,  
 Quhilk of his cuming wes richt blyth and glaid,  
 And freindfullie richt oft to him he said,  
 " Welcum 3e ar, my deir father, to me,  
 " With all my hart, and euir moir salbe. 28,140  
 " And all 3our brether that ar with 3ow heir,  
 " To me alway sall tender be and deir."  
 And in his armes tenderlie hes tone  
 This halie man and his brether ilkone.

Col. 2. So did the lordis all that stude him by, 28,145  
 Imbrasit thame that tyme full tenderly.  
 Ouir all Scotland tha come baith far and neir,  
 This halie man Columba for to heir,  
 Ilk da be da into greit multitude  
 Of riche and puir ouir all, baith ill and gude. 28,150  
 He thoct him happie into na degrie,  
 This halie man that come nocht for to se.

HOW CONVALLUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS, ORDANIT  
 ANE PLAC[E] IN IONA YLE TO COLUMBA.

Ane fair tempill thair wes in Iona Yle,  
 That biggit wes befor ane weill lang quhile  
 Be secund<sup>1</sup> Fergus as I said lang syne, 28,155  
 Quhair ordand wes the sepulture diuyne  
 Of euerie king with greit solempnitie,  
 Quhilk wes ane place of greit auctoritie.  
 This plesand place wes presentit thair in plane  
 To this Columba quhair he suld remane, 28,160  
 Of his brether, siclike of all the lawe  
 Wes thair befor, auctoritie to hawe.  
 That place sensyne quhair he remanit still,  
 It callit wes to name Ecolumkill.

HOW BRUDEUS, THE KING OF PECHTIS, SEND FOR  
 COLUMBA TO PREICHE INTO HIS LANDIS GODDIS  
 WORD.

The king of Pechtis, callit Brudeus, 28,165  
 The bruther sone that wes of Modredus,  
 Of quhome befor schort quhile to 3ow I schew,  
 Of this Columba quhen he hard and knew,  
 Richt greit desyr he had him for to se,  
 And send for him with all humanitie; 28,170

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Beseikand*.

Beseikand him with hartlie mynd and will,  
 For his plesour that he wald cum him till,  
 The word of God in his boundis to schaw,  
 And to him self, quhairby that he mycht knaw  
 The faith of Christ and law to vnderstand. 28,175  
 This halie man wes reddie at command :  
 Syne with his brether<sup>1</sup> efter on ane day,  
 To Lowtheane passit the narrest way,  
 And fand the king into Camelidone,  
 Quhilk wes richt blyth, sua wes the laue ilkone, 28,180  
 Of his cuming, als blyth as tha nicht be,  
 So greit desyr tha had him all to se ;  
 Ressaueand him with reuerence, laud and gloir,  
 That present wes that tyme baith less and moir.  
 First with the king in commonyng he ȝeid, 28,185  
 With lordis syne ilkane as tha thocht neid ;  
 Syne efterwart thai passit vp and down,  
 Preichand the faith in euerie place and toun,  
 In Wicomage and als Loundonia,  
 And all the pairtis of Siluria. 28,190

HOW SANCT MUNGO, THE HALIE BISCHOP, AND  
 SANCT COLUM MET TOGIDDER IN GLASGOW,  
 AND SYNE PASSIT TO CALIDONA AND BAID  
 THAIR ANE QUHILE.

The halie bischop callit wes Mungo,  
 Remanand was that tyme into Glasgou. Lib. 9, f. 139.  
 The sone he wes of king Eugenius, Col. 1.  
 And dochter sone also to king Lothus,  
 The quhilk Tenew wes callit to hir name. 28,195  
 Quhen scho wes ȝoung and fluresand in fame,  
 This king Eugene into his tender age,  
 Magir hir will, he wes of sic curage,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *bruther*.

Deflorit hir, for scho nicht not him lat,  
 This halie man that tyme with hir he gat. 28,200  
 The halie man callit wes Columba,  
 With this Mungo convenit on ane da,  
 Into Glasgow quhair tha remanit still,  
 At greit laser ane lang tyme at thair will.  
 Syne to ane place togidder baith ar gone, 28,205  
 That callit wes the castell of Calidone,  
 Quhair that the king Convallus for the tyme,  
 Ane fair tempill gart big with stane and lyme,  
 Richt neirhand Tay vpoun ane plesand plane,  
 With vther lugeing quhair men nicht remane, 28,210  
 Within that tempill for to sing and say,  
 Quhair now standis ane fair tempill this da,  
 Of ony zit that euir I hard of tell,  
 The quhilk to name is callit now Dunkell.  
 Thir halie men ane lang quhile did remane 28,215  
 Into that place richt opinlie and plane,  
 The faith of Christ instructand euerie da  
 To Athoill men and of Orestia,  
 Of Calidone and vther partis by ;  
 Without mesour did ilk da multiply 28,220  
 Of Scot and Pecht, ouir all part far and neir,  
 The word of God of thame that tyme to heir.  
 Thair tha remanit neirhand by the space  
 Of half ane zeir into that samin place,  
 In greit glaidnes, quhair none did vther greif, 28,225  
 Syne tenderlie than haif tha tane thair leif.

HOW SANCT MUNGO AND COLUMBA DEPARTIT ;  
 THE TANE PASSIT TO GLASGOW, THE TOTHER  
 TO IONA YLE.

The halie bischop callit wes Mungow,  
 He passit hame agane onto Glasgow.  
 Columba als in the samin quhile,  
 Without sojorne passit to Mona Yle ; 28,230

And in that place bot schort quhile did remane,  
 Syne on to Yrland passit is agane.  
 Into Yreland agane quhen he come hame,  
 Of his cuming the rumor and the fame,  
 Ouir all the land it 3eid baith far and neir ; 28,235  
 Richt mony come of his tydenis to speir.  
 At him that tyme tha sperit euerie one  
 How he wes tretit into Albione ?  
 Qubat wes the vse, thair fassoun and thair law,  
 And qubat mervell amang thame thair he saw ? 28,240  
 And he agane sic ansuer maid ilk deill,  
 Sayand, with thame he wes resaut weill,  
 With king and quene, lordis and all the laif,  
 With mair honour nor he wes worth to haif.  
 Sayand also, tha keipit weill the law ; 28,245  
 As for farleis richt few thairin he saw,  
 Exceptand ane all vther did exceid  
 That euir he saw or in his tyme did reid ;  
 This Convallus, that wes of Scottis king,  
 At his desyre haiffand all erthlie thing, 28,250 Col. 2.  
 With greit plesour of sporting and of pla,  
 In meit and drink richt delicat ilk da,  
 Quhilk causis men richt far for to misknaw  
 God and him self, and till abuse the law ;  
 And ay the moir thairin that he wes vsit, 28,255  
 The warld euir the farrar he refusit,  
 And ay the moir to vertew that he grew,  
 And sic exempill to the laif he schew,  
 That neuir man micht sa in word and deid  
 That he did wrang, without thairof tha leid ; 28,260  
 And all the kirkmen in that land that war,  
 In godlines he did exceid richt far.  
 Rejosit wes thairof baith ald and 3ing,  
 Herand sic loving of that nobill king ;  
 For oft of him tha hard speik of befoir, 28,265  
 How that his name extollit wes with gloir.

Ane man with vertew that is kend and prouit,  
 With euirilk man richt gritlie wilbe louit;  
 So is all thing that in the self is gude.  
 And for that caus, heir schortlie to conclude, 28,270  
 So wes this king, quhair that his deid wes kend,  
 Into the mouth of all men with commend.

HOW CONVALLUS CAUSIT COLUMBA TO BRING OUT  
 OF YRELAND ADAMUS THE SON OF CON-  
 RANUS, THAT FLED FRA HIM BEFOIR WITH  
 HIS MOTHER INTO YRELAND.

Nocht lang gane syne as that I schew 3ow heir,  
 Conranus sone, befoir richt mony 3eir,  
 For king Eugene that tyme wes soir adred, 28,275  
 With his mother into Yreland that fled,  
 The quhilk to name wes callit Adamus,  
 At the command of this king Convallus,  
 The halie man Columba hame hes brocht  
 In Albione with all honour he mocht, 28,280  
 Efter the tyme of this Convallus deid,  
 In Albione to ring into his steid.  
 And as he come than sailland ouir the sand,  
 In Albione quhair that he tuke first land.  
 The nychbour men that duelt into that steid, 28,285  
 Tha schew to him that Convallus wes deid;  
 Sayand the lordis of that land ilkone,  
 To Iona Yle on with his corss ar gone,  
 With ceremonie to put in sepulture.  
 So<sup>1</sup> Columba tuik on him greit cuir 28,290  
 And bissines, suppois he wes wnblyth,  
 To Iona Yle quhill that he come rycht swyth.  
 The lordis all that tyme baith les and mair,  
 Richt blyth tha war than of his cuming thair;

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *To*.

And still remanit quhill the auchtane da, 28,295  
 Obsequies thairfoir to sing and sa.  
 Quhen that wes done, within ane litill quhile,  
 The lordis all convenit in Argyle,  
 With haill consent than baith of ald and 3ing,  
 For to declair quhome that tha wald mak king. 28,300

HOW KYNNATILLUS, THE BRUTHER OF CON-  
 VALLUS, WES CROWNIT KING EFTER THE  
 DEID OF CONVALLUS, AND OF HIS TYME.

Efter the deid as I haif said 3ow heir  
 Of Convallus, quhilk wes in the tent 3eir Lib.9, f.139b  
 Then of his ring, syne of the 3eir of God Col. 1.  
 Fyve hundreth 3eir, sevintie and aucht als od,  
 With haill consent thair baith of gude and ill, 28,305  
 Convallus bruther callit Kynnatill,  
 Ane plesand man richt lustie and benyng,  
 Of Scotland than wes crownit to be king.  
 Of his deidis I can nocht tell 3ow heir,  
 For-quhy his tyme wes lytill ouir ane 3eir. 28,310  
 Schort quhile efter he did his croun resaue,  
 In the presens of the lordis and the lawe,  
 This Adamus, of quhome befoir I spak,  
 Richt freindfullie into his armis did tak,  
 And bad he suld of gude confort than be, 28,315  
 Richt weill he wist within schort quhile that he  
 Thair sould succeid into his faderis steid,  
 And bruik the croun but contrapley or pleid.  
 And as he said, richt sone it come to hand ;  
 The tuentie day efter, I wnderstand, 28,320  
 He wes crownit and tuke on him the cuir,  
 Throw sair seiknes, thocht he wes stark and stuir,  
 He tuke that tyme, quhilk maid him ay on steir  
 Continuallie tua moneth and ane 3eir,



Langer to suffer had nother strenth nor mycht, 28,325  
 He tuke his leif and bad thame all gude nycht.  
 In Iona Yle tha pat him in his graue,  
 With all honour siclike as wes the laue.

HOW ADAMUS WAS CROWNIT KING BE THE  
 HANDIS OF THE HALY MAN COLUMBA EFTER  
 THE DEITH OF KING KYNNETILLUS.

Efter his deid within ane litill quhile,  
 The lordis all convenit in Argyle; 28,330  
 With thame that tyme Columba haif tha brocht,  
 But his aduiss the lordis wald do nocht.  
 With haill consent of all wes in that staid,  
 The diademe he hes set vpoun the heid  
 Of Adamus, with sword, sceptour and ring, 28,335  
 And crownit him of Scotland to be king;  
 Quhome of that tyme greit prophecie he spak,  
 Quhair of as now I list no mentioun mak.  
 Our lang it war gif I suld all report,  
 And weill 3e wait my tyme is verie schort. 28,340  
 In that mater now I will mute no moir,  
 Bot turne agane quhair I come fra befoir.  
 Quhen this wes done tha tuke thair leif ilkone,  
 And euerie man ane sindrie gait is gone.  
 This ilk Columba in the samin quhile, 28,345  
 To his bruther passit in Iona Yle.  
 This Adamus, as my author did sa,  
 With ane armie passit in Gallowa.  
 Richt mony cheif that tyme in to that land,  
 Of Britis blude befoir him thair he fand; 28,350  
 Sone efterwart, within ane litill we,  
 Vpoun ane gallous maid thame all to die,  
 And put that land into gude pece and rest,  
 With tha theuis wes puneist and opprest.

## HOW ADAMUS MAID THRE JUGIS INTO SCOTLAND.

This beand done he ordanit in that tyde, 28,355  
 Thre gude judgis the hail realme for to gyde :  
 Ane in Caitnes and ane in Gallowa, Col. 2.  
 The thrid siclike into Locquhabria,  
 Justice and law quhairfoir to execute  
 To puir and riche, without ony refute. 28,360  
 This ilk Columba, clene and innocent,  
 Gart sit besyde thame into judgment,  
 To heir and se that tha sould nocht do wrang.  
 The lawis thus wes led in Scotland lang,  
 That thift and reif, and slauchter all did ceiss ; 28,365  
 Greit plentie wes in Scotland lang of peice,  
 Into all part but ony oppin wrang.  
 Bot fals Fortoun, that will nocht suffer lang  
 No stait to stand into stabilitie ;  
 Efter sic peax and grit tranquillitie, 28,370  
 Richt sone tha grew into greit insolence,  
 Quhilk efterwart did Scotland greit offence.

 HOW THE LORDIS OF SCOTLAND DISCORDIT AT  
 THE HUNTIS, QUHAIR THROW THAIR FOLLOWIT  
 RICHT GREIT SKAITH.

Greit men of gude at hunting on ane da,  
 Of licht motioun, as my author did sa,  
 Contendit hes, I can nocht tell the caus, 28,375  
 Quhill that the waikest 3eid sone to the wawis,  
 And greit slauchter wes maid into the tyme.  
 Syne tha that wes committaris of the cryme,  
 Quhen tha war socht for to thoill law thairfoir,  
 In Loutheane tha fled baith les and moir 28,380  
 To Brudeus, quhilk wes of Pechtis king,  
 Beseikand him with wordis richt benyng,

Within his landis for to lat thame leind  
 With his fauour, and be to thame ane freind.  
 For saikles men tha said that tha had slane, 28,385  
 Within Scotland tha durst nocht weill remane.

#### HOW ADAMUS SEND TO BRUDEUS ANE HERALD.

Quhen Adamus hard tell that tha wer fled,  
 To Brudeus richt sone efter he sped  
 Ane messinger, desyring to restoir  
 Tha flemit men that fled fra him befoir, 28,390  
 Throw the conditioun that wes maid beforne,  
 Quhen ilk till vther bodalie wer sworne;  
 And in that poynt most speciall of the laue,  
 No flemit men of vtheris till ressaue.  
 For no requeist that he culd mak thairfoir, 28,395  
 This Brudeus wald nocht agane restoir,  
 So greit petie of thame that tyme he had,  
 Sen tha for girth so far to him hed fled;  
 Als in the tyme he treittit thame richt weill.  
 This messinger, quhilk had ane richt grit feill 28,400  
 For no requeist to be that tyme ontred,  
 Come hame agane and his erand vnsped,  
 And schew the king sic ansuer as he gat.  
 This Adamus wald nocht 3it leif with that,  
 Bot sindrie syis he send agane him till, 28,405  
 Ane lang quhile so la waittand on his will.  
 Syne quhen he saw he gat nocht his desyre,  
 He grew in anger hett as ony fyre,  
 And maid ane vow he suld revengit be  
 Of that injure richt suddantlie, or die. 28,410

HOW ADAMUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS, SEND ANE  
GRIT ARMIE IN ORESTIA, AND TUIK AWAY  
GREIT SPULZE.

Syne efterwart gart tak vpoun ane da, Lib. 9, f. 140.  
Richt grit spulzie out of Orestia; Col. 1.  
Wes nothing fre befoir thame that tha fand,  
And slew the men that maid stop or ganestand.  
The Pechtis als siclike vpone ane da, 28,415  
With greit power passit in Gallowa;  
Makand heirschip our all baith far and neir,  
And greit slauchter that horribill wes till heir.  
The Scottis syne that nicht nocht suffer weill,  
With mony stalwart that war clad in steill, 28,420  
In Wicomage richt suddantlie thai send.  
The Pechtis quhilk weill [of] thair cuming kend,  
Wes reddie bydand in till ordour gude,  
And gaif thame battell neirby Carroun flude.  
On euerie syde so stalwartlie tha stude, 28,425  
Quhill all the brume wes browdrit our with blude;  
And mony semelie wnder scheild wes slane,  
So pertlie than tha previt on the plane.

HOW THE PECHTIS TYNT THE FEILD, AND FLED  
EFTER THAT THAIR KING WES SLANE.

The Pechtis proude, thocht tha war bald and wucht,  
Out of the feild tha fled and tuke the flicht 29,430  
On till ane mos that wes richt neir hand by,  
And left the Scottis with the victorie.  
Quhairof that tyme tha war bot richt vnfane,  
For-quhy thair prince into the feild wes slane,  
The eldest sone wes of this Adamus, 24,435  
Arthure to name, ane chiftane cheualrus;  
Than of his deid moir drerie wes ilk man,  
Na tha war blyth of victorie tha wan.

HOW THE HALIE MAN CALLIT COLUMBA BLAMIT  
 ADAMUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS, FOR INJUST  
 BATTELL HE MOUIT AGANIS THE KING OF  
 PECHTIS.

Quhen thir tydenis wer to Columba tald,  
 Withoutin baid na langar byde he wald, 28,440  
 Quhill that he come to Adamus the king,  
 And blamit him richt soirlie for that thing,  
 Quhy that he sould, without caus or querrell,  
 Dispone him self into sic dout and perrell ;  
 And wirk sic wrang, quhair that he had na 21,445  
 caus,  
 At his plesour, without ordour or lawis,  
 Brekkand the band to Brudeus he maid,  
 Without causs his landis to invaid ;  
 And for to wirk sic wrangis and injure  
 Vpone the pepill innocent and puir, 28,450  
 Quhilk faillit neur to him in thair tyme.  
 Quhairfoir, he said, the grit injure and cryme,  
 Richt weill he wist, wer it nocht mendit sone,  
 He suld forthink richt soir that he had done ;  
 For-quhy, he said, for sic wrang and wnrycht, 28,455  
 The hand of God on him richt sone suld licht,  
 That efterwart he suld exempill be  
 To all this warld for his iniquitie.  
 Syne tuke his leve, bad him gude nycht in plane,  
 No langar thair sayand he wald remane ; 28,460  
 For-quhy he dred sone efter for to se,  
 The hand of God with sic crudelitie  
 Wald licht on him sone efterwart, he knew  
 Sould mak all Scotland euir moir till rew.

HOW ADAMUS, FOR GREIT DISPLESURE THAT HE  
HAD DONE WRANG, GRAT BEFOIR COLUMBA  
THE HALIE MAN.

Col. 2.

Quhen this wes said as 3e haif hard me mene, 28,465  
The bitter teiris fra Adamus ene,  
Evin lyke ane strand out of ane well tha sprang,  
Weipand for wo that he had wrocht sic wrang.  
Dreidand thairfoir the hand of God suld lycht  
On him richt sone, for sic wrang and varycht, 28,470  
With sobbing soir Columba did beseik,  
Richt piteouslie with wordis myld and meik,  
Of his counsall how that he sould amend ;  
Sayand no moir agane he sould offend  
To God or man, so far as he had mycht, 28,475  
And to reforme all wrangis and wnrycht ;  
All skaith and dampnage also to restoir,  
In tyme bigane committit wes befoir.

HOW COLUMBA MAID PEAX BETUIX THE TUA  
KINGIS.

This halie man had greit compassioun,  
Quhen that he hard his lamentatioun, 28,480  
Takand on him greit bissines and cuir,  
And sindrie syis betuix thir kingis fuir.  
Ane lang quhile so richt wyislie that he wrocht,  
Thir kingis boith in concord till he brocht,  
Reformand all the faltis maid befoir ; 28,485  
The spulzie als agane he gart restoir ;  
The band siclike he gart agane renew,  
And ilk syde sworne for to be leill and trew ;  
Malice and yre forgiffin wes alhaill,  
In tyme to cum nane suld to vther fail. 28,490  
Syne tuke his leif within ane litill quhile,  
And passit hame agane to Iona Yle,

Vpone his [fit], als oft bairfeit as schod,  
 Amang his brether in honour of God,  
 And his moder the Virgin most bening, 28,495  
 Dalie thair seruice for to say and sing.  
 Sone efter that I find into my buik,  
 Quhen he come hame ane greit seiknes him tuke,  
 Quhilk him dalie vexit with gute and gravell.  
 Fra that da furth he docht no moir to travell, 28,500  
 Bot tuke him rest, as my authour did sa,  
 Into the closter quhill his latter da.  
 Heir will I leve him into Iona Yle,  
 And to the Saxonis turne agane my style.

HOW THE SAXONIS, EFTER THE DEID OF JURMAU-  
 RIK, DIUYDIT INGLAND IN SEVIN KINRIKIS.

This Jurmeurik of quhome befor I tald, 28,505  
 The king of Saxonis bellicois and bald,  
 Quhen he departit of this present lyfe,  
 No barne he had that tyme borne of his wyfe  
 That lauchfull wes to him for to succaid.  
 For that same caus, as sais my author Beid, 28,510  
 And als thairwith for mair auctoritie,  
 Of mony kingis,<sup>1</sup> for greit securitie,  
 The Saxonis ring, quhilk wes of pomp and pryde,  
 In sevin kinrikis that tyme tha gart diuynde,  
 To sevin kingis of greit power and micht. 28,515  
 So that the Britis for to reskew thair richt,  
 In Albione quhat euir efter befall,  
 Lib.9, f.140b. Col. 1. Sould haif no strenth aganis thir kingis all.  
 The northmest king, as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 Wes Edelfred, king of Northumberland, 28,520

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *king kingis*.

Ane subtill man and of ingyne richt hie,  
 In all his tyme he wes baith fals and slie.  
 Baith da and nycht it wes ay in his thocht  
 For to delait his kinrik and he mocht;  
 Wes nocht to him moir thankfull in his lyfe, 28,535  
 Na vther kingis for to fecht and stryfe;  
 Rejosit wes quhen he hard sic thing spokin,  
 Traistand richt weill quhen thair power wer brokin,  
 To vincust thame with litill sturt or dyn,  
 With sic wayis thair landis for to wyn. 28,530

HOW EDFRIDUS, KING OF NORTHTHUMBERLAND,  
 CAUSIT THE KING OF PECHTIS TO MAKE WEIR  
 WITH THE SCOTTIS.

And for that caus to Brudeus he send,  
 Desyring him with Scottis to contend,  
 Fra tha did nocht the haill spulzie restoir,  
 That wranguslie tha tuke fra him befoir.  
 And for that caus he nicht, without reprove, 22,535  
 Ane just battell agane him for to move,  
 Quhen euir he thocht expedient to be,  
 Of him he sould haif greit help and supple.  
 This Brudeus, that knew weill his intent,  
 Till his desyre wald nocht gif his consent; 28,540  
 Quhill efterwart he causit wes till dude  
 Be his lordis, the quhilk wer men of gude,  
 In quhome that tyme he did richt far confyde,  
 Corruptit war be this king Edilfryde,  
 Throw greit reward he gaif thame to thair 28,545  
 meid,  
 With Brudeus his mater for to speid.  
 To Adamus tha send richt sone in hy,  
 Gaif our the band and did him than defy;  
 And for that caus he did nocht [thame] restoir  
 The haill spulze wes tane fra thame befoir; 28,550



And secundlie, richt mony Scottis cheif  
 Within thair boundis had done grit mischeif,  
 And hereit had tha partis moir and les,  
 Quhairof agane tha culd get no redres.

HOW ADAMUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS, MAID ANE  
 BAND WITH THE BRITIS AGANIS THE PECHTIS.

Then king Adan, quhen that he kend and      28,555  
     knew  
 Vnkyndlie wes the Pechtis till be trew,  
 In quhome no man nicht traist or 3it confyde,  
 And the dissait als of this Edilfryde,  
 Thairfoir with Britis he hes maid ane band,  
 Gif Edilfryde and Pechtis in his land      28,560  
 With battell come to seik thame or persew,  
 Richt haistelie he suld in thair reskew  
 Come thair him self, with all power and mycht;  
 And tha siclike defend him in his rycht,  
 Gif efterwart so hapnit for to be,      28,565  
 That tha suld cum siclyke in his supple.

HOW EDFRIDUS AND BRUDEUS PASSIT IN WEIR ON  
 THE SCOTTIS.

Col. 2. King Edilfrid that knew [richt] weill that thing,  
 Convenit hes with Brudeus the king,  
 Of bernis bald, with mekle brag and bost,  
 In feir of weir with ane greit royall oost,      28,570  
 Withoutin stop or ony moir ganestand,  
 Syne enterit hes into the Britis land,  
 For that same causs, as wes the commoun fame,  
 The king of Scottis to draw richt far fra hame.  
 Be sic wayis and wylis he did wirk,      28,575  
 Traistand the Scottis for till tyre and irk,

In mos and mure, in montane and in myre,  
 Throw sic travell trowand that tha suld tyre.  
 3it neuirtheles the nobill Scottis king,  
 With mony freik weill furneist in all thing, 28,580  
 Come thair richt sone the Britis to supple,  
 On the best wayes that he culd bodin be.  
 This Edilfrid and Brudeus also,  
 Postponit hes to battell for till go ;  
 Ilk da be da that wes thair haill desyr, 28,585  
 With lang tarie the Scottis for till tyre,  
 Qubill that the victuall wer consumit haill ;  
 Quhairthrow on force tha suld be maid to faill,  
 And euirilk day thair power be maid les,  
 And thair power suld grow and increas. 28,590

HOW FYNLYNUS, THE KING OF WEST SAXONE, WAS  
 VINCUST WITHT ADAMUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS.

That samin tyme of West Saxone the king,  
 Callit Fynlyn, come with ane gay gadering,  
 In the supple of this king Edilfrid ;  
 Syne rayit him vpoune ane reuer syde,  
 In breist plait, braser, and in birny brycht. 28,595  
 This king Adan of him quhen he gat sycht,  
 He gaif command na langar for to byde,  
 Bot gif thame battell suddantlie that tyde,  
 Or Edilfryde or he wer met togidder.  
 Thairto the laif wes nothing sweir nor lither : 28,600  
 Suppois he wes into the grittar number,  
 Tha counterit him, and countit of na cummer,  
 With sic ane rusche that all the rochis rang,  
 Quhill speris brak, and all in spalis sprang  
 Aboue thair heid, richt heiche into the air ; 28,605  
 And brandis bricht, that scharpe as rasour shair,  
 Richt baldlie thair thai baitht in vtheris blude.  
 Into that stour sa stalwartlie tha stude,

	And previt vther pertlie on the plane,	
	Quhill that Cuta, Fynlynus sone, wes slane,	28,610
	His narrest air, of West Saxone the prince.	
	The laif no langar baid to mak defence;	
	Out of the feild that tyme on fit and hors	
	Tha fled richt fast, to thame it wes sic force,	
	Sa mony thousand of thame thair wes slane;	28,615
	Fra tyme tha fled tha durst neuir luke agane.	
	The Scottis fast that followit on the chace,	
	Greit slauchter maid in mony sindrie place,	
	Quhair that tha fled heir and thair our aw.	
	Adanus <sup>1</sup> than ane trumpet hes gart blaw,	28,620
	Quhilk causit thame for to returne agane,	
	Syne pat thame all in ordour on that plane;	
	In gude array gart thame remane thair still,	
Lib. 9, f. 141.	Quhill that he wist this Edilfridus will,	
Col. 1.	In tha boundis gif he wald langar byde,	28,625
	And gif battell or pas his way that tyde.	
	And for that caus he gart thame thair remane,	
	In gude ordour stand still vpoun that plane.	
	Mellefluat than wes the melodie	
	Tha maid that tyme, for the greit victorie	28,630
	In that feild fechtand that tyme thai wan,	
	With menstralie and mirth of euerie man.	
	Than as tha war at sic sporting and pla,	
	This Edilfrid, as my author did sa,	
	And Brudeus with power les and moir,	28,635
	And Fynlynus the quhilk that fled befor,	
	With all thair power knit in ane togidder,	
	Towart Adanus sped thame richt fast hidder,	
	With mony berne buskit in armour bricht.	
	Syne quhen tha come into the Scottis sicht,	28,640
	At the first blenk tha did vpone thame luke,	
	Of thair attyre so greit terrour tha tuke,	

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<sup>1</sup> Sic, *et postea*, in MS.

That tha forȝet all blythnes and all bourd;  
 Amang thame all wes nocht spokin ane word,  
 Bot in the tyme tha held thame, all and sum, 28,645  
 Als still and quyet as tha had bene dum.  
 This Adanus thairof he thoct greit ill,  
 Quhen he thame knew so quiet and so still,  
 Dreidand full soir that all suld nocht go richt;  
 And for that caus ascendit to ane hicht, 28,650  
 Into ane place aboue thame all full hie,  
 Quhair euerie man micht him baith heir and se;  
 Syne in the presens of thame all wes thair,  
 He said to thame thir wordis les and mair.

HOW ADANUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS, MAID HIS  
 ORESOUN TO HIS MEN BEFOIR THE FEILD.

" O ȝe," he said, " that victouris wer richt now, 28,655  
 " So suddantlie quhat is it causis ȝow  
 " Disconfort tak so sone heir at ane sicht,  
 " Withoutin pruif of thair strenthis or micht,  
 " Quhilk vincust thame that power had far moir,  
 " In the last feild quhair that ȝe faucht befor? 28,660  
 " Quhairof we aucht the moir curage to tak;  
 " On to ws all it war ane lestand lak  
 " For euir moir, with greit repreif and schame,  
 " Heir in this place beand so far fra hame,  
 " Withoutin straik, of sic ane mad menȝe 28,665  
 " So schamefullie to turne oure bak and fle.  
 " Quhairfoir," he said, " sen we haif all the rycht,  
 " And sic power, ordenance and micht,  
 " Of men and horss into sic multitude,  
 " Knewand so weill that oure querrell is gude, 28,670  
 " Thair is no causs quhairfoir that we suld dreid;  
 " Sen euerie man may haif this tyme to meid  
 " Greit victorie, with honour, laud and gloir,  
 " Sic in this warld wes neur ȝit wyn befor."

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE ORDOUR AND THE FASSOUN  
OF THE FEILD BETUIX ADANUS AND ED-  
FRIDUS.

Be this wes said, richt fraklie in the feild 28,675  
Tha enterit all that waponis docht to weild.  
King Adanus, as my author did sa,  
The vangard led into the feild that da,  
With mony Scot of greit power and pryde.  
Col. 2. King Brudeus vpoun the tother syde 28,680  
The vangard led, that wes baith fals and sle,  
With Pechtis proude that haltane war and he.  
The tother wyng siclike on to ane Pecht,  
Directit wes aganis ane Scot to fecht,  
With mony man that waponis weill culd weild, 28,685  
Of Scot and Pecht that faucht into that feild.  
King Edilfryid in the mid feild he faucht  
Agane the Britis, with his standert vpstraucht.  
Fra<sup>1</sup> bowmen bald that bikkerit on the plane,  
That da thair flew richt mony fedderit flane, 28,690  
That perssit hes thair plaven plaittis throw,  
And mony grume maid grislie for to grow.  
The speiris scharpe persit baith targe and scheid,  
And Millane malzeis skaillit in the feild.  
Into that stour that wes baith stif and strang 28,695  
With dyntis dour ilkane at vther dang.

HOW BRUDEUS, THE KING OF PECHTIS, WAS  
WOUNDIT, AND FLED OUT OF THE FEILD.

So at the last it hapnit for to be,  
King Brudeus wes woundit in the thie,  
With sic vneis that he doucht nocht to stand,  
That with ane hors wes reddie at his hand, 28,700

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *The*.

Out of the feild tha haistit him in hy  
 On to his tent that reddie wes neirby.  
 The Pechtis all that da had bene wndone,  
 Had nocht than bene thé Britis fled sa sone.  
 Throw thair mischance it hapnit so to be, 28,705  
 The Pechtis fled quhen that tha saw thame fle.  
 King Adanus, that baid behind to fecht,  
 His 3oungest sone, the quhilk Dongarus hecht,  
 Reskewit him throw his manheid and force,  
 Out of the feild he put him on ane hors, 28,710  
 Quhill he wes saifflic passit our the plane.  
 In his reskew this Dongarus wes slane,  
 And Brenyus the lord of Mona Yle,  
 Into his tyme that wes his richtast style ;  
 And Theobald vpone the tother syde, 28,715  
 The bruther germane of this Edilfryid ;  
 And he him self thair with ane straik full sle,  
 That samin da thair loissit hes ane ee.  
 And Cutha als, ane plesand prince and 3ing,  
 Fynlynus sone, of West Saxone the king, 28,720  
 Quhair of his father micht be rycht wnfane,  
 That da befoir into the feild wes slane.  
 At Deglastoun, quhair mony knichtis wer keild,  
 Into Britane thair strikin wes this feild.

HOW ADANUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS, PASSIT IN  
 GALLOWA AND SLEW EDELFRIYD, THE KING  
 OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

King Edelfryde, that culd nocht be content 28,725  
 Of victorie that God had to him sent,  
 Bot sone efter, into the symmer tyde,  
 Arrayit hes ane royall ost to ryde  
 In Gallowa, with buglis blawand loud.  
 King Brudeus with all his Pechtis proude, 28,730

In gude array, bot stop or 3it ganestand,  
 He met with him syne vpone Sulwa sand,  
 Lib. 9, f. 141b. And baith thair power jonit hes togidder.  
 Col. 1. King Adanus, that tyme that wes nocht lidder,  
 With all his power sped him in the tyde, 28,735  
 To meit the Britis on the bordour syde,  
 Quhair tryist wes set, richt lang befor the da,  
 To meit thame thair, as my author did sa.

#### HOW EDELFYRID VMBESET THE GAIT.

This Edelfryid, as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 He furneist hes the furdis of Annand, 28,740  
 And all places quhair strenthis war to ly,  
 So be no way the Scottis nicht wyn by  
 To meit the Britis baid thame at the coist.  
 King Adanus that tyme and all his oist,  
 Chesit ane place quhair tha nicht byde all nycht, 28,745  
 And bekynniss brynt with mony baillis brycht,  
 And strenthis maid about thame quhair tha la,  
 As tha suld byde into that place quhill da.  
 Syne wnder silence in that samin nicht,  
 Quhen all thair balis birnand wer full bricht, 28,750  
 Be gude gydis tha gat into that land,  
 Passit our Esk richt lauch our Sulwa sand,  
 And Annand baith, on to the tother syde,  
 And met the Britis quhilk thair on thame did  
 byde ;  
 And enterit syne into Northumberland, 28,755  
 And sparit nocht befor thame that tha fand  
 That levand wes, other ill or gude,  
 Distroyand all thing baith with fyre and blude,  
 With greit heirschip, that hiddeous wes till heir,  
 In till all part tha maid baith far and neir. 28,760

HOW KING EDILFRYID LEFT THE WALIS OF AN-  
NAND AND SPED HIM SONE TO NORTHUMBER-  
LAND.

Quhen this wes schawin to the king Edilfryde,  
 Withoutin tarie ony tyme or tyde,  
 And Brudeus siclike with him also,  
 That haistit thame that tyme, but ony ho,  
 On fit and horss richt fast our Sulwa sand, 28,765  
 Quhill that tha come into Northumberland,  
 Without tarie vther da or nycht,  
 Quhill that tha come into the Scottis sicht,  
 In gude ordour togidder quhair tha la.  
 Syne efterwart, vpoun the secund da, 28,770  
 Thir proude princes, with mekle pomp and pryde,  
 Bownit for battell vpoun euerie syde,  
 With baneris braid that browdin war full brycht,  
 And staitlie standartis streikit vpone hicht,  
 And pensillis proude, of mony diuerss hew, 28,775  
 Glitterand as gold with mekle game and glew  
 Of trumpet, talburne, and of clarion cleir,  
 And schalmis schill that hevinlie wes to heir.  
 Thir proude princes syne pertlie on that plane,  
 Preuit thair pith ilkane other forgane. 28,780  
 The fedderit flanis in the feild that flew  
 Throw birneis bricht, richt mekle blude tha drew ;  
 The speiris scharpe, that war baith grit and lang,  
 Throw all thair armour in thair flesche tha thrang,  
 With mony wound that wes baith deip and 28,785  
 wyde,  
 In breist, in brow, in bak, and als in syde,  
 Quhill mony bowell brist out on the grene.  
 Ane scharpar sembla 3it wes neurir sene.  
 Richt mony Saxone deit thair that da,  
 Throw thair folie, as my author did sa, 28,79

Col. 2.



Contemnand Scottis, seand thame sa few,  
 Without armour the battell did persew.  
 The Scottis men, that armit wes so weill,  
 At euerie straik ane Saxone knycht did keill.  
 With dyntis dour tha draue thame to the deid, 28,795  
 And ay agane thair enterit in thair steid,  
 Richt mony knight into the feild agane,  
 Prevand thair pithtis pertlie on that plane  
 But victorie, that wounder wes to se,  
 Thocht mony Saxone thair wes done to die. 28,800

#### HOW ADANUS BLAMIT HIS CAPTANIS.

This Adanus thairto tuik heid a lyte;  
 Traistand richt weill thairof had all the wyte  
 His four captanis that he had with him thair,  
 Accusit hes thair negligence richt sair,  
 Seand thair fa in poynt thairfoir to tyne, 28,805  
 And victorie on to thame self inclyne,  
 That scharpliar wald nochth thair fa persew,  
 Leithand wes thair awin folkis to reskew.  
 The Scottis captanes, the quhilk that war nochth  
 lidder,  
 Murdow the tane, Congamis hecht the tother; 28,810  
 The tother tua als, as my author writis,  
 The quhilk that tyme wer captanis to the Britis,  
 The tane of thame was callit Allencryne,  
 The tother als to name hecht Constantyne;  
 At his command, als wod wes as ane wyld boir, 28,815  
 For to reforme the falt wes maid befoir,  
 Fers as ane lioun enterit in the feild,  
 Quhair mony Saxone in the tyme wes keild.  
 On force the laif out of the feild than fled,  
 No moir reskew into the tyme tha hed. 28,820  
 Baith Scot and Brit fast follouit on the chace;  
 Quhome tha ouirgat, but ony girth or grace,

Young or ald, for petie sauit none  
 Of Saxone blude that tyme mycht be ouirtone.  
 Into the chace that da wer slane far mo 28,825  
 Nor in the feild, my author said me so.  
 Fynlynus, king quhilk wes of West Saxone,  
 Deit that da and vtheris mony one.  
 Ane greit nobill, Cailus hecht to name,  
 Quhittellus als of greit honour and fame, 28,830  
 With mony thousand of the Pechtis blude,  
 Deit that da and Saxonis to conclude.

HOW ADANUS DIUYDIT THE SPULZE OF THE  
FEILD.

King Adanus quhen he had wyn the feild,  
 Quhair mony Pecht and Saxone als wer keild,  
 The spulze first he gart thame agane restoir 28,835  
 Of Gallowa that tha had tane befoir.  
 The tent part syne on to the kirk he gaiue,  
 But ony fraude, that left wes of the laue.  
 The baneris bricht into the feild he wan,  
 And staitlie standertis of ilk nobill man, 28,840  
 That tha that da had wyn into the feild,  
 The cot armour, the targis and the scheild,  
 He gart send thame into Ecolumkill; Lib. 9, f. 142.  
 Perpetuallie thair ay to remane still, Col. 1.  
 That it sould lest in memorie euir moir, 28,845  
 Of thair triumph sic victorie and gloir.  
 Syne all the lawe remanand wes behind,  
 Rycht equalie, als far as I can fynd,  
 Be the leist prick of hors, harnes or geir,  
 Distribute hes amang his men of weir. 28,850

HOW SANCT COLUMBA, BEAND IN THE YLIS,  
SCHEW THE VICTORIE OF THE BATTELL IN  
NORTHUMBERLAND.

Off this battell in the samin quhile,  
Columba, being in to Iona Yle,  
The victorie vnto his brether schew,  
As efterwart tha fand baith leill and trew.  
The tyme, the vse, quhen the battell did june, 28,855  
The victorie quhen that the feild wes done,  
Off Adanus the honour that he wan,  
The deid also of euerie nobill man,  
As all wes done he schew thame euery deill,  
Quhilk efterwart tha fand als trew as steill. 28,860  
Mony than said, as I can richt weill trow,  
And 3it siclike richt mony sais now,  
Be intercessioun of this halie man,  
King Adanus the victorie thair wan.  
Syne efter that, into the secund 3eir, 28,865  
This Columba of quhome I schew 3ow heir,  
With murning mad than baith of man and wyfe,  
He tuke his leue out of this present lyfe.  
In Iona Yle syne graithit wes in his graif,  
With all honour that sic ane man suld haif, 28,870  
Intill ane place callit Ecolumkill,  
Quhair that his bodie restis 3it thair still.  
Thocht mony man that speikis out of tune,  
Quhilk dois alledge that he lysis in Dunwn,  
Within Ireland, into Sanct Patrikis graif, 28,875  
Siclike Sanct Bryde, I hald thair of tha raif.  
As tha alledge be mony sindrie vers,  
Quhill at this tyme I list nocht now rehers,  
For-quhy I gif moir credeit to Sanct Beid,  
No ony vther of thame all I reid. 28,880

HOW SANCT AUGUSTYNE, WITH HIS COLLIGE  
MELLETUS, PRECHIT THE FAITH OF CHRIST  
INTO INGLAND.

That samyn tyme, as my author me kend,	
Tua halie bischopis in Ingland wer send	
Fra paip Gregour, the fayth of Christ to preiche,	
The rude pepill till instruct and teiche,	
Ay to that tyme levand of gentill ryte,	28,885
Ane Augustyne, the tother hecht Mellyte.	
The king of Kent, quha lykis for to luke,	
He wes the first the faith of Crist that tuke,	
Syne efter him sidlike, with greit desyre,	
Did all the laif that duelt into that schire,	28,890
With euerie scitie that wes neir besyde.	
The pepill all, and princes of greit pryde,	
In sindrie partis beleuit all in Christ,	
Syne tuke the faith ilkane and wes baptist,	
Throw the instructioun of thir halie men,	28,895
Quhilk war the first, quha lykis for to ken,	
Into Ingland prechit the faith of Christ,	Col. 2.
Fra idolatrie the pepill for to tyst,	
Four hundretht ȝeir and moir I wnderstand,	
Efter the faith come first into Scotland.	28,900

HOW SANCT BALD[REID] DEPARTIT OUT OF THIS  
PRESENT LYFE.

The samin tyme in Scotland, as I reid,	
Ane halie man that callit wes Baldreid,	
Of Scottis blude ane greit nobill he wes,	
And in ane craig that callit is the Bas,	
Within the se on Forth on the South hand,	28,905
Tua myle and mair evin furth fra the mane land,	

Thair he remanit mony of his dais  
 Amang the Pechtis, as my author sais,  
 Instructand thame the law of halie kirk,  
 And for na travell than wald tyre or irk, 28,910  
 Quhill finallie he tuke his leif to pas  
 Out of this lyfe, departit in the Bas.  
 Of thre kirkis the pepill for him straiſ,  
 Quhen he wes deid, quha suld his bodie haif  
 Aldem, Prestoun, and Tynnyghame also, 28,915  
 With so greit stryfe that tha war like to go  
 In plane battell withoutin ony byde,  
 Had nocht than bene the bischop wes besyde,  
 Quhilk causit thame befor all be sworne,  
 In hoip of concord, quhill the tother morne 28,920  
 For to pas hame, syne on the morne to meit,  
 And thair to byde ilkane at his decreit.  
 Syne on the morne togidder quhen tha met,  
 Tha fand thre bodeis in thre beris set,  
 Of similitude, cullour and quantitie, 28,925  
 Of forme, and figour, and equallitie,  
 That no man culd, for ony takynis derne,  
 Ane by ane vther in the tyme decerne.  
 Quhairof tha thankit greit God of his grace,  
 And ilk paroche tuke ane vp in that place, 28,930  
 And had it hame with diligence and cuir,  
 Solempnitlie put it in sepultuir.

## OFF THE HALIE MAN CONVALLUS.

Ane halie man of Scotland of greit fame,  
 That samin tyme, hecht Convallus to name,  
 Discipill als he wes of Sanct Mungow,<sup>1</sup> 28,935  
 In Inchchennane, schort gait bewest Glasgw,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Nungow*.

His bodie lyis, quhair I my self hes bene  
 In pilgremage, and his relicques hes sene.  
 Now to my storie turne I will agane,  
 And all my purpois sall mak to 3ow plane. 28,940  
 This king Adane of quhome befor I schew,  
 Quhen that he hard the maner all and knew  
 That Columba the halie man wes deid,  
 So he that tyme he tuke it in his heid,  
 Throw grit displeour and throw seiknes soir, 28,945  
 He tuke his leif for he nicht leif no moir.  
 Nane nobillar in all his tyme did rax.  
 The 3eir of God sex hundreth syne and sax,  
 And of his regnne the sevin and tuentie 3eir,  
 To Iona Yle tha buir him on his beir, 28,950  
 With mekle murning baith of gude and ill,  
 Syne bureit him into Ecolumkill.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE CROWNYNG OF KYNNETHUS Lib.9, f.142b.  
 KEIR EFTER THE DEID OF ADANUS THE KING. Col. 1.

Quhen he wes deid, efter ane litill quhile  
 The lordis all convenit in Argyle,  
 Kynnethus Keir, ane man baith traist and trew, 28,955  
 Convallus sone, of quhome befor I schew,  
 The halie king thair in that parliament  
 He crownit wes, with all thair haill consent.  
 Of him na thing I can tell in this place;  
 For-quhy he had so litill tyme and space, 28,960  
 Quhairthrow he nicht to vice and vertu draw,  
 In word or werk by ony sing to schaw,  
 Quhairby he nicht get lak or 3it commend,  
 Till all men 3it his deidis ar vnkend.  
 The fourt moneth syne efter of his ring, 28,965  
 Throw sair seiknes, and throw na vther thing,  
 He tuke his leif and passit to the laue;  
 In Iona Yle syne graithit wes in his graue.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE CROWNYNG OF EUGENIUS  
EFTER THE DEID OF KYNNETHUS KEIR.

Syne efter him Eugenius the zing,  
With haill consent wes crownit to be king, 28,970  
Adanus sone of quhome befor I spak,  
That all his dais levit ay but lak.  
Siclike his sone did efter him succeid,  
This nobill king, quha lykis of him to reid,  
Eugenius, the fourt king of that name, 28,975  
Ane nobill prince of grit fredome and fame,  
And keipit all commandis les and moir,  
Wes teichit him be Columba befor.  
Gratious he wes and full of gratitude,  
Acceptabill ay to euerie man of gude: 28,980  
Theif nor revar gat of him no girth,  
Quhair tha war fund in ony feild or firth.  
In pece and rest all his tyme he rang,  
But outward weir or ony inward wrang.  
Heir will I rest of him ane litill quhile, 28,985  
And to the Saxonis turne agane my style.

HOW THE KING OF MARCHE WAN EDILFRED.

This Edilfred king of Northumberland,  
The king of Merche that tyme, I wnderstand,  
And his pepill, quhilk that his nychtboures war,  
With weir and wrang oppressit hes rycht far. 28,990  
And for no quhy it wes, gif I richt ken,  
Becauss that tyme that thai war Cristin men,  
With Augustyne befor had bene baptist,  
And Edelfred wes ennemie to Christ;  
For that same caus, and for na vther quhy, 28,995  
Injurit thame for malice and invy.  
Tua Saxone kingis of the Orient  
Of Ingland, than baith of ane haill intent,





To Forthis mouth, that tyme quhair that scho fand 29,035  
 Ane lytill craig that la richt neir the land,  
 Within the se, quhairof scho wes richt fane.  
 Syne all hir tyme thair scho did remane,  
 In fasting, prayer and in oresoun,  
 With mony wemen of relegioun, 29,040  
 In that same place, as my author did sa,  
 Quhilk callit is Sanct Abbis heid this da.  
 The sevin brether, of quhome befor I tald,  
 The first Eufred, the secund hecht Oswald;  
 As for the laue, I like nocht to reheras 29,045  
 Of thair names heirfoir to put in verss;  
 Bot as my authour did me mentione mak,  
 Thir sevin brethir, of quhome befor I spak,  
 Into Scotland that tyme tha war baptist,  
 And weill instructit in the faith of Christ, 29,050  
 Be halie men of greit perfectioun,  
 And mony vther of religioun.  
 Sone efter that Ewgenius the king,  
 The fyftene 3eir the quhilk wes of his ring,  
 He tuke his leif than bayth at gude and ill, 29,055  
 And grauit wes than in Ecolumkill.

OFF THE TUA HALIE MEN IN THA DAYIS, SANCT  
 BONEFACE AND SANCT MOLOC.

Tua halie men that samin tyme thair wes,  
 Ane hecht Moloc, the tother hecht Boneface.  
 Thair sanctitude it war our lang to schaw  
 To me this tyme, gif I suld tell it aw, 29,060  
 Our langsum war, sen that my tyme is schort,  
 Thairfoir as now I will no moir report.  
 Bot finallie tha maid thair latter end,  
 Baith into Ross, as it is richt weill kend;

In Rosmarkie syne bureit baith in graue ; 29,086  
 Quha lykis moir go thai and luke the laue.  
 Euge[n]ius, of quhome befoir I tald,  
 Thre sonis had baith bellicois and bald :  
 Ferquhard to name than hecht the eldest bruther,  
 Fyacrius als callit wes the tother, 29,070  
 And Donald the 3oungest of the thre.  
 In Mona Yle that tyme within the se,  
 Thir thrie remanit at the studie than,  
 With the bischop that callit wes Conan,  
 Vertew and science dalie for to leir, 29,075  
 In thair 3outhheid befoir richt mony 3eir.  
 Feacrius, that wes the secound bruther,  
 Most abill wes that tyme of ony vther,  
 And kest him ay to vertew and doctryne,  
 Fra vices fled, to vertew did inclyne. 29,080  
 In him that tyme wes nocht for to accuiss,  
 Syne at the last the warld he did refuiss :  
 Sone efter syne, be auenture and chance,  
 Richt quietlie he passit into France  
 Fra kyn and kith, levand all wes his awin, 29,085  
 In vyle habite thair for to be vnknawin.  
 Sone efter syne into ane quiet place,  
 Predestinat to him be Goddis grace,  
 Ane armit lyfe he levit mony da,  
 Heir efterwart as I sall to 3ow sa. 29,090  
 His eldest bruther, Ferquhard hecht to name,  
 Gottin of ane man and borne baith of ane wame,<sup>1</sup>  
 Quhairof thair nature differt than richt far,  
 In all this world wist I neulr nane war  
 Na wes Ferquhard, fra tyme he wes maid king, 29,095  
 Befoir, sensyne, or in his tyme did ring.  
 For schame this tyme I dar nocht to 3ow tell,  
 The greit mischeif into his tyme that fell,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. woman.

Of murthure, slauchter, reif and commoun thift,  
 That nane micht thryve, nor zit haif e to thrift. 29,100  
 With greit discord amang the lordis als,  
 Held nane vp heid bot he that culd be fals :  
 With sic oppressioun baith of ald and zing,  
 And all the falt wes in this vicius king.  
 For ma vices thair rang into his cors, 29,105  
 Nor thair wes hairis on his grittest hors ;  
 And specialle ane vice did in him ring,  
 Quhilk rang neur zit into na Scottis king,  
 Fuill arrosie, as that my author writis,  
 That he leirit fra kirkmen of the Britis, 29,110  
 Than be the Saxonis wes amang thame brocht,  
 And tha for succour that tyme to him socht.  
 Of quhome that tyme it wes the commoun fame,  
 The quhilk richt oft wes laid vpone his name,  
 That baptizing regeneratioun, 29,115  
 The sacrament als of confessioun,  
 He said richt oft, quhair he wald tell his tail,  
 Tha war bot fenzeit and of litill vaill.  
 The prelattis than, and all the men of gude,  
 Displesit war quhen tha that wnderstude, 29,120  
 Sic commoning that tyme of thair king,  
 That wes infectit with sa foull ane thing.  
 Thairfoir richt sone, with consent of thame all,  
 Ane counsall set and hidder did him call ;  
 And he agane that did thair counsall heir, 29,125  
 Wes contumax, and sic wald nocht compeir,  
 Wittand sa weill that he wes in the wrang.  
 Syne in ane strenth, that stalwart wes and strang,  
 He held him cloiss fra he thair myndis kend,  
 Wald nocht compeir for na summondis tha send ; 29,130  
 Within that strenth he held him thair stand still.  
 The lordis all with ane consent and will,  
 Richt sone ane seig about the hous tha set,  
 With all ingyne that gudlie wes to get ;

Col. 2.

With litill lawbour syne the hous tha wan, 29,185  
 And in thair travell than tynt noch ane man.  
 Syne tuke the king and put in presoun strang,  
 Fetrit richt fast, quhair he wes keipit lang  
 Closit in cuir, quhair he wes keipit weill,  
 With sicker men that wer als trew as steill. 29,140

HOW THE LORDIS OF SCOTLAND SEND IN FRANCE  
 FOR FEACRIUS TO MAK HIM KING.

The lordis syne in parliament togidder,  
 Decretit hes for Feachar his bruther  
 To send richt sone, and no tarie to mak,  
 Quhome of befoir schort quhile to 3ow I spak,  
 Far furth in France into ane heremetage, 29,145  
 Quhair he remanit sen he wes ane page,  
 In prayer, pennance and penuritie,  
 In fasting, walking and necessitie,  
 In Goddis service richt contemplatiue,  
 Remanit thair the terme of all his lywe. 29,150  
 Sone efter syne, throw fortoun and throw chance,  
 This messinger is cumin into France:  
 Feacrius, that of his cuming knew,  
 Quhilk secretlie the Halie Spirit him schew,  
 Throw intercessioun that he hes maid than, 29,155  
 Transformit wes into ane lipper man,  
 Abhominable to ony man to se,  
 With plowkie visage, bowdin brow and bre.  
 This messinger quhen he hes fund him so,  
 Desyrit him no forder for to go, 29,160  
 Bot tuke his leve and left him thair allane;  
 In Scotland syne passit is hame agane,  
 And schew to thame the maner all and how,  
 Ilk word by word as I haif said to 3ow.  
 The samin tyme that done wes all this thing, 29,165  
 Into presoun this curst vnhappie king,

Throw greit dispair as Sathan to him schew,  
 Richt suddanelie him awin self thair he slew,  
 The threttene 3eir quhilk wes than of his ring.  
 Thus <sup>1</sup> endit he that ill wnfaithfull king. 29,170

HOW DONEWALDUS WAS CROWNIT KING OF  
 SCOTTIS EFTER THE DEPARTING OF FER-  
 QUHA[RD].

Donewaldus, syne efter he wes deid,  
 His bruther syne wes crownit in his steid,  
 Quhilk did reforme all faltis les and moir,  
 That his bruther king Ferquhard maid befor.  
 The puir pepill he keipit vnopprest, 29,175  
 And held his kinrik in gude peax and rest.  
 The secund 3eir syne efter of his ring,  
 Ane hecht Penda, that wes of Marchis king,  
 And Gadwallane that king wes of the Britis,  
 Baith in ane band, as that my author writis, 29,180  
 Edwynus, king wes of Northumberland,  
 That samin tyme as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 Vincust in feild, for all his greit renoun,  
 Deprying him baith of his lyfe and croun.

Lib.9, f.143b.  
 Col. 1.

HOW DONEWALDUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS, SEND  
 TO GADWALLANE, THE KING OF BRITIS, AND  
 CAUSIT TO RESTOIR ELFRIDUS SONE TO HIS  
 HERETAGE.

Fra that this cace to Donewaldus wes kend, 29,185  
 Ane herald sone to Gadwallane he send,  
 Richt famous wes, that tyme as to his freind;  
 Beseikand him richt curtaslie and heind,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *This*.

Eufred, the sone of Edelfred befoir,  
 On to his croun he wald agane restoir, 29,190  
 Quhilk wranguslie fra Edelfrid wes tane  
 Be this Edwyn that laitlie now is gane :  
 The landis all now of Northumberland,  
 He wald reasing into Elfridus hand,  
 At the requeist of Donewald the king. 29,195  
 This Gadwallan content wes of that thing.  
 That samin tyme, as my author did sa,  
 Thir kingis hes diuydit into tua  
 Northumberland, baith firth, forrest and fell ;  
 Quhat wes the caus I can nocht to 3ow tell. 29,200  
 To this Eufride the northmest part tha gaif,  
 To ane Osrik syne gaif tha all the laif.  
 Thir tua kingis, but stop or 3it ganestand,  
 With peax and rest rang in Northumberland ;  
 And, for the mair securitie of peice, 28,205  
 All weir and wrang and scisma to gar ceis,  
 Osricus dochter, fair and 3ounge of age,  
 This Eufridus hes tane in mariage.

## HOW OSRIK LEFT THE FAITH OF CHRIST.

This ilk Osrik, quhilk wes ane vicious man,  
 Richt sone efter ane wickit lyfe began. 29,210  
 The Cristiane faith, suppois he wes baptist,  
 Renuncit hes, and left the faith of Christ.  
 This Eufred all quhilk leirit at his loir,  
 Forzetand quyt all doctryne of befoir,  
 Into Scotland quhen that he wes<sup>1</sup> richt 3ing, 29,215  
 With Conanus and gude Eugenius king,  
 The faith of Christ he hes forzet full quyte,  
 And turnit hes to ydolrie full tyte ;

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *that hes.*

Wirkand the warkis of iniquitie,  
 Throw greit affectioun of affinitie 29,220  
 To this Osrik, and to his wyfe he had.  
 Wes neuir none war in no storie I red  
 Na wes thir tua, quhill that thair tyme mycht lest,  
 Kirk and kirkmen so far that tyme opprest;  
 And all vther that cristnit wes that tyme, 28,225  
 Accusand thame of Cristin faith as cryme,  
 Sum puneist soir, and sum tha pat to deid,  
 And vther sum tha flemit but remeid.  
 Lang thus tha wrocht, but stop or zit ganestand,  
 Our all the partis of Northumberland. 29,230

HOW GADWALLANE AND PENDA SEND TO THIR  
 TUA KINGIS TO CAUS THAME TO REFORME  
 THAIR FALT.

Then Gadwallane, that king wes of the Britis,  
 And king Penda richt soir blamis and witis  
 Thair negligence richt far into sic thingis,  
 Promouit had sic tua vncristin kingis,  
 Col. 2. Frutles but faith, cursit and Cristis fo, 29,235  
 Depredaris alss of halie kirk also.  
 This Gadwallane richt oftsyis to thame send,  
 Beseikand thame to leif sic falt and mend,  
 And halie kirk to the awin stait restoir,  
 Keipand the faith that tha had tane befoir. 29,240  
 Thir tua kingis, richt cursit and misknawin,  
 Fra tyme this charge on to thame bayth wes schawin,  
 For wickitness so wranguslie tha wrocht,  
 The messingeris that thame the bodwart brocht,  
 Sum tha gart hing, and vther sum tha gart heid; 29,245  
 Sum to the kirk that fled to get remeid,  
 Baith kirk and queir tha set all into fyre,  
 Within the girth syne brint thame bane and lyre.

And all the kirkis in Northumberland,  
 And preistis als thair in that tyme tha fand, 29,250  
 Tha brint thame ilkane in to poulder small,  
 And syne the laif of kirkmen ane and all;  
 And all the laif tha maid richt far to fle,  
 That cristnit wes, or than like dogis die.

HOW ALL THE KINGIS IN ALBIONE MOUIT WEIR  
 AGANIS THIR TUA EVILL KINGIS.

Quhair of the kingis into Albione, 29,255  
 Commouit wes at that tyme richt far ilkone;  
 Of that injure for to revengit be,  
 Committit hes the haille auctoritie  
 To Gadwallane, that king wes of the Britis;  
 And all thair power, as my author writis, 29,260  
 Thir tua kingis with battell did persew,  
 And vincust thame and mony Saxone slew.  
 Syne put thame baith into ane presoun strang,  
 Ay efter that quhair that tha la full lang;  
 Syne throw dispair, dreidand for gritar pane, 29,265  
 In that presoun ilkone hes vther alane.  
 Wes none of all moir speciall in the tyme,  
 To be revengit of that cursit cryme,  
 No gude Oswald, that tyme tytest of other  
 Into the feild agane Eufriid his bruther. 29,270  
 Faithfull he wes thairby ze nicht weill ken,  
 And captane wes to all the Scottis men,  
 And of thame had the haille auctoritie  
 Come thair that da the Britis to supple,  
 Be Donewald the quhilk war hidder send. 29,275  
 This ilk Oswald that da gat sic commend,  
 With haille consent, but stop or zit ganestand,  
 Tha maid him king of all Northumberland,  
 For to succed vnto king Edelfryde,  
 His father wes befor in to sum tyde. 29,280



HOW OSWALDUS, KING OF NORTHUMBERLAND, SEND  
IN SCOTLAND FOR CLERKIS TO PREICHE THE  
FAITH.

Lib. 9, f. 144. Col. 1.	This gude Oswald, quhen he wes crownit king, In Scotland send desyring sic ane thing At Donewald, that he wald to him send Devoit doctouris the faith of Crist best kend, Quhilk wer expert into the halie writ,	29,285
	In theologie and canoun law perfyte, His rude pepill to instruct and teiche, All neidfull thingis planelie for to preche. At the requeist of gude Oswald the king,	
	This Donewald, quhome plesit sic thing, With haille consent than of his lordis all, Ane famous clerk ane did Cormanus <sup>1</sup> call;	29,290
	In halie scripture richt expert wes he, Ane doctour als he wes in theologie;	
	To king Oswald he send into that tyme, To clenge his kinrik out of all sic cryme.	29,295
	Quhair he remanit still compleit ane ȝeir, In teching, preching and devoit prayer, In greit laubour ilk da our all that land,	
	Quhair litill frutt or fauour ȝit he fand; For all his preching come bot hulie speid, And mekill mager gat als to his meid.	29,300
	The pepill quhilk wes of ingyne so rude, Of his preching full litill wnderstude:	
	He schew to thame thingis that wer so hie, The inwart secreittis of the Trinitie,	29,305
	Incomparable quhilk wes of excellence To thair wisdom and rude intelligence. The pepill all thairfoir, baith riche and puir, Quhat euir he said tha tuke bot litill cuir.	29,310

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Colmanus*.

And quhen he saw that he culd cum na speid  
 Of his purpois, nother in word nor deid,  
 He take his leif, but stop or 3it ganestand  
 Come hame his wa agane into Scotland.  
 Befoir the king and prelattis all togidder, 29,815  
 He schew to thame how first quhen he come hidder,  
 Richt fruttles folk but ony faith he fand  
 In all the partis of Northumberland;  
 And how he went amang thame and he woik  
 Ilk da be da moir travell [that] he take 29,820  
 To teiche and preiche, and halie scriptour reid,  
 Syne of his purpois he culd cum no speid.  
 Moir eith it war, he said, I bid nocht le,  
 To bring the Bas and May out of the se,  
 Na caus tha pepill of nature sa nyce, 29,825  
 To trow in Christ and for to leif thair vice.  
 The prelattis all that tyme that war present,  
 All in ane voce tha said with ane assent,  
 No moir agane, as tha culd wnderstand,  
 To send to preche into Northumberland, 29,830  
 Amang the pepill of ingyne so rude,  
 So weill tha wist it wald turne to na gude.

HOW ADANUS REPREUIT CORMANUS OF HIS  
PRECHING.

Ane halie bischop full of grautie,  
 Amang thame all of most auctoritie,  
 Ane frutfull father, full of faith and fame, 29,335  
 The quhilk Adanus callit wes to name,  
 For suith, he said, it war ane greit pitie,  
 That gude Oswald withoutin help sould be  
 Left destitute into so greit ane thing,  
 That halie prince so lawlie and benyng. 29,340  
 To this Cormanus than agane said he:  
 " I dreid me, sone, thi greit subillitie,

- " Thy eloquence and preching wnplane,  
 " Hes bene the caus thi laubour wes in vane.  
 " Ane 3oung stomach, suppois that it be rude, 29,345  
 " It wald be fed with 3oung and tender fude,  
 " And specialle with sueit milk that war warne;  
 " Of groiss meittis it ma tak skayth and harme,  
 " Vsit befoir it wes nocht wont to be;  
 " For quhen it is of most securitie, 29,350  
 " Richt suddanelie it will, with litill schoir,  
 " Evome agane all that it tuik befoir.  
 Col. 2. " That wes the thing," he said, "sueit sone, I dred,  
 " Tha haif done so thir folkis that thow fed;  
 " Thy subtill sentence of ingyne so hie 29,355  
 " Transcendit far thair small capacitie;  
 " That wes the cause I trow, quha list to luke,  
 " To thi talking so litill tent tha tuke.  
 " Thairfoir," he said, " quha wald thair hartis wyn,  
 " At plesand mater first tha man begin; 29,360  
 " And plesandlie of hevinlie thingis schaw,  
 " The quhilk it war most neidfull for to know,  
 " That giffin war in precept and command,  
 " In plane termis and eith to wnderstand,  
 " Quhairof tha nicht mater of plesance haif; 29,365  
 " Syne efterwart at lasar all the laif,  
 " That neidfull war, tha nicht schaw thame till,  
 " At all plesour with hartlie mynd and will."

HOW THE KING OF SCOTLAND AND THE KIRK-  
 MEN CAUSIT ADANUS TO PAS TO OSWALD  
 THE KING.

The prelattis all war present thair ilk deill,  
 Thocht all ilkone that he had said richt weill, 29,370  
 And wes content to stand at his decret;  
 Beseikand him, sen that he wes maist meit,  
 That he him self wald tak on hand sic thing,  
 For the plesour of gude Oswald the king.

Than Adanus, in presens of the lawe, 22,375  
 Wald nocht ganestand the counsall that he gawe;  
 He tuik on hand that tyme to fulfill,  
 To satisfie all thair desyre and will.  
 Sone efter that, as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 He passit syne into Northumberland 22,380  
 To king Oswald, quhilk him ressaut than,  
 With all honour that he culd do or can.  
 The lordis all siclike baith far and neir,  
 And commoun pepill, come ilk da to heir  
 This Adanus, his counsall wes so gude, 22,385  
 And plesand als quhen tha him wnderstude.  
 Adanus than, as my author did wryte,  
 In Saxone langage wes nocht richt perfyte,  
 The quhilk to him wes greit impediment  
 To schaw to thame quhat wes in his intent. 22,390  
 The king quhilk leirit, quhen that he wes 3ounge,  
 The Saxone langage and the Scottis toung,  
 Sevintene 3eir fra his father wes slane,  
 Continewallie in Scotland did remane.  
 Of Scottis langage he wes als perfyte 22,395  
 As of his awin, and culd baith reid and wryte,  
 And all the langage, to his pepill rude,  
 Of Adanus, that tha nocht wnderstude,  
 Ilk word be word he schew to thame agane  
 In thair langage, richt plesandlie and plane. 22,400  
 Quhairby that tyme, as I traist weill be trew,  
 The pepillis hartis haill to him he drew;  
 And did all thing that he gaif in command,  
 At his plesour without stop or ganestand.  
 That samin tyme, as that my author sais, 22,405  
 This Adanus he baptist in sevin dais,  
 Of men and wemen into taill wntald,  
 Then fyftene thousand baith of 3ounge and ald;  
 With greit blythnes, baith of ald and 3ing,  
 And specialle of gude Oswald the king, 22,410

Lib. 9, f. 144b  
Col. 1.

This Adanus that tyme without ganestand,  
 Wes maid bischop of all Northumberland.  
 Richt mony men than of religioun  
 And secular men of greit deuotioun,  
 To Adanus out of Scotland tha zeid, 29,415  
 Him to supple in his mister and neid,  
 The faith of Christ amang thame for to plant,  
 For in that land the kirkmen were rycht skant.  
 Within schort quhile to sic vertew tha grew,  
 Be his doctryne and miraclis that he schew, 29,420  
 Northumberland that samin tyme, we reid,  
 Into the faith all Ingland did exceid.  
 Syne fals Fortoun quhilk lattis no thing lest  
 In ane stait, oft quhen that ane man is best,  
 Traistand he is in most tranquillitie, 29,425  
 Throw hir fauour set on the quheill so he,  
 Or euir he wit scho makis him to fall  
 Doun fra the hicht, garrand him licht so law.  
 The king of Marchis in the samin tyde,  
 Callit Penda, of greit power and pryde, 29,430  
 In all his tyme that wes baith fals and sle,  
 Had greit invye at the prosperitie  
 Of gude Oswald, that wes baith lele<sup>1</sup> and trew,  
 Fenzeit ane caus, syne efter did persew  
 This king Oswald with mort battell in feild, 29,435  
 Vincust his men, him self also hes keild.  
 For pur invie, this gude Oswald the king  
 Deit that da, and for na vther thing;  
 Quhilk efterwart, that nicht nocht weill be hid,  
 Richt mony miracle in tha partis kid; 29,440  
 Into his tyme wes countit amang kingis,  
 Quhilk now in hevin amang the sanctis ringis  
 In joy and blis, with greit blythnes and gloir,  
 Withoutin end, and sall do euir moir.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *les*.

HOW DONEWALDUS, THROW MISGYDING ON THE  
WATER OF TAY, WAS DROWNIT IN ANE BOIT.

Sone efter this that 3e haif hard me say, 29,445  
King Donewald vpoun the water of Tay,  
Into ane bot, throw rakles misgyding,  
The fyftene 3eir quhilk wes than of his ring,  
And of oure Lord fourtie 3eir and fywe  
And sex hundreth, agane the streme did strywe ; 29,450  
Quhair he wes dround into the samin quhile.  
Syne efter that, syne into Iona Yle,  
His bodie borne and bureit into graif,  
With all honour put in amang the laif.

HOW THE HERETICK CALLIT MOHOMEIT DEIT.

Schort quhill befoir his dais war compleit, 29,455  
The scismatik callit wes Mohomeit,  
In Arrabie closit his latter dayis,  
Gif all be suith heir that my author sayis.  
He wes the first this foull faith that began,  
Quhairby this da thair levis mony man 29,460  
But Christis law, or 3it but Cristindome,  
Quhilk restitat ar fra the kirk of Rome,  
As Turkis, Pagane, and Seresane also,  
And mony vther in this warld mo.  
His lyfe and law quha lykis for to heir, 29,465  
Pas tha thame self wnto sum man and speir,  
Moir lasar hes nor I haif to remane ;  
Now to my purpois turne I will agane.

HOW FERQUHARD, THE SONE OF FERQUHARD FOIR-  
SAID, WAS CROWNIT KING OF SCOTTIS.

The bruther sone of this king Donewald, Col. 2.  
Ferquhardus sone of quhome befoir I tald, 29,470  
Nocht lang gane syne befoir as 3e haif hard,  
This 3yong man als he callit wes Ferquhard,

Into Argyle with suord, sceptour and ring,  
 Of Scottis thair wes crownit to be king.  
 Or that he come to that auctoritie, 29,475  
 Richt large he wes and full of libertie;  
 Fra that fassoun syne changit hes rycht far,  
 And callit wes with all man father war,  
 Gif war nicht be, and war, and war agane.  
 Heir I abhor for to report in plane 29,480  
 Sa mony faltis and vices as did ring  
 Vncorrigill into this wnwyiss king.  
 One halie bischop, callit wes Colman,  
 And mony vther in the tyme wes than,  
 For na command nor counsall tha him gaue, 29,485  
 No for requiest of lordis and the laue,  
 He wald nocht mend of all that worth ane mytte,  
 Quhairat his lordis had rycht greit dispyte;  
 Ane counsall set how tha suld him corrack,  
 Decrettit syne in handis him to tak. 29,490  
 So had tha done richt weill I wait as than,  
 War nocht the counsall of this ilk Colman,  
 Into the tyme quhilk said to thame and schew  
 The hand of God suld schortlie him persew,  
 Richt suddantlie, and with far scharper pane 29,495  
 Na thai culd do, he promiseist thame rycht plane.  
 And so it wes be ordenance diuyne,  
 Within ane moneth at the hunting syne,  
 Wnder ane buss quhair he sat him alone,  
 With<sup>1</sup> ane wod wolf wes bettin to the bone, 29,500  
 Into his syid ane deip wound and ane soir,  
 Into his tyme quhilk mendit neuir moir.  
 Thair wes no leich culd mak his panis les;  
 Ilk da be da his dolour did increas,  
 With foull fetor that wes intollerabill, 29,505  
 And humor als that wes abhominable;

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Within*.

Moir horribill als that tyme for till abhor,  
 No canker, fester, gut, or ȝit grandgor.  
 Tua ȝeir and moir, I bid nocht for to lane,  
 He puneist wes still with sic cruell pane; 29,510  
 Syne at the last his vices did repent,  
 Confessand him with ane clene intent.  
 The halie bischop callit wes Colman,  
 His confessour quhilk in the tyme wes than,  
 Confessit him of all his crymis clene; 29,515  
 The sacrament of the altar betuene<sup>1</sup>  
 Ressaut hes with clene and contreit hart;  
 Syne suddantlie the cruell aufull dart  
 Of dulefull deid, quhair that he la rycht warne,  
 Persit his hart in this Colmanis arme. 29,520  
 Thus endit thair this ilk Ferquhardus king,  
 The aughtene ȝeir efter that he did ring.  
 That samin ȝeir, gif I richt wnderstand,  
 The halie bischop of Northumberland,  
 Ane Scottis man richt faithfull of gude fame, 29,525  
 Quhilk callit wes Adanus to his name,  
 To king Oswald the quhilk befor wes send,  
 He tuke his leif out of this warld to wend.  
 One holie bischop in Scotland wes than,  
 Quhilk to his name that callit wes Fynane. 29,530  
 This Fynanus into Adanus steid  
 Succedit syne sone efter he wes deid,  
 And bischop wes maid of Northumberland, Lib. 9, f. 145.  
 Richt mony folk befor him quhair he fand, Col. 1.  
 That vicius wes, suppois tha war baptist, 29,535  
 With litill credence to the faith of Christ.  
 Thair he on him dalie greit travell tuik,<sup>2</sup>  
 Out-throw the land vpoun his feit he woik,  
 With mekle pane in mony sindrie rod,  
 Instructand thame into the faith of God. 29,540

<sup>1</sup> *Bedene?*| <sup>2</sup> *In MS. for tuik.*



In euerie pairt quhair that he prechit in,  
 He causit thame to leue thair vice and syn,  
 And turne to Christ, and keip the commoun law,  
 Part for his love and vther part for aw  
 Of bitter pane, he schew to thame preichand, 29,545  
 Should be reward quha keipit nocht command.

#### HOW THE HALIE MAN FENANUS BAPTIZIT PENDA.

The king of Marchis callit wes Penda,  
 He baptizit him, as my author did sa,  
 And syne confirmit with his awin hand,  
 And all the laif that wes into his land. 29,550  
 And thus he wrocht wnto his latter end,  
 Ouir all that land as it wes richt weill kend.  
 The halie bischop callit wes Colman,  
 Efter his deid succedit to him than,  
 Ane Scottis man befor as I 3ow schew, 29,555  
 Ane greit doctour and full of all vertew,  
 Bischop wes maid than of Northumberland,  
 Fra Eborac north on to Sulwa sand;  
 His greit vertew all vther did exceid  
 In operatioun baith of word and deid; 29,560  
 His sanctitude I can nocht to 3ow sa,  
 Thocht I wald walk all ouir this samin da;  
 I can nocht schaw, nor put heir into write,  
 His perfectioun and halie lyfe perfyte;  
 Ouir all the partis into Albione, 29,565  
 With greit instructione on his fit is gone.  
 This Pendas' sone, of quhome befor I spak,  
 Of this Colman the Cristiane fayth did tak;  
 And mony vther of the Saxone blude  
 He baptist hes befor that war nocht gude. 29,570  
 Heir will I leue ane litill and remane,  
 And to my storie turne I will agane.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Pendus*.

HOW MALDOWYN, THE SONE OF DONEWALD, EFTER  
THE DEITH OF FERQUHARD, WES CROWNIT  
KING.

Efter the deith of Ferquhard, as I tald,  
 Young Maldowyn, the sone of Donewald,  
 With hail consent into the samin quhile, 29,575  
 Wes crownit king of Scottis into Argyle.  
 Ane lustie man he wes withoutin leis,  
 In all his tyme had greit desyre of peice ;  
 With Brit and Pecht, and Saxone to also,  
 He maid gude peax withoutin ony fo. 29,580  
 In all his tyme richt gude justice thair rang,  
 Wes nocht ane wicht [that] durst do vther wrang.  
 So hapnit it into the samin quhile,  
 The Lennox men and nobillis in Argyle,  
 With greit contentioun baith of lad and lord, 29,585  
 For litill caus fell into greit discord.  
 The Ylis men, wer nychtbouris to Argyle,  
 Tuik thair plane part into the samin quhile,  
 And to the Lennox siclike Gallowa  
 Tuke thair plane part, as my author did sa. 29,590.  
 Richt mekle euill betuix thame had bene done,  
 War nocht the king, quhilk maid remeid rycht sone  
 With greit power, of quhome sic aw tha stude,  
 That all the fauoraris schortlie to conclude,  
 Of him that tyme so soir tha war adred, 29,595  
 To saue thame selfis on to the Ylis tha fled.  
 The Ylis men quhilk of the king stude aw,  
 Or he on thame suld execute the law,  
 For to accuiss als of the samin cryme,  
 The tratouris all tha tuke into the tyme, 29,600  
 And send thame bundin ilkane to the king ;  
 Quhilk efterwart he hes maid for to hing  
 Vpoun ane gallous but reuth or remeid ;  
 Thus finallie thair endit all that feid.

Col. 2.

Fra that tyme furth wes none so pert to prewe 29,605  
 Sic prattik moir, or 3it ane vther grewe  
 In work or word that wes agane the law,  
 Of this gude king tha stude sa mekle aw.  
 That samin tyme, as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 The bischop Colman fra Northumberland, 29,610  
 With mony kirkman in his cumpany,  
 In Scotland come, and for the samin quhy,  
 Will 3e tak tent, as I sall tell 3ow heir,  
 Ouir all the warld into that samin 3eir,  
 The pepill haill, for thair falt and offence, 29,615  
 War puneist sair with plaig of pestilence,  
 Deand ilk da be thousandis out of number,  
 And speciallie into the land of Humber.  
 For that same caus this ilk Colmanus dred,  
 And in Scotland than hame agane he fled, 29,620  
 Within the Ylis syne in ane abba,  
 With his brether, as my author did sa;  
 And in gude concord without sturt or stryfe,  
 Remanit thair the laue of all his lyfe.

HOW THE SAXONIS AND THE PECHTIS INVAIDIT  
 THE SCOTTIS, AND OF THE MANLIE DEFENCE  
 AGANE OF THE SCOTTIS.

Sone efter this the Pechtis in ane band, 29,625  
 And Elfridus king of Northumberland,  
 With all injure into the tyme tha dar,  
 Invaidit hes the Scottis than rycht far.  
 The Scottis als siclike to thame agane;  
 In thair defence wes mony Saxone slane. 29,630  
 Ane lang quhile so into sic stryfe tha stude,  
 On euerie syde quhill spilt wes mekle blude.  
 The king of Scottis that wes baith wyss and wycht,  
 That samin tyme wes murdreist on ane nycht

Be his awin wyfe, and to that same effect, 29,035  
 Because of hurdome scho held him suspect.  
 This cruell quene wes tane in the same tyme,  
 And all the laif gaif counsall to that cryme;  
 Syne in ane fyre, vpoun ane hill full hie,  
 Tha war all brint that mony man mycht se. 29,640  
 Thus endit he, as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 Than of his ring into the tuentie 3eir,  
 And of oure Lord sex hundreth and fourscoir,  
 And four 3eiris, withoutin ony moir.

HOW EUGENIUS THE FYFT, THE SONE OF DON-  
 GARUS, EFTER THE DEID OF KING FERQUHARD,  
 WES CROWNIT KING OF SCOTLAND, AND OF  
 HIS NOBILL DEIDIS.

Ane nobill man callit Eugenius, 29,645  
 Fyft of that name, the sone of Dongarus,  
 Quhilk bruther wes to this foirnamit king, Lib. 9. f. 145b.  
 Wes crownit than in Scotland for to ring. Col. 1.  
 Quhilk to Edfrid king of Northumberland,  
 Ane epistill send subscriuit with his hand 29,650  
 With ane herald, desyrand at him peice,  
 Quhilk Edfridus grantit him, but leis,  
 Of this conditioun so he wald restoir  
 The spulze all that tane wes of befoir,  
 Be<sup>1</sup> Scottis men furth of Northumberland, 29,655  
 And Pechtis als, quhilk wes baith of ane band,  
 And he of thame sould desyr na redres  
 Of oucht wes tane of Scottis mair or les;  
 And ellevin moneth gif that he ast to haue  
 Of peice and rest, and no moir for to craue. 29,660  
 All this he did, withoutin ony leis,  
 With fraudfull mynd dissimuland sic peice,  
 As he that wes full of subtitillie,  
 Onto the tyme that he micht reddie be

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *The*.

With mort battell the Scottis till persew. 29,665  
 Eugenius, that weill his purpois knew,  
 Commandit hes with diligence and cuir,  
 For till abstene fra all wrang and injure,  
 Fra Edfridus and the Pechtis also,  
 Quhill tyme of trewis war passit and ago. 29,670  
 Als gaif command that tyme to euerie man,  
 For to prowye als gudlie as he can,  
 For hors, harnes, and al sic ganand geir,  
 That neidfull war into the tyme of weir.  
 Or the tent monet[h] passit wes compleit, 29,675  
 This Edfridus quhilk reddie wes and meit  
 For mort battell, with all thing as him lest,  
 He causit hes withoutin ony rest,  
 Full mony Saxone efter on ane da,  
 Richt mekle gude tak out of Gallowa; 29,680  
 And sindrie men into the tyme tha slaw,  
 That maid defence their guidis to reskew.

HOW EUGENIUS SEND TO EDFRIDUS,<sup>1</sup> ASKAND  
 REDRES OF THE SPULZE THAT HE TUKE AWA.

Eugenius quhen that he knew that thing,  
 Ane herald send to Edfridus the king,  
 Askand agane the spulze to restoir, 29,685  
 Be the conditioun maid wes of befoir.  
 Siclike the men for to deliuerit be,  
 The slauchter maid, to his auctoritie,  
 As ressoun wald, for to be in his will,  
 On to quhat pane that he wald put thame till. 29,690  
 Quhen this wes said, the quhilk wes all in vane,  
 This Edfridus this ansuer maid agane;  
 "Gude freind," he said, "to the I say full suir,  
 "This tyme to 3ow we haif done na injure,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS., et postea, *Egfridus*.

" For-quhy," he said " it is in oure defence, 29,695  
 " Befoir to ws 3e did sic violence  
 " In tyme of peax and wald no mendis mak ;  
 " Sen lefull is agane to ws to tak  
 " At our awin hand, sen 3e will keip no law,  
 " For band or aith, for seill or 3it for saw. 29,700  
 " Thairfoir," he said, " 3ow sall gif traist to me,  
 " Of 3ow no way sen we can sicker be,  
 " Within aucht dais, and I be levand man,  
 " In 3our boundis with all power I can,  
 " I sall persew 3ow baith with fyre and blude ; 29,705  
 " Tak thair thi ansuer schortlie to conclude."

HOW EUGENIUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS, PASSIT Col. 2.  
 IN GALLOWA WITH ANE ARMIE AGANIS THE  
 SAXONIS AND PECHTIS.

Eugenius, quhen he this ansuer knew,  
 Ilk word be word as the herald him schew,  
 Held vp his handis to the hevin on hicht,  
 Beseikand God that all perrell and plicht 29,710  
 To licht on him and on na vther man,  
 In quhome that fraude and falsheid first began.  
 Contraccit syne ane greit power togidder,  
 Quhairto that tyme wes no man laith no lidder,  
 Baith 3young and ald that waponis docht to 29,715  
 weild,  
 On fit and hors to follow him on feild.  
 To Gallowa syne tuke the gait full rycht,  
 With staitlie standertis streikit vpone hycht.  
 King Edfridus, or he came thair befoir,  
 And king of Pechtis with mekle bost and schoir, 29,720  
 By the se coist with all thair power lay,  
 Segeand ane castell callit wes Dunskey.  
 This Edfridus that tyme quhen he did heir  
 The king of Scottis cumand wes so neir,

He left the seig and passit to the feild, 29,725  
 With mony man that waponis weill culd weild,  
 The quhilk in battell oft befoir had vse,  
 And met the Scottis on the water of Luse,

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE ORDOUR AND MANER OF  
 THE GREIT BATTELL BETUIX EUGENIUS AND  
 THE SAXONIS.

With mony baner brodin wes full bricht,  
 Lyke ony lanterne kest ane aureat lycht, 29,730  
 And staitlie standertis streikit in the air,  
 Agane the face of Phebus flamand fair.  
 The Scottis als vpoun the tother syde,  
 Decernit wes in battell for till byde,  
 Of thair injuris to revengit be, 29,735  
 And neur ane fit out of that feild to fle,  
 Suppois thair lyvis sould all be forlorne;  
 Thairto ilkane war bayth oblist and sworne.  
 With baneris braid that brodin wer all new,  
 With gold and siluer, and with asur blew, 29,740  
 Palit with purpure, plesand and perfite,  
 Quhair on to luke it wes ane grit delyte.  
 The trumpettis blew with sic ane mirre sound,  
 Quhill that thair beir gart all the bankis rebound.  
 The bowmen bald syne enterit in the feild; 29,745  
 Thair scharp schutting hes schorne mony scheild,  
 Doand grit skayth in the breist of the oist,  
 Quhair throw richt mony in the tyme wes lost.

HOW THE PECHTIS FLED OR THE FEILD ENTERIT.

The Pechtis all, or euir the feild did june,  
 In rayit battell till ane montane sone, 29,750  
 Quhat wes the caus I can nocht to zow sa,  
 In rayit feild tha fled rycht fast awa.

Quhen Saxonis saw the Pechtis war all fled,  
 Doutles that tyme tha wer rycht soir adred;  
 Quhairfoir abak tha 3eid ane litill we, 29,755  
 With greit apperance that tha suld all fle.  
 This Edfridus thairof wes nocht content:  
 Amang his men, to gif thame hardiment,  
 With bair visage he passit to and fro, Lib. 9, f. 146.  
 Quhair perrell wes he sparit nocht till go; 29,760 Col. 1.  
 Syne at the last, throw auenture and caice,  
 With ane arrow wes woundit in the face,  
 With [sic] power that persit hes his heid,  
 Syne af his hors amang thame fell down deid.

## HOW EUGENIUS VINCUST THE SAXONIS IN FEILD.

The Scottis than all with ane cry and schout, 29,765  
 That in that tyme war baith stalwart and stout,  
 Vpoun the Saxonis dourlie that tha dang,  
 With sic ane reird quhill all the rochis rang.  
 Langar to byde the Saxonis had no micht;  
 Out of the feild tha fled and tuke the flicht. 29,770  
 The Scottis fast syne followit on the chace,  
 And vp and down in mony sindrie place,  
 In euerie pairt quhair that tha war ouirtane,  
 Of Saxone blude thair chapit neuir ane.  
 Richt mony than, to swome that had na vse, 29,775  
 Wes drownit that da in the water of Luse.  
 Tuentie thousand, as my author did sa,  
 Of Saxone blude deit thair that da,  
 That stalwart [war] sum tyme to mak ganestand.  
 And Edfridus, king of Northumberland, 29,780  
 For his falsheid, as it wes richt weill kend,  
 Amang the laif he maid ane febill end.  
 Sex thousand Scottis in the samin tyde,  
 Deit that da vpoun the tother syde.



Eugenius, with greit honour and gloir, 29,786  
 Of that grit faild the spulze les and moir,  
 To euerie man efter his facultie,  
 Richt equallie distribut than hes he,  
 To euerie man efter his regard,  
 And gair amang thame mony riche reward. 29,790  
 Syne passit hame, with greit triumph and glore,  
 To the same place that he come fra befor.

HOW KING BRUDEUS, EFTER THE SAXONIS HAD  
 TYNT THE FEILD, PASSIT AND DESTROYT ALL  
 NORTHUMBERLAND.

King<sup>1</sup> Brudeus of Pechtis quhen he knew,  
 In that battell that laitlie wes of new,  
 Sa mony Saxone slane wes in the feild, 29,796  
 Of Edfridus the king also wes keild,  
 And of the Scottis sa mony wer slane,  
 That eselie tha nicht nocht weil agane  
 To thair strenthis within schort quhile restoir,  
 With sic power as tha had befor. 29,800  
 Thairfoir richt sone, but stop or zit ganestand,  
 He enterit hes into Northumberland,  
 With all the power that he douch[t] to be,  
 Crabit and kene, full of crudelitie;  
 Quhilk vsit [hes] that tyme into his yre 29,806  
 Richt greit distructione baith of blude and fyre.  
 Tha sauit nane befor thame that tha fand,  
 Ouir all the pairtis of Northumberland.  
 With greit oppressioun in that tyme tha wrocht,  
 Northumberland had all bene put to nocht 29,810  
 Richt haistelie, I wat rycht weil as than,  
 Had nocht bene Cuthbert that same halie man,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Kingis*.

Throw his requeist and wayis that he fand,	
Quhilk bischop wes than of Northumberland,	Col. 2.
Throw his prayer he mesit hes his yre,	29,815
And stanchit hes baith battell, blude and fyre.	

HOW THAT THE PECHTIS DISCORDIT AMANG THAME  
SELFIS.

Sone efterwart, as my author did sa,	
Amang thame self, for pairting of the pra,	
Richt suddanelie tha fell into greit stryfe,	
Quhair throw that mony loissit hes the lyfe,	29,820
And mony berne als for to bleid full braid,	
Amang thame self richt mekle slauchter maid,	
That force it wes, gif I rycht wnderstand,	
Pas hame agane and leve Northumberland.	
Schort quhile efter that done wes all this thing,	29,825
Eugenius, the fourt 3eir of his ring,	
With greit murning, as that my author sais,	
Of euerie man, closit his latter dais.	
His bodie syne with all honour tha buir	
To Iona Yle and put in sepulture.	29,830

HOW EUGENIUS THE SAXT, AND SONE OF FER-  
QUHARD, EFTER THE DEID OF THIS ILK EU-  
GENIUS, WES CROWNIT KING OF SCOTTIS, AND  
OF HIS NOBILL DEIDIS.

This beand done befoir as 3e haue hard,	
Eugenius the sone wes of Ferquhard,	
The saxt king also wes of that name,	
With Adanus ane father of greit fame,	
That bischop wes that tyme of Mona Yle	29,835
Wnder his cuir he wes into that quhile,	
With hail consent of all man to sic thing,	
He crownit wes of Scottis to be king.	

Deuoit he wes, as that my author sais;  
 Greit honour als he did in all his dais 29,840  
 To kirk and kirkmen quhill his tyme mycht lest;  
 The puir pepill he keipit wnopprest,  
 In peax and rest quhair euir tha lest to go,  
 With euerie lord weill louit wes also.  
 The halie bischop callit Adanan, 29,845  
 Of Mona Ile the quhilk wes bischop than,  
 And bischop Cuthbert of Northumberland,  
 Thir tua togidder baith into ane band,  
 Causit this king gude peax and rest to mak  
 With all Saxone, and trewis for to tak. 29,850  
 Bot for na thing that tha culd sa or do,  
 With Brudeus he wald neuir grant thairto  
 Trewis to tak, for-quhy tha wer so fals  
 To Scottis ay and to the Saxonis als;  
 As preuit weill schort quhile befor in deid, 29,855  
 Left thame in feild quhen that tha had most neid.  
 Zit neuirtheles thir holie bischopis than,  
 With deuoit mynd and all the cuir tha can,  
 Greit diligence tha haif maid nycht and da,  
 For gude concord betuix thir kingis tua. 29,860  
 So at the last reveillit wes thame till,  
 As plesit God that tyme he wald fulfill,  
 Thir kingis tuo ilk other sould inuaid,  
 Zit for thair saik sic intercessioun maid,  
 It grantit wes be gratius God so hie, 29,865  
 Betuix thame tua na mort battell suld be.  
 And so it wes with mekle sturt and stryfe,  
 Lib.9, f.146b. For all the tyme of this Eugenius lyffe,  
 Col. 1. With mekill sturt and euerie da on steir;  
 Quhill of his ring syne efter the tent zeir 29,870  
 He tuke his leve and passit to the laif;  
 In Iona Yle syne closit wes in his graif.

HOW AMBRIGILLUS, THE SONE OF THE FYFT  
EUGENIUS, EFTER THE DEID OF THIS EUGE-  
NIUS, WAS CROWNIT KING.

Efter his deith with haill consent and will  
Of euerilk man, ane callit Ambrigill,  
Quhilk wes the sone of fyft Eugene the king, 29,875  
Wes crownit than in Scotland for to ring.  
Befoir this tyme with ilk man wes weill lude,  
So gentill wes, so gratius and so gude,  
So leill, so large with liberalitie;  
Syne quhen he come to sic auctoritie, 29,880  
Ane war king syne, as that my author sais,  
In Albione wes nocht into his dais.  
His vicis all I list nocht now to number,  
For-quhy to me it war our mekle cummer.  
Of sic rehers thairfoir heir will I rest, 29,885  
Sen gude it is ay for to say the best.  
The king of Pechtis, callit wes Garnard,  
Off Ambrigillus quhen he knew and hard  
With his liegis all how he wes ill lude,  
And speciallie with grittest men of gude, 29,890  
Traistand his tyme wes than most oportune,  
For to revenge injuris that war done  
To him befoir, without stop or ganestand,  
With ane greit oist he enterit in his land;  
And greit distructione in the tyme he maid, 29,895  
Birrand thair boundis that war lang and braid.  
The Scottis lordis, quhen tha hard and knew  
So greit distructionoun maid wes of the new,  
Convenit thame with thair king Ambrigill,  
And causit him, richt sair agane his will, 29,900  
Than for to pas with all power and micht,  
Agane his fa for to defend his richt.  
Syne vpoun Tay, besyde ane lytill toun,  
Remainit thair and set thair palzeonis down.

That samin nycht this ilk king Ambrigill, 29,905  
 With tua feiris that he had chosin him till,  
 Onto the closit quyettlie 3eid he  
 Richt secreittlie to his necessitie.  
 Be auenture as he wes sittand thair,  
 Ane small arrow, that scharpe as rasour schair, 29,910  
 It maid his hart that tyme to brek and brist;  
 Bot quha it wes thair wes 3it nane that wist.  
 The secund 3eir of this ilk kingis ring,  
 So endit he that doucht bot litill thing:  
 To Iona Yle than had wes to the lawe, 29,915  
 With all honour wes graithit thair in graue.

HOW EUGENIUS THE SEVINT, AND BRUTHER OF  
 THIS AMBRIGILL, EFTER HIS DEID WAS  
 CROWNIT KING.

Eugenius, of that name the sewint king,  
 With haill consent [than] baith of ald and 3ing.  
 Of Ambrigill the bruther als wes he,  
 Wes chosin than thair<sup>1</sup> king and prince to be, 29,920  
 With haill consent of 3oung and ald than bayth,  
 Into that tyme that tha sould tak na skaith,  
 Perfitlie than so that he micht provyde  
 The haill armie for to convoy and gyde.  
 Col. 2. This king Eugene richt weill he kend and knew, 29,925  
 For to gif feild that time he wes our few.  
 For that same caus ane schort trewis tuik he,  
 Quhill efterwart gif so hapnit to be  
 Peax and rest betuix thame for to mak;  
 Of this titell betuix thame trewis tha tak. 29,930  
 This beand done, as 3e haif hard me sa,  
 Ilk man tuke leve and passit hame his wa.  
 Tak tent to me and 3e sall heir me tell  
 Of sick freindschip betuix thame efter fell.

<sup>1</sup> In M.S. *Ais.*

HOW EWGENIUS WADDIT GARNARDUS<sup>1</sup> DOCHTER.

Sone efterwart, as my author did sa, 29,935  
 Garnardus dochter callit Spontana,  
 Of pulchritude richt plesand and decoir,  
 For to conferme the trewis tane befoir,  
 And for that caus moir kyndnes thame betuene,  
 Eugenius hes<sup>2</sup> tane to be his quene. 29,940  
 Syne sone efter into the secund ȝeir,  
 It hapnit syne as I sall say ȝow heir.  
 Into Atholl condampnit wes ane man,  
 And put to deid, quhilk wes of ane grit clan;  
 Tua sonis had wes of ane cursit kynd, 29,945  
 Thair fatheris deid thai buir ay in thair mynd,  
 Into thair hart ascending ay so hie,  
 Off that injure for to revengit be.  
 Syne secreitlie, sone efter on ane nycht,  
 Tha slew this quene wnwist of ony wicht, 29,950  
 Into hir bed, saikles of all sick thing,  
 Trowand that tyme that scho had bene the king.  
 Sua of thair pra thai war richt far begylit,  
 Slayand this quene consauit greit with child,  
 To fyle thair handis with so greit ane cryme, 29,955  
 Syne of thair purpois come no speid that tyme.  
 This cruell caice quhen it wes herd and knawin,  
 To all the lordis of the realme syne schawin,  
 The wyit and caus of all that cruell thing  
 The pepill put alhaill vpoun the king, 29,960  
 Richt sone gart set ane counsall in the tyme,  
 For till accuiss him of that samin cryme,  
 As he the wyit of all that thing had bene,  
 With euerie man so louit wes the quene.  
 Syne as God<sup>3</sup> wald, thir folk tha[t] so offendit 29,965  
 That same tyme wer ilkane apprehendit,

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Gernardus*.<sup>2</sup> In MS. *had*.<sup>3</sup> In MS. *gold*.

	Befoir ane juge syne broch[t] into the tyme, Convictit wes thair of that cruell cryme, Syne on ane gallous hangit war full he, And doggis meit all efter maid to be.	29,970
	The pepill all richt blyth wes of thair king, That he wes fund so saikles of that thing; And had nocht bene the bischop of Annane, Quhilk causit him to pretermit as than, He had persewit scharplie in the tyme	29,975
	The lordis all that put to him sic cryme. Thairof that tyme he clengit wes richt clene, For so God wald ane innocent had bene. Eugenius syne efter all his dais	
	In peax and rest, as that my author sais, With Pecht and Saxone all his tyme wes he: Ane man he wes of greit vrbantie. Of his faderis preceidand him befoir, Of ill and gude thair deidis les and moir,	29,980
	He gart collect togidder in ane storie, That tha suld be in euir lasting memorie. Thair nobilnes and all thair duchtie deidis, That euerie [man] that heiris thame or reidis,	29,985
Lib. 9, f. 147. Col. 1.	Wisdomes ma leir, and suith exempill tak Honour to win and to wmschew greit lak. Of Romanis, Saxonis, Pechtis and of Britis, Collectit hes siclike, my author writis, In Albione thair deidis les and moir, Onto that da preceidand him befoir.	29,990
	In Iona Yle syne in Ecolumkill, Put thame to keip at all plesour and will; That euerie man quha lykis for to reid, Micht efterwart knaw his foirfaderis deid.	29,995

OFF [ANE] HALIE SCOTTIS ARMEIT CALLIT DONE-  
WALD.

That samin tyme, as my authour me tald,  
 Ane Scottis man wes callit Donewald, 30,000  
 Amang the Pechtis in Orestia,  
 In wildernes he duelt richt mony da.  
 In grit pennance ane scharpe lyfe thair he hed,  
 With breid of beir and cald water wes fed ;  
 Quhairof that tyme rycht weill content wes he, 30,005  
 Onis of the da for to refreshit be.  
 Nyne dochteris als into that tyme he hed,  
 Of siclyke fude the samin tyme wes fed,  
 Quhilk virginis wer withoutin ony blame,  
 The eldest hecht Mazota to her name, 30,010  
 The secund sister callit Fyncana ;  
 Qubat hecht the laif I cannot to 3ow sa,  
 For-quhy my author schew thame nocht to me ;  
 Thair namis now thairfoir I will lat be.  
 Of thir virginis, bot gif my author leid, 30,015  
 In legend of [the] virginis that I reid,  
 I fand neuir 3it in no autentik write,  
 Of nane vther moir holie and perfyte.  
 Efter the deid thair of thair father<sup>1</sup> syne,  
 Be ordenance of the greit God devyne, 30,020  
 Tha war promouit till ane vther place  
 At will and plesour of the kingis grace.  
 Ane greit village hecht Othilenia,  
 Quhilk Abirnethie callit is this da,  
 The kirk of Pechtis metropolitane, 30,025  
 Into the toun foundit and feft wes than ;  
 Translatit syne into the Scottis dais  
 To Sanct Androis, as that my author sais.  
 The king<sup>2</sup> of Pechtis, quhilk Garnard hecht to name,  
 Thir nyne sisteris quhilk wer of so greit fame, 30,030

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *fatheris*.| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *king king*.



At thair requeist ane proper mansioun  
 He biggit thame into that samin toun,  
 With kirk and queir, to sing and for to sa  
 Thair obseruance and ouris of the da.  
 Thair tha remanit lang and mony 3eir, 30,035  
 In fasting, walking, and devoit prayer,  
 With perseuerance to thair latter da.  
 Syne erdit<sup>1</sup> all, as my author did say,  
 Wnder ane aik that wes baith grit and bie,  
 Quhilk standis 3it as sum sais to se. 30,040  
 Eugenius, of quhome befor 3e hard,  
 That weddit hed the dochter of Garnard,  
 Tha keipit ay richt gude affinitie,  
 In peice and rest with lufe and cheritie,  
 In gude concord withoutin ony feid ; 30,045  
 Schort quhile befor thir halie virginis deid,  
 This king Eugene with all humanitie,  
 Come to thair place thair obseruance to se,  
 For the greit fame of halines tha had,  
 Quhilk in the tyme our Albione it spred. 30,050  
 Col. 2. This king Garnard, quhilk hapnit to be thair,  
 And all his lordis with him baith les and mair,  
 Ressaut him richt blythlie and benyng,  
 With all honour pertenyng to ane king,  
 With greit triumph, with mekle pla and sport. 30,055  
 Bot sic vane gloir, the quhilk lestis richt schort,  
 It endit sone with cair and greit murnyng.  
 Within schort quhile this ilk Eugenius king,  
 That samin tyme assaillit wes so sair  
 With greit seiknes, that he nicht leve na mair, 30,060  
 Quhilk of his ring wes than the sevint 3eir.  
 With mony lord his bodie on ane beir,  
 In Iona Yle quhair that tha buir him till,  
 He bureit wes into Ecolumkill.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *endit*.

HOW MURDO, THE BRUTHER SONE OF THIS  
EUGENIUS, EFTER HIS DEID, WAS CROWNIT  
KING OF SCOTTIS.

His bruther son, efter that he wes deid, 30,065  
Callit Murdo, succeidit in his steid.  
Ane man he wes of religiositie,  
For all his tyme with greit tranquillitie  
With his nichtbouris in peice and rest he rang,  
But outward weir or ony inward wrang. 30,070  
The kirk of Christ he gart agane restoir  
Till all fredome sic as it had befor.  
The kirkis [all], the quhilk war fallin doun  
In weir befor, and brocht to confusioun,  
Than tuyss alss weill he biggit hes agane, 30,075  
With neidfull thingis for preistis to remane,  
Thair obseruance thairfoir to say and sing,  
That neidfull ar that tha sould want nothing.  
Into Quhiterne alss in the samin tyme,  
Ane fair tempill biggit of stane and lyme, 30,080  
Quhilk in greit weir distroyit wes befor;  
Syne feft he hes, thair to remane euir moir,  
Religious men thairfoir to sing and sa,  
Quhilk religioun remanis thair this da.  
Syne efterwart quhen endit wes this thing, 30,085  
The saxtenit 3eir that tyme of his ring,  
He tuke his leif than baith at gude and ill,  
And grauit wes into Ecolumkill.

HOW ETHFYN, THE SONE OF EUGENIUS THE  
SEVINT, EFTER THE DEID OF MURDO, WAS  
CROWNIT KING.

Ane nobill man that callit wes Ethfyn,  
With haill consent of all baith mair and myn, 30,090  
Of sevint king Ewgene sone also was he,  
And crownit king of Scotland for to be.

In all his tyme he louit weill ay peice,  
 All weir and wrang he causit for to ceis ;  
 Thift and reif, and all sic oppin cryme, 30,095  
 Durst nocht be vsit intill all his tyme.  
 In Albione wes nocht ane better king,  
 Quhill he nicht steir or had 3outheid to ring.  
 Syne efterwart he grew into sic eild,  
 As he wes wont he nicht nocht walk on feild ; 30,100  
 Sic travell than he nicht nocht weill induir,  
 To foure lordis thairfoir he gaif the cuir,  
 With haille consent of all the lordis than,  
 The lord of Athole callit wes Colan,  
 The secund, Donald lord wes of Argyle, 30,105  
 Conraith of Mar quhilk lord wes in that quhile,  
 The fourt, Murdo lord wes of Gallowa ;  
 On thir four committit wes alwa  
 To reull and steir all Scotland at thair will,  
 With equale justice baith to gude and ill . 30,110

Lib. 9, f. 147b.  
 Col. 1.

HOW ANE MAN IN THE YLIS, CALLIT DONALD,  
 REBELLIT AGANIS THE KING THAT TYME

Sone efter this, as my author me tald,  
 Ane of the Ylis callit wes Donald,  
 Ane plesand persoun and of large stature,  
 3it neuirtheles he wes rycht euill of nature ;  
 In all his tyme he lukit neuir to ressonne, 30,115  
 Bot thift and reif, murthure and opin tressone ;  
 In Gallowa he wes committit than,  
 With grit oppressioun of richt mony man.  
 Ane lang quhile so at his awin will he wrocht,  
 And mony man he to confusioun brocht. 30,120  
 This lord Murdo, that regent wes that tyme,  
 Maid na remeid agane that cruell cryme,  
 At his awin plesour thoillit him rebell,  
 Quhat wes the caus I can nocht to 3ow tell ;

Bot sum man said, quha lykis for to reid, 30,125  
 Himself wes causs of all sic wickit deid,  
 Quhair of he thocht richt litill schame or syn.  
 That samin tyme the agit king Ethfyn  
 Departit hes, quhilk wes ane nobill king,  
 The threttie zeir and no les of his ring; 30,130  
 To Iona Yle the lordis syne him buir,  
 Among the laue put him in sepulture.

HOW EWGENIUS, THE SONE OF KING MURDO,  
 WAS CROWNIT EFTER THE DEID OF THE KING  
 ETHFYN.

Eugenius, the sone of king Murdo,  
 The auchtane king wes of that name also,  
 At ane counsall togidder in Argyle, 30,135  
 Wes crownit king into that samin quhile.  
 Sone efter syne that he wes crownit king,  
 Richt diligent he wes in that same thing;  
 Nycht nor da na sojorne wald he mak,  
 This ilk Donald quhill that he hes gart tak, 30,140  
 And all the laif that caus wes of that cryme;  
 Syne on ane gallous in the samin tyme,  
 He maid thame all without remeid to de.  
 Sone efter syne of his auctoritie,  
 This lord Murdo, of quhome I spak befor, 30,145  
 Accusit hes of all thing les and moir  
 That Donald did, giffand him wyte of aw,  
 For he on him wald nocht exerce the law;  
 Quhairfoir he said he had moir wyte no he,  
 And for that caus condampnit wes to de. 30,150  
 The tother thre of regentis gart accuiss  
 Sone efter that, becaus tha wald not vss  
 Justice and law be thair auctoritie,  
 As wes decreitit for that tyme to be;

- And speciallie for caus that [thai] no wald 30,155  
 Resist the wrang than of this ilk Donald,  
 The quhilk that tyme tha war oblist to do.  
 And tha agane sic ansuer maid thairto,  
 Sayand no wyit thairof to thame redundis,  
 For-quhy sic wrang wes nocht done in thair 30,160  
 boundis,  
 And tha aucht bot ansuer for to mak,  
 Of no moir cuir nor tha did wnderdak.  
 Be sic ressoun that tyme tha fand remeid,  
 Quhairby tha war deliuerit fra deid;  
 Zit neuirtheles for thair grit negligence, 30,165  
 Wald nocht resist agane so greit ane offence,  
 Or that tha culd be clengit of that cryme,  
 Richt mekle gold tha gaif into the tyme  
 Onto the king, or that thai culd be fred  
 Col. 2. Out of that feid and of thair purpois sped. 30,170  
 This beand done withoutin ony ganestand,  
 Thair wes no lord that tyme in all his land,  
 That for his lyfe ane vther durst injure,  
 Or be so pert for to oppres the puir.  
 Quhairfoir that tyme rycht weill louit wes he 30,175  
 With auld and 3oung of hie and law degre,  
 And as thair father in that tyme had bene;  
 Wes none so maid that durst euill of him mene.

HOW THE KING EUGENIUS SONE EFTERWART  
 CHANGIT FRA ANE NOBILL PRINCE TO ANE  
 TIRANE.

Sone efter syne, as my author did wryte,  
 I can nocht tell thairof quhat had the wyte, 30,180  
 He changit syne into ane vther man,  
 And left the way in quhome he first began.  
 With fornicatioun far he wes infeccit,  
 With auerice so blindit and so blekkit,

He countit nocht quhair riches wes to wyn, 30,185  
 At richt or wrang be<sup>1</sup> conscience to begyn.  
 Set at the last befor his lordis all,  
 Ane innocent for to condemne gart call,  
 For his riches to put him self to deid.  
 Quhairfoir thair raiss greit murmur in that 30,190  
 steid,  
 With sic ane schout, and sic ane schouder and  
 schow,  
 That euirilk one that tyme 3eid other throw:  
 All this that tyme wes done bot for ane trane,  
 With sic ane slicht quhill that the king wes slane.  
 Amang thair handis deid thair he fell doun, 30,195  
 The thrid 3eir efter that he tuike the croun.  
 His ill counsall in handis all were tane,  
 And on ane gallous maid to de ilkane;  
 His bodie als into the samin quhile,  
 Wes borne and bureit in to Iona Yle. 30,200

HOW FERGUS THE THRID, THE SONE OF ETH-  
 FYNS, EFTER EUGENIUS, WAS CROWNIT KING  
 OF SCOTTIS.

Ethfyns sone with haill auctoritie,  
 Fergus the thrid than of that name wes he,  
 Efter the tyme that king Eugene wes deid,  
 He crownit wes syne efter in his steid;  
 And fit be fit vpone king Eugen[i]us tred 30,205  
 He follout syne, of him gif I richt red.  
 In all his tyme wes neuir nane 3it war,  
 To fornicatioun affectit wes so far,  
 Puttand his plesour into euerie huir,  
 That of his wyfe he take richt litill cuir. 30,210  
 His quene thairof richt grit displesour tuik,  
 And mony nicht at his bed syde scho woik,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *he*.

Beseikand him that he wald nocht sa do ;  
 And he agane tuik litill tent thairto,  
 Bot ay the mair fulfillit his delyte, 30,215  
 Takand him plesour and full appetyte.  
 This quene seand thairof he wald nocht mend,  
 Throw greit rancour did in hir hart ascend,  
 Into the nicht the thrid 3eir of his ring,  
 With hir handis scho mordreist this ilk king: 30,220  
 And so that tyme scho plaid him lill for law ;  
 Gif scho did weill God wait or nocht 3e knaw.  
 Vpone the morne the kingis corss wes deid,  
 Tha brocht it furth into ane opin steid,  
 Into the presens of the pepill aw, 30,225  
 Lib 9, f.148. Quhair tha war wont to execute the law ;  
 Col. 1. And of his seruandis mony tuke that tyme,  
 Accusand thame richt planellie of that cryme,  
 Quhill tha war neir condampnit to [the] deid,  
 Without delay but respit or remeid, 30,230  
 As that tyme tha culd mak than no defence.  
 The quene richt weill that knew thair innocence,  
 Into hir hart scho had richt greit petie  
 For hir awin deid to se thame saikles de.  
 Befoir thame all scho did hir than confess, 30,235  
 And euirilk thing scho schew thame moir and les,  
 How that scho did, and als the caus quhairfoir,  
 Ilk word be word scho schew thame les and moir.  
 Befoir thame all scho tuik on hir that tyme,  
 Tha men wer all rycht saikles of that cryme: 30,240  
 Quhen scho had said, ane lytill knyfe scho drew,  
 Thairwith hir self rycht suddantlie scho slew,  
 To put hir self out of that pley and pleid ;  
 Amang thame all syne to the ground fell deid.  
 The kingis cors into the samin quhile, 30,245  
 Tha buir and bureit in to Iona Yle.

HOW SOLWATHEUS, THE SONE OF EUGENIUS,  
EFTER THE DEID OF THIS FERGUS, WES  
CROWNIT KING OF SCOTTIS.

Ane nobill man callit Solwatheus,  
The sone also wes of Eugenius,  
Off that ilk name that wes the auchtane king,  
Wes crownit than in Scotland for to ring. 30,250  
Ane man of gude in all his tyme wes he,  
Fra that he come to sic auctoritie.  
The wynter syne wes efter that thre ȝeir,  
Into the snaw at hunting of the deir,  
The fervent frost so bitter wes and bald, 30,255  
Into the tyme with sic acces of cald,  
Wnder the wand allone quhair that he woik,  
The podagra in baith his feit he tuke:  
Quhair throw he wes vnabill all his dais,  
To ryde or gang, as that my author sais. 30,260

HOW MAKDONALD REBELLIT AGANIS THE KING.

In this same tyme that I haif to ȝow tald,  
Ane of the Ylis callit Makdonald,  
Into ane Yle that callit wes than Tyre,<sup>1</sup>  
Quhairof that tyme he wes bayth lord and syre ;  
Ane man also of greit auctoritie, 30,265  
Of all the Ylis in his tyme wes he ;  
Richt circumspect he wes intill all thing.  
And quhen he hard and knew weil that the king  
With seiknes vexit in the tyme wes so,  
So soir that he nicht nother ryde nor go, 30,270  
The strenthis all into the Ylis ilkone,  
Be strenth and falsheid in the tyme hes tone.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Kyntyre*.



	So <sup>1</sup> grit desyre he had of staitlie stylis, Callit him self the king of all the Ylis :	
	The Ylis als, withoutin pleid or pley,	30,275
	On force that tyme he gart thame all obey. Quhair of that tyme he culd nocht be content ; Sone efter syne he come in continent, First into Lorne, syne efter in Kintyre, With greit distructione bayth with blude and fyre.	30,280
	Solwatheus, als fast as he that wist, Sone hes he send his power to resist The lord of Athole, callit wes Duchquhain, And of Argyle the lord callit Cullain. Syne into Lorne within ane litill space,	30,285
Col. 2.	Off this Banis tha maid ane haistie chace Out of the feild, quhair mony men wer slane Off his that da la deid vpoun the plane. Banis Makdonald, quhen he tint the feild, He and his men that levand war wnkeild,	30,290
	Richt speidelie tha sped thame in the tyde, On till ane strenth that wes neirhand besyde, Betuix ane watter and ane hingand hewche, Wes closit in with mony craig and clewche ; Except ane entrie closit round about,	30,295
	Bot at that place mycht nane wyn in na out. This ilk Banis into that strenth he la, His contra part than keipit that entra : Without thair leve nicht nane pas out na <sup>2</sup> in, The entrie wes so strang and euill to wyn.	30,300

#### HOW BANIS SEND TO THE LORDIS FOR PEAX.

Quhen Banis saw it mich[t] na better be,  
That force it wes of hunger for to de,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *To*.

| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *outwa*.

Or for to cum into thair grace and will,  
 Richt suddantlie than hes he send thame till.  
 Sayand, tha sould rycht sone and suddantlie, 80,806  
 All kynd of armour in that place cast by,  
 And waponis als, with bow, sword and knyfe,  
 Into that tyme sa tha wald saue thair lyfe,  
 Syne lat thame fre in the Ylis hame go.  
 Of that conditioun and tha wald do so, 80,810  
 Richt suddantlie tha sould all cum thame till,  
 And at thair plesour put thame in thair will.  
 Thir tua lordis that knew full weill that cace,  
 How tha war lokkit in so strang ane place,  
 With mony craig wes closit round about, 80,815  
 And but thair leif weill mycht tha nocht wyn out,  
 And force the caue that tyme<sup>1</sup> [thairin] to be  
 Into that same place of hunger for to de,  
 Or than to cum and put thame in thair will,  
 On to quhat pane tha pleis to put thame till; 80,820  
 To thair desyre tha wald not grant ane word,  
 Without ilkane come with ane naikit sword  
 Vpoun his kne, withoutin pley or pleid,  
 And in thair willis offerit vp his heid,  
 As plesit thame other to saue or sla. 80,825  
 And tha agane the quhilk wald nocht do sa,  
 Bot gaif thame battell haistilie agane,  
 And faucht that da quhill tha war ilkane slane.  
 Sone efter syne quhen that the feild wes done,  
 Thir tua lordis passit hes richt sone 80,830  
 Onto the Ylis with thair power plane,  
 And put thame all in peax and rest agane.  
 In the same tyme that I haif to 3ow tald,  
 3oung Gillecam, the sone wes of Donald,  
 Eugenius of that name the aucht[ane] king, 80,835  
 Schort quhile befor, as 3e haif hard, gart hing,

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *tyme*.

To be revengit of his faderis deid,  
 In Gallowa richt mony toun and steid,  
 Weill biggit war, hes brint all in ane fyre,  
 Bayth hall, chalmer, baghous, barne and byre. 30,340  
 Thir tua lordis, of quhome I schew befoir,  
 This Gillequham and his men les and moir,  
 Sone efter that, withoutin ony hurt,  
 Tha tuke thame all with litill pane and sturt,  
 Syne maid thame all vpone ane gallous de: 30,345  
 To his reward sic end that tyme maid he.  
 Lib. 9, f. 148b. In this same tyme, as that my author writis,  
 Col. 1. Betuix the Pechtis, Saxonis and the Britis  
 Dalie in weir and mekle stryfe tha stude,  
 With heirschip, fyre, and spilling of thair blude. 30,350  
 That wes the caus, my author sais but leis,  
 So[l]watheus had so greit rest and peice,  
 In all his tyme but ony weir or wrang,  
 For tuentie 3eir the tyme wes that he rang.  
 And quhen tha 3eir is war completit and no mo, 30,355  
 He tuke his leif out of this lyfe till go;  
 The 3eir of God aucht hundreth and four scoir,  
 And sewin 3eir is compleit war, and no moir,  
 He grauit wes into Ecolumkill,  
 In that same place 3it quhair he lyis still. 30,360  
 In that same tyme, as that my author sais,  
 Four halie men in Scotland war tha dais,  
 The quhilk exceidit into sanctitude,  
 And borne tha war all foure of Scottis blude.  
 Ane halie bischop hecht Makcarius, 30,365  
 Ane vther archidene callit Deueintius;  
 And tua abbottis wer of religioun than,  
 Conganus ane, the tother hecht Dunstan;  
 In halines all vther did exceid  
 In word and werk, in thocht and als in deid, 30,370  
 In thair legend as 3e ma reid and luke.  
 Loving to God heir endis the nynt buke.

HOW ACHAYUS, THE SONE OF ETHFYNS, EFTER  
 THE DEITH OF SO[L]WATHEUS, WAS CROWNIT  
 KING OF SCOTLAND, AND OF HIS NOBILL  
 DEIDIS. Lib. 10.

Ane nobill man wes callit Acha[y]us,  
 Ethfyngs sone, my storie tellis thus,  
 Into Scotland wes crownit for to be 30,375  
 Thair king and prince with haill auctoritie.  
 In Scotland than betuix lord and lord,  
 And lang befor, thair wes rycht grit discord :  
 This nobill king sic inwart battell dred,  
 Richt fane concord amang [thame] wald haif 30,380  
 hed.

With Pecht and Saxone first he hes maid peice,  
 All outward weir to sober and gar ceiss ;  
 Syne misit hes all rancour and discord  
 Amang thame self, betuix lord and lord :  
 Throw greit rewardis he gaif to thame than, 30,385  
 With love and fauour all thair hartis wan.  
 This samin tyme now that 3e heir me sa,  
 Ane multitude out of Ybernia  
 Off theif and riuer, with malice and yre,  
 And hereit all the landis of Kyntyre ; 30,390  
 Baith brint and slew ; syne all thing that tha fand,  
 Tha tursit hame with thame in thair awin land.  
 To king Achay fra that this thing wes kend,  
 Ane herald sone in to Yrland he send,  
 With sair complaint makand to thame amang, 30,395  
 Withoutin caus quhy that tha wrocht sic wrang  
 To him the quhilk that neuir faillit to thame,  
 Quhairfoir he said that tha war soir to blame.  
 To euery man he said that it wes best,  
 Withoutin stryfe to leve at pece and rest, 30,400  
 No for to be in to discord and weir,  
 In dreid, in danger, and in dalie feir

Ay of thair lyfe, baith be land and se ;  
 Gif that tha lyke in peax and rest to be,  
 Brek nocht the band that tha had maid befoir ; 30,405  
 For it wes done he countit nocht ane hoir,  
 Thairof nothing he suld displesit be,  
 Sua it come nocht of thair auctoritie ;  
 Bot prayit thame with hartlie mynd and will,  
 Col. 2. In tyme to cum to mak remeid thair till, 30,410  
 And new trewis betuix thame for to tak,  
 And peax and rest into thair tyme to mak.  
 The lordis all sic ansuer maid thairtill,  
 Sayand, that thing wes done aganis thair will ;  
 Zit neuritheles tha wald nocht than, but leis, 30,415  
 Into that tyme ane word commoun of peice,  
 Quhill that tha war revengit of that cryme ;  
 Syne efterwart, quhen that tha saw thair tyme,  
 Tha sould do so that tha sould be content.  
 With this ansuer the herald hame is went. 30,420  
 In this same tyme now that ze heir me sa,  
 Into ane yle, that callit is Yla,  
 Out of Yrland thair come ane naving large,  
 Of schip and bote, with mony bark and barge,  
 Syne in that yle, as my author did sa, 30,425  
 Tha left na gude that tha mycht turs awa,  
 Baith far and neir that tha fand in that Ile ;  
 To schip than went within ane litill quhile,  
 For to pas hame with presoner and pray.  
 Syne as God<sup>1</sup> wald sone efter hapnit sway, 30,430  
 Ane grit tempest, as my author did tell,  
 Doun fra the hevin of ill wedder tha[ir] fell.  
 Throw wynd and waw tha<sup>2</sup> wer so will begone,  
 Baith schip and bote were dround that tyme ilkone,  
 With all the gude out of the yle tha brocht, 30,435  
 It wes weill set, for tha the tressone wrocht

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *gold*.| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *thair*.

Into the tyme quhen tha war treitand trewis.  
 I pray to God that all sic vther schrewis,  
 Of sic purpois cum neuir better speid  
 No thai did than, I pray to God so beid. 30,440

## HOW ACHAYUS WALD SEND NO MOIR IN IRELAND.

Achayus, quhen he hard it wes so,  
 Diuysit hes that nane agane sall go  
 Into Yreland to treit agane for trewis,  
 In tyme to cum, becaus tha war sic schrewis :  
 Full [weill] he wist richt sone efter, but leis, 30,445  
 Tha suld be fane to send to him for peice.  
 And so tha did within ane litill space ;  
 To Enverlochty, quhair the king on cace  
 Into that tyme thair hapnit for to be,  
 Ane nobill man of greit auctoritie, 30,450  
 Out of Yrland to him that tyme wes send,  
 With greit requeist and hartlie recommend ;  
 Beseikand him all malice and invy,  
 Wrang and injure, and all melancoly,  
 For to remit quhilk tha had done befor, 30,455  
 Sen gratius God had puneist thame so soir.  
 His halie hand so soir on thame did smyte,  
 " For-quhy," he said, " we war all in the wyte ;  
 " Sen it was sua, now we forthink full soir.  
 " In tyme to cum we sall do so no moir, 30,460  
 " Now of 3our grace, and 3e will ws forgeif,  
 " Gif plesis 3ow now for this anis to preif ;  
 " In tyme to cum and we do so agane,  
 " We obleis ws now wnder the heast pane  
 " To puneist be, and of the scharpest wyiss, 30,465  
 " Than manniss wit can in this erth devyiss."  
 This nobill king quhen he hard him sa so,  
 So will of wand, and weipand for greit wo,

So greit petie he had of him that tyme,  
 Forgevin hes the greit injure and cryme, 30,470  
 And all offence that tha had done befor,  
 And grantit peax withoutin ony moir.  
 Quhair of the herald in the tyme wes fane,  
 Syne tuke his leif and passit hame agane.  
 Fra that tyme furth, as that my author sais, 30,475  
 Tha keipit peax richt lang and mony dais.

Lib. 10, f. 149.  
 Col. 1.

HOW CHAIRLIS THE MANE, KING OF FRANCE AND  
 . EMPRIOUR OF ALMANE, SEND ANE HERALD TO  
 KING ACHAY THAN IN INUERNES.

That samyn tyme it hapnit vpone chance,  
 Chairlis the Mane, the quhilk wes king of France,  
 And emprioure als wes of Almane,  
 Into his tyme had sic auctoritie, 30,480  
 To king Achay ane herald he hes send,  
 Of friendlie wyis with hartlie recommend,  
 In Inuernès, ane citie of the se,  
 Quhair he that tyme thair hapnit for to be.  
 This oratour he come and fand him thair, 30,485  
 And all his lordis that tyme les and mair;  
 Befoir the king and his lordis ilkone,  
 Thir wordis all he recknit hes anone.

HOW THE HERALD MAID HIS ORESOUN TO THE  
 KING ACHAY AS FOLLOWIS :

“ Chairlis the king and michtie empreoure,  
 “ Into his tyme that wyn hes sic honour 30,490  
 “ On Christis faith ay into this day,  
 “ Gretis the weill, O nobill king Achay !  
 “ The thing in erth that maist desyris he,  
 “ With the and thyne for to confiderit be.

" Our all the warld is hard 3our nobill fame, 30,495  
 " 3our wisdome, honour, and 3our nobill name,  
 " So magnifeit with sic excellent gloir;  
 " So mony fa as 3e haif had befoir,  
 " Quhilk had sic power, strenth, riches and mycht,  
 " 3it to this da 3e haif keipit 3our richt, 30,500  
 " And maid 3our self all tyme to leif frie,  
 " With land and law, honour and libertie.  
 " In Albione the Saxone blude that ringis,  
 " And cursit than contrar all Cristin<sup>1</sup> kingis,  
 " To 3ow and ws, and Pechtis to also, 30,505  
 " Hes bene and sall be ay ane mortall fo.  
 " Charlis the Mane, with diligence and cuir,  
 " The fayth of Christ ay quhill he ma induir,  
 " For to defend fra ony opin wrang,  
 " The Sarizenis invaidit hes so lang, 30,510  
 " In Affrick, Egypt, and in Arraby,  
 " And laitlie now als into Lombardie,  
 " Richt mony toun quhilk wallit war with stone,  
 " With greit power be way of deid hes tone,  
 " And spilt also hes mekill Cristin blude; 30,515  
 " Richt mony nobill in vyle seruitude,  
 " Tha had with thame at thair bandoun to be,  
 " Sumtyme befoir had greit auctoritie;  
 " Charlis the king, of quhome befoir I tald,  
 " In mony battell with his bernis bald, 30,520  
 " His blude hes bled the faith for to defend,  
 " And brocht his purpois narrest to ane end;  
 " War nocht, he said, the wickit Saxone blude,  
 " In Albione with thair ingratitude,  
 " That waitis him quhen that he is fra hame 30,525  
 " In his weiris, with all the bost and blame  
 " That tha can do, baith be land and se,  
 " Tha fail3e nocht that tyme quhair euir tha be.

Col. 2.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Cristint*.



" Quhairfoir," he said, " O nobill prince and king !  
 " His most desyre is ouir all vther thing, 30,530  
 " Agane the Saxonis, that ar fals and sle,  
 " With the and thyne for to confidderit be.  
 " Sua thow wald grant richt glaidlie with thi  
   h[art],  
 " And euerilkone ay to tak otheris part,  
 " In tyme of neid, agane the Saxone blude, 30,535  
 " This is his mynd now schortlie to conclude.  
 " The quhilk to the is proffeit and honour,  
 " To be confidderit with the warldis flour,  
 " And cheiffest chiftane in this erd that ringis,  
 " At his command ma haif sa mony kingis ; 30,540  
 " 3it neuirtheles this tyme ouir all the laive,  
 " Hes chosin the as narrest freind to haif,  
 " Quhome of thow ma haif grit help and supple  
 " Agane thi fais into necessitie,  
 " Quhairfoir methink<sup>1</sup> it war bot litill wrang, 30,545  
 " Agane tha folk hes bene thi fa sua lang,  
 " For to colleg with sic ane emprioure,  
 " Quhairthrow thow ma haif proffeit and honour."  
 Siclike as this, and mekle mair perqueir,  
 He said to him no I will tell 3ow heir. 30,550

HOW KING ACHAY SET ANE DA TO GIFF ANSWER  
TO THE HERALD.

Quhen this wes said with all the circumstance,  
 This nobill king of his deliuerance,  
 He set ane da with consent of the laue,  
 Of his desyre ane answer for to haue.  
 With all the plesance in the tyme he micht, 30,555  
 Hunt on the da, and syne vpoun the nycht,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *mething*.

In dansing, singing, and in sport and pla,  
 He held him still quhill on the auchtane da,  
 That tyme wes set the lordis sould convene.  
 The da wes fair, the wedder richt and ameyne; 30,560  
 This oratour with feiris ane or mo,  
 That da in hunting he hes maid till go,  
 Into that tyme that he suld nocht be neir,  
 Of thair counsall other to se or heir.  
 The lordis all that cuming than wer hidder, 30,565  
 At thair counsall quhairat tha sat togidder,  
 To this herald to gif deliuerance,  
 Befoir thame all in oppin audience,  
 The lord of Mar, that callit wes Cullan,  
 The king commandit be his name as than 30,570  
 In that mater his counsall for to schaw.  
 Ane man he wes expert into the law,  
 And als that tyme of greit auctoritie;  
 Befoir thame all thir wordis than said he.

HOW THE LORD OF MAR, CALLIT CULLAN, GAIF  
 HIS COUNSALL TO THE KING.

" Excellent prince and worthie nobill king, 30,575  
 " I wnderstand nocht richt weill of this thing.  
 " Suppois the Scottis haif richt greit desyre  
 " To be allyit with the hie impyre,  
 " And gude Chairlis the michtie king of France,  
 " In all Europe most singular of substance, 30,580  
 " And most of honour also in this tyde,  
 " Of ony other in this world so wyde,  
 " So mony princes hes at his command,  
 " With so greit power baith be se and land, Lib. 10, f. 149b.  
 " To the and thyne it ma greit honour be, 30,585 Col. 1.  
 " Ouir all Europ with sic ane prince as he,  
 " To be collegit baith into ane band,  
 " Sic power hes in mony sindrie land.

- " Ouir all the warld the fame of ws wald spring,  
 " War we confiderat with that nobill king, 30,690  
 " And with princes into the realme of France,  
 " Of honour, riches, and of daliance,  
 " In all Ewrope this da hes no compeir,  
 " In ony part or kinrik that I heir.  
 " Thocht this opinioun, as I can weill trow, 30,695  
 " Be most allowit of 3ow all as now,  
 " 3it, neuirtheles, apperis weill to me  
 " The contrarie of all this thing to be;  
 " And for this caus, and 3e will wnderstand,  
 " With France this tyme now and we mak 30,600  
     a band,  
 " Than force it is to haif the Saxonis feid,  
 " For euir moir with mort battell and pleid;  
 " With dalie stryfe, and tynsall of our gude,  
 " With thift and reif, and spilling of grit blude.  
 " Is nocht in erth ane mair vnsicker lyve, 30,605  
 " Na with my nychtbour ilk da for to stryve,  
 " For quhois feid it is richt euill to fle;  
 " Sen it is so, it semis weill to me,  
 " Giff ony man lykis to do the best,  
 " With his nichtbour be ay at pece and rest; 30,610  
 " Quha dois nocht standis ay in grit dreid,  
 " And spurnis oft quhen he trowis to speid.  
 " And secundlie, I say also for me,  
 " With France this tyme and we allyit be,  
 " Quhome to no tyme ma other cum or go, 30,615  
 " No tha till ws, bot evin out-throw our fo;  
 " The quhilk I wait 3e haif all a grit feill,  
 " Without greit skaith can nocht be done weill.  
 " Quhairfoir I traist, other in peice or weir,  
 " Tha[i]r feid to ws ma do bot litill deir, 30,620  
 " Or thair fauour in oure necessitie,  
 " So far fra ws ma mak bot small supple.  
 " And mair attour ane thing is that I dreid,  
 " Peraenture quhen that we haif maist neid,

- " Gif hapnis so oure power parit be, 30,625  
 " So far fra ws ma mak bot small supple,  
 " And all oure power brocht to sic ane end,  
 " Without strenth oure self for to defend,  
 " Quhen standis ws in sic necessitie,  
 " That tha till ws sall mak bot small supple. 30,630  
 " For suith," he said, "I wait nocht weill but fenzie,  
 " And tha do so quhome to we sall complenze,  
 " Or quha ma gar ane mendis to ws mak,  
 " Quhen we haif tane grit skayth with thame and  
 lak.  
 " And for this caus, gif I rycht wnderstand, 30,635  
 " I hald far better that we mak ane band  
 " With Pecht and Britis, and the Saxonis to,  
 " Sidlike befor as we war wont till do,  
 " And our fatheris richt mony da befor ;  
 " In this mater, schir, I can sa na moir." 30,640

HOW THE COUNSALL REFUSIT CULLANUS SPEIK-  
 ING, AND HOW THE LORD OF YLIS MAID  
 ANSWER.

- Quhen he had said all that he wald sa than,  
 Amang thame all that tyme wes nocht ane man,  
 Bot of his talking he wes so aggrevit,  
 Wes neur ane word of all he said apprevit.  
 Tha thocht his ressonne wes nocht worth ane fle, 30,645 Col. 2.  
 Nor had no strenth for till admittit be.  
 The lord of Ylis, callit Albiane,  
 Into that tyme quhilk wes ane nobill man,  
 And als thairwith had grit auctoritie,  
 Befor thame all on this same wyss said he. 30,650  
 " It is weill kend on to zow all ilkone,  
 " Foure kynd of pepill is into Albione,  
 " The quhilk hes bene [richt] mony zeir ago,  
 " As Scot and Pecht, Saxone and Brit also,

" Quhilk neur zit amang thame self culd ceiss, 30,665  
 " But weir or wrang, to leve in rest and peice.  
 " Amang oure self and we culd leve in rest,  
 " As he hes said, I think that it war best,  
 " That euerilk ane suld kyndnes keip till vther,  
 " With lous and lautie as he wer his bruther, 30,660  
 " We neidit nocht to seik help or supple  
 " At Frenche men so far bezond the se.  
 " Bot weill I wait, quhilk that oure fatheris knew,  
 " The Saxone blude wes neur leill no trew,  
 " For aith or band, or zit for obliissing, 30,665  
 " For conscience, kyndnes, or for cheresing,  
 " Se tha thair tyme thair awin vantage to tak,  
 " Or to thair nichtbour ma do skayth or lak ;  
 " Quhill that tha knaw the perrell all be past,  
 " Thair is no band that dow to hald thame 30,670  
     fast,  
 " No neur wes, als far as I can reid,  
 " Bot gif it war on verra force and neid.  
 " As preuit weill in all thair tyme bigone,  
 " And of thair cuming into Albione,  
 " Quhen that the Britis brocht thame thair 30,675  
     intill,  
 " Ressaueand thame at <sup>1</sup> thair plesour and will,  
 " And grit rewardis in the tyme thame gawe,  
 " With all plesour tha lykit for till hawe,  
 " Agane thair fa thame to help and defend,  
 " Quhill all the weiris brocht war till ane end, 30,680  
 " The Saxonis swoir for to be leill and trew ;  
 " Within schort quhile the contrair than tha schew.  
 " Sone efter syne, quhen tha thair tyme mycht se,  
 " Turnit thair kyndnes in crudelitie,  
 " Denudand thame bayth of kinrik and croun, 30,685  
 " Lordschip and law, honour and renoun,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *as*.

- " And put thame all in sic necessitie,  
 " Now at this tyme as your awin self ma se.  
 " As to oureself, I neid nocht for to schaw  
 " Falsset sa oft, as weill your self ze knaw, 30,690  
 " And to the Pechtis and the Britis als.  
 " Force is to thame on nature to be fals,  
 " Amang thame self the quhilk can nocht be trew,  
 " For land and lordschip ilkane other alew,  
 " With poyssoun, tressoun, and subillitie ; 30,695  
 " Is none so wyis ma sicker of thame be.  
 " Thocht tha be festnit fast with grit effect,  
 " Se tha thair tyme tha find ane caus to brek,  
 " Of thair injure sayand to tak ane mendis,  
 " And als so lang as thair power extendis, 30,700  
 " To do thair nychtbour other lak or skayth,  
 " Be slycht or force or ony tyme with bayth,  
 " For no trettie tha will no trewth tak,  
 " Als lang as tha ma do other skayth or lak.  
 " Sen it wes neurir nor neurir zit wilbe, 30,705  
 " No tyme with thame leue in tranquillitie,  
 " Bot waittand ws other with skayth or lak,  
 " Neid is till ws with sum natioun to mak  
 " Band and colleg, that ma mak ws supple, Lib. 10, f. 150.  
 " Quhen standis ws in sic necessitie. Col. 1. 30,710  
 " Quhair can we find moir gudlie till avance,  
 " No with Chairlis the michtie king of France,  
 " Quhilk riches hes and power infinite,  
 " And mony prince of policie perfyte,  
 " Scheild and defence quhilk is of halie kirk? 30,715  
 " I can nocht wit moir wyislie for to wirk,  
 " Na mak oure freind of all Ewrop the flour,  
 " Quhairthrow we may haif proffeit and honour,  
 " Agane oure [fais] as oft greit neid haif we,  
 " Freindschip and fauour, greit help and supple ; 30,720  
 " As for my self, I hald this best till do,  
 " Lat ilk man say quhat plesis him thairto."

Quhen this wes said befor thame all wes thair,  
 Bayth king and lord ilkan than les and mair,  
 Of all he said with hartlie mynd and will, 30,725  
 To euerie word consentit hes thairtill:  
 Syne to conclude decretit hes that thing,  
 To mak ane band with gude Charlis the king.  
 The oratour befor thame syne gart call;  
 The nobill king, in presens of thame all, 30,730  
 Of his awin wit, be counsall of the lawe,  
 As 3e sall heir, sic ansuer to him gaue.

HOW KING ACHAY AND HIS COUNSALL GAIF  
 ANSUEER TO THE HERALD.

" Forsuith," he said, " 3e ma weill wit that I,  
 " And all thir lordis that standis heir me by,  
 " Thinkis we haif grit fortoun, grace and chance, 30,735  
 " With gude Charlis the nobill king of France,  
 " For to be bund as brethir in ane band.  
 " And mair attour, I do 3ow wnderstand,  
 " In all Scotland is nother wyfe nor maid,  
 " But scho thairof is wounder blyth and glaid 30,740  
 " To grant to 3ow now all thing that 3e crave,  
 " Quhairthrow tha traist grit honour for to haue;  
 " And 3e of ws siclike on the same mak,  
 " Sall proffeit haue withoutin schame or lak,  
 " Syne efterwart, to oure posteritie, 30,745  
 " Freindschip but feid for euir moir to be."

HOW THE HERALD TUKE HIS LEVE AND PASSIT  
 TO THE KING OF PECHTIS.

This oratour thairof wes weill content;  
 Syne tuke his leif and on his way is went  
 To king Hungus, quhilk wes ane nobill man,  
 King of the Pechtis in the tyme wes than; 30,750

Siclyke of him desyrand for to be  
 In that colleg of thair fraternitie,  
 Quhairthrow he nicht haif grit honour and gloir,  
 And to his kinrik proffeit euirmoir.

HOW HUNGUS, THE KING OF PECHTIS, GAIF AN-  
 SUER TO THE HERALD.

This king Hungus than ansuer maid him till, 30,765  
 Richt oft thankand the kyndnes and gude will  
 Of king Charlis, desyrit him to be  
 Of that colleg and thair fraternitie.  
 And syne agane to him so said this king,  
 Without lang vysment in so grit ane thing, 30,760  
 Quhair sic perrell apperit for to be ;  
 Thairfoir he said, that neidfull wes that he  
 War weill adwysit and his lordis all,  
 For grit perrell that efter nicht befall. Col. 2.  
 Als far, he said, as he culd wnderstand, 30,765  
 Agane the Saxonis for to mak ane band,  
 For nichtbour weir he thocht rycht perrellous,  
 So dreidfull als and ilk so dangerous,  
 With sic apperance of greit skayth and ill,  
 That he culd nocht weill gif consent thairtill. 30,770

HOW THE HERALD TUKE HIS LEIF FRA HUNGUS,  
 KING OF PECHTIS, AND PASSIT AGANE TO  
 KING ACHAY.

The oratour, quhen he that ansuer knew,  
 In that mater no moir wald him persew,  
 Becaus he was so schort into that thing,  
 Bot tuik his leif ; syne to Achayus king  
 Come hame agane richt suddantlie and sone, 30,775  
 And schew to him ilk word how he had done.



HOW KING ACHAY DELIIVERIT THE HERALD, AND  
SEND HIS BRUTHER GERMANE, CALLIT GIL-  
MUS ALIAS GILMOURE, WITH FOURE THOUSAND  
MEN IN FRANCE.

This king Achay heirand that it wes so,  
He furneist hes with him in France till go  
His bruther germane of honour and fame,  
Quhilk callit wes Gillelmus to his name; 30,780  
Ane vther storie I haif red befoir,  
That he to name wes callit Gilmoir;  
And foure thousand of nobill men in weir,  
With hors and harnes, and all vther geir,  
To gude Chairlis quhen lykis him to ga, 30,785  
To fortifie him agane Christis fa.  
Foure greit doctouris he hes with him syne,  
Johnne and Cleme[n]t, Rabone and Alkwyne,  
In cannoun law, in theologie and art,  
And all science richt plesand and expert. 30,790  
Thir four feiris, quhilk war of Scottis blude,  
In Athenis lang at the studie stude,  
In Scotland syne had grit auctoritie;  
Thairfoir that tyme tha war send our the se,  
With king Chairlis for to devyss this band. 30,795  
Sone efter syne, as 3e sall wnderstand,  
Be grace of God sic wes thair hap and chance,  
Befoir the wynd tha saillit sone in France.

HOW CHAIRLIS THE MANE, KING OF FRANCE,  
WES REJOSIT OF GULIELMUS, KING ACHAYUS  
BRUTHER, AND HIS CUMPANY, AND MAID THE  
BAND BETUIX THAME AS FOLLOWIS.

Off thair cuming gude king Charlis the Mane  
Rejosit wes, richt wounder blytht and fane. 30,800  
This Gulielmus with grit honour and gloir,  
And all the laif wes with him les and moir,

Ilkane that tyme efter his facultie,  
 Ressaut wes with all humanitis.  
 In greit blythnes, with mekle sport and pla, 80,805  
 He held thame still quhill on the auchtane da;  
 And syne tha maid the tennour of thair band,  
 With seillis braid subscriuit with thair hand,  
 Betuix thir kingis gudlis till advance,  
 The nobillis als of Scotland and of France, 80,810  
 For euirmoir with diligence and cuir,  
 But ony fraud in that forme till indur,  
 This wes the tennour that tyme of thair band : Lib.10, f.150b.  
 Gif ony Saxone come into Scotland, Col. 1.  
 In feir of weir for to do ony wrang, 80,815  
 The king of France suld, with ane army strang,  
 Cum him awin self, gif mister war to be,  
 Into Scotland for thair help and supple.  
 Siclike also gif hapnit vpoun chance,  
 In ony tyme the Saxonis come in France, 80,820  
 The land of France with battell till persew,  
 The king of Scottis siclike in thair reskew,  
 With his power sould cum on thair expens,  
 Richt suddanelie in France for thair defence.  
 Decretit wes, gif so hapnit to be, 80,825  
 Gif ony Scot maid help or zit supple,  
 Or Frenchemen to the Inglis blude,  
 In tyme of weir quhen it in neid thame stude,  
 That he sould be declarit for sic thingis,  
 Tratoure and rebell than to bayth thir kingis. 80,830  
 All fugatouris als far fra the law that fled,  
 Siclyke for rebell to thame bayth be hed.  
 Syne finallie this wes the hynmest act,  
 That none of thame suld peax or trewis tak  
 With the Saxonis without vtheris consent, 80,835  
 Schort or lang, bot gif tha war content,  
 And tha siclike concludit war thartill,  
 Of baith thair myndis it sould proceid and will,

As neidfull war withoutin ony enorme.  
 In Latyng letteris and in dowbill forme 30,840  
 Tha wrait it, syne subscriuit with thair hand ;  
 The tane part thairof send into Scotland,  
 The tothir part at thair plesour and will,  
 Tha gart remane with thair awin self thair still.  
 Quhilk band and leig, withoutin ony cryme, 30,845  
 Wnmaculat remanis to this tyme.

HOW GUILLIELMUS, ALIAS GILMOUR, WITH HIS  
 CUMpany AND TUA OF THE FOURE DOC-  
 TOURIS REMANIT WITH KING CHARLIS IN  
 FRANCE, AND THE VThER TUA DOCTOURIS  
 COME HAME IN SCOTLAND, AND OF THE  
 VICTORIOUS DEIDIS OF GUILLIAME AND THE  
 TUA DOCTOURIS CALLIT JOHNE AND CLE-  
 ME[N]T IN FRANCE.

Quhen this wes done as I haif said 3ow syne,  
 Thir tua clerkis, Rabone and Alkwyn,  
 Come hame in Scotland agane with gude chance.  
 The tother tua remanit still in France, 30,850  
 With gude Chairlis the nobill king and prence.  
 This foirsaid Johnne, and als this ilk Clemens,  
 Into Pareis that vniuersitie  
 Wes foundit than of thair auctoritie,  
 Thay war the first that euir tuke ony cuir 30,855  
 To reid or teiche, other to riche or puir ;  
 Science or vertu in that place to plant,  
 Quhairof befoir it had grit falt and want :  
 The quhilk sensyne increscis to this hour,  
 Of all studie is apersie and flour. 30,860  
 This Guilielmus siclike, and all the laue  
 Of men of weir he did thair with him haue,  
 For all thair tyme remanit ay thair still,  
 With king Chairlis at his plesour and will.

And quhair he went, with him in all his weir	30,865	
Tha wer formest, and oftest did maist deir		
On to thair fa, into all kynd of thing,		
And best louit with gude Charlis the king.		
To Guillielmus now will I turne my styll,		
And tarie heir to tell of him ane quhile,	30,870	Col. 2.
Nixt Chairlis our all the realme of France,		
Wes haldin most of honour till advance,		
As previt weill ay be his nobill deid,		
In his storie quha lykis for to reid.		
Now at this tyme it come into memorie,	30,875	
Bot laitlie now I reid in till ane storie,		
In Lumbardy how fair Florence that toun		
Distroyit wes, and put till confusioun,		
Be the Gottis perforce that held it than.		
This Guillielmus syne worthilie it wan ;	30,880	
To the awin stait syne did agane restoir,		
With mair fredome na euir it had befor.		
The citineris that scatterit wer full wyde		
Ouir Italie far vp and down that tyde,		
He brocht thame [syne] agane into the toun,	30,885	
Gart euirilk man in his awin sait sit down,		
With land and law, and with all libertie,		
Siclike befor as tha war wont to be.		
The wall befor, the quhilk wes cassin down,		
Gart big agane evin round about the toun,	30,890	
With mony toure and turat les and moir,		
Far strenthear nor euir it wes befor.		
And mekle land and townis neir hand by		
He subjugat wnto thair senzeory,		
And eikit hes thair honour and thair gloir	30,895	
To far mair fame nor euir tha had befor.		
Syne ordand hes in the remembrance		
Of gude Chairlis, the nobill king of France,		
Quhair broucht [war] all agane to libertie,		
In thair armes to weir the reid lillie,	30,900	

Quhilk hes bene ay the king of Frances flour,  
 And this armes proceidand to this hour.  
 And mair attouir he ordand hes ilk zeir,  
 In audience quhair all ma se and heir,  
 Solempnitlie to set ane reid lyoun, 30,908  
 Syne on his heid to put ane goldin croun,  
 As he to thame wer prince alway and king,  
 Eternallie in takyn<sup>1</sup> of that thing,  
 That he that buir the lyoun in his armes,  
 Fra all injures, dampnage, skayth and harmes, 30,910  
 Redemit thame agane to libertie,  
 Alss fre befoir as tha war wont to be.  
 Quhilk ceremonie, as suith men to me sais,  
 In Florence zit ar keipit in thir dais.

HOW GUILLIEMUS WAN GRAIT HERETAGE AND  
 FOUNDIT AND FEFT MO FAIR ABBAYIS, AND  
 DID MEKILL ALMOUS DEID IN HIS DAIR.

This<sup>2</sup> Guilielmus, quhilk wes ane nobill man, 30,915  
 Into the weiris greit heretage he wan,  
 In all his tyme had nother barne nor wyfe,  
 For-quhy he wes exercit all his lyfe  
 Into the weir with gude Chairlis the king,  
 Impediment wes till him in sic thing. 30,920  
 And for that caus, as my author did sa,  
 Foundit and feft richt mony riche abba;  
 Into his tyme did mony almous deid,  
 Becaus he had no barnis to succeid,  
 Gottin of him self his heretage to bruke. 30,925  
 My author sais, quha lykis for to luke,  
 Fyftene abbais that war of lyme and stane,  
 He foundit hes with riche infestment ilkane.  
 Syne thair fundatioun ordand for to be  
 Writtin in Irische, quhilk schawis zit to se 30,930

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *talking*.

| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *The*.

To nane of thame ane abbot suld succed,  
 Bot he the quhilk the fundatioun culd reid.  
 In that beleif sic ordenance maid he,  
 That Scottis men sould abbotis of thame be,  
 And no vther, as my author did sa;  
 Quhilk keipit is zit to this samin da.  
 Heir will I leif of him ane litill quhile,  
 And to Achayus turne agane my style.

Lib. 10, f. 151.  
 Col. 1.

30,935

HOW HUNGUS, KYNG OF PECHTIS, SEND ANE  
 HERALD TO ACHAYUS FOR HELP AND SUPPLE.

Neir by this tyme, my author sais thus,  
 The king of Pechtis callit [wes] Hungus,  
 Ane herald sone to Achayus send he  
 Beseikand him of his help and<sup>1</sup> supple.  
 The king of Ingland callit Ethalstone,  
 In his boundis bot laitlie now bygone,  
 With reif and spulze, with grit slauchter and  
 fyre,  
 Richt grit distruction, formalice and ire,  
 He maid thairin ane lang tyme quhair he la,  
 Syne with grit spulze pas[sit] hame his wa;  
 Quhair that he thocht nocht lang for to remane,  
 Rycht weill he wist he wald cum sone agane,  
 With mair power, and with far grittar schoir,  
 In his boundis nor euir he did befoir.  
 Beseikand [him] thairfoir of his supple,  
 For the affectioun and affinitie  
 Betuix thame ay all tyme in to thair lywe.  
 This Hungus sister wes Achayus wywe,  
 Quhilk Fergusana callit wes to name,  
 Scho buir to him of grit honour and fame  
 Gude Alpinus richt plesand and benyng,  
 Quhilk efterwart of Scotland that wes kyng.

30,940

30,945

30,950

30,955

30,960

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *and and*.

HOW KING ACHAYUS SEND TEN THOUSAND MEN  
TO HELP HUNGUS, KING OF PECHTIS.

Into this tyme Achayus hes gart waill  
 Ten thousand men, and tald thame weill be taill;  
 Syne till ane captane did thame all commend,  
 Quhome<sup>1</sup> with till Hungus rycht sone syne he send.  
 Thairof king Hungus blyth and glaid wes he, 30,965  
 Ressauit thame with all humanitie;  
 Syne mony berne that worthie wer and wycht,  
 Buskit for battell all in armour bricht,  
 He semblit syne togidder on ane grene:  
 Ane fairrar sicht richt semdill hes bene sene. 30,970  
 Syne in the tyme, without stop or ganestand,  
 Passit with thame all in Northumberland;  
 Ouir all tha boundis that wer lang and braid,  
 Bayth da and nycht grit heirschip thair tha maid.  
 This king Hungus so gentill wes and gude, 30,975  
 Wald rais na fyre, nor 3it wald spill na blude;  
 Curtas he wes without crudelitie,  
 Than of the puir he had so greit petie.  
 3it neuirtheles, as my author did sa,  
 Richt grit spulze gart turs with him awa 30,980  
 For his redres into that tyme for-thy,  
 For that same caus and for na vther quhy.  
 Quhen this wes done as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 In Loutheane syne come hame [baith] haill and feir.

HOW KING ETHILSTONE, WAS GRITLIE DISPLESIT  
OF THE HEIRSCHIP DONE IN NORTHUMBER-  
LAND, COME WITH ANE GREIT ARMY IN  
LOUTHEANE.

Col. 2. Quhen this wes schawin to king Ethalstone, 30,985  
 Out of his mynd as he war maid begone,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Quhone*.

As rampand lyoun, bald as ony boir,  
 He swoir and said, with mekle bost and schoir,  
 Of king Hungus he suld revengit be,  
 Or on ane da richt mony one sould de. 30,990  
 With mony knicht syne cled in armour cleir,  
 And buglis blawand with ane busteous beir,  
 He tuke na rest without stop or ganestand,  
 Quhill that he come into Northumberland.  
 Or he come thair king Hungus wes awa ; 30,995  
 Into that place thairfoir schort quhile he la.  
 With all his power sped him on richt fast,  
 In Lowdeane quhill he come at the last.  
 Then king Hungus, as my author did sa,  
 Besyde ane burne with all his ost he la, 31,000  
 Vpoun ane plane quhair he wes plantit doun,  
 Tua myle and les that tyme fra Haddingtoun,  
 Into that place tuke purpois thair to byde,  
 The haill spulze amang thame to devyde,  
 Richt equallie, without ony demand, 31,005  
 Tha brocht with thame out of Northumberland.  
 King Ethalstone that weill thair counsall knew  
 As of his awin, his spyis to him schew,  
 He sped him on in all the haist he ma,  
 Syne on the morne come in thair sicht be da, 31,010  
 In rayit battell reddie for to june,  
 And mony trumpet blawand in to tunc,  
 And baneris braid that borne war rycht he :  
 Thair multitude wes marvelous to se.  
 This Ethalstone syne with ane opin cry, 31,015  
 Proclomit hes that none be so hardy  
 To saue or tak other man or cheild,  
 Of Scot or Pecht that wer fund in that feild,  
 For ony ransoun, reuth, or zit remeid ;  
 Withoutin petie put thame all to deid. 31,020  
 Quhairof the Pechtis so grit terroure tuke,  
 For verra dreid tha trymlit all and schuke ;



Into the feild that tyme quhair that tha stude,  
 Quha had bene thair and sene thair multitude.  
 Into the tyme king Hungus gaif command, 31,025  
 That euerilk man sould laubour with his hand,  
 To mak ane strenth about thame quhair tha la;  
 And so tha did als haistie as tha ma.  
 This Ethalstone with all his multitude,  
 In rayit feild befor thame quhair he stude, 31,030  
 With mony semblie schrowdit vnder scheild,  
 That reddie war to enter in the feild.  
 And or he wald the grit battell assay,  
 First in the feild for to mak thame ane fray,  
 Men vpoun hors neirhand thame he gart ryde, 31,035  
 To preve and se gif tha durst langar byde.  
 The Pechtis than richt pertlie on that plane,  
 Siclike on hors hes riddin thame forgane;  
 And mony counter in the tyme tha maid,  
 Quhill speiris brak, and scheildis that war braid 31,040  
 War maid to fall into the feild on force,  
 And mony berne borne bakwart fra his hors  
 On to the grund rycht lauch than quhair he la.  
 With sic ryding tha draif to end that da,  
 Withoutin feild thair preikand on the plane, 31,045  
 Quhill that the nicht departit thame agane.  
 Amang thame all wes nother Scot nor Pecht,  
 Bot he decreittit on the morne to fecht,  
 And tak the chance that God wald send thame till,  
 Quhat euir it war, and put thame in his will, 31,050  
 As plesis him vther to leve or de,  
 Out of that feild ane fit or tha wald fle.  
 And euerie man hes left [of] vousting vant,  
 Into that tyme beseiking mony sanct,  
 With humbill mynd richt lawlie on thair kne, 31,055  
 Implorand thame for thair help and supplie  
 Agane thair fa wald reif fra thame thair richt,  
 Quhilk had sic strenth, sic multitude and myoht;

Lib. 10, f. 151b.  
 Col. 1.

Into that tyme it stude thame in sic neid,  
Without thair help tha wald cum hulie speid. 31,080

HOW KING HUNGUS PRAYIT TO SANCT ANDRO,  
AND HOW SANCT ANDRO APPERIT, AND OF  
HIS CORS IN THE AIR.

Than king Hungus prayit and maid ane vow  
To the apostill halie Sanct Androw,  
With greit kyndnes quhilk suld nocht be to crowe,  
Of his kinrik the tent part he suld haue,  
Richt peceablie in frie regalitie, 31,085  
For euir moir with all auctoritie,  
And all fredome is neidfull to be hed,  
Of his purpois that tyme and he war sped.  
For verrie [dreid] syne piteouslie did weip,  
Quhill at the last he fell richt sound on sleip. 31,070  
Syne in his sleip thair did till him appeir  
Sanct Andro than, and bad him mak gude cheir,  
And haue no dreid, for all thing suld go rycht,  
Quhilk grantit wes be the grit God Almycht;  
Vpoun the morne quhilk sould nocht be to 31,075  
crawe,

Honour and gloir, and victorie to haue.  
Sanct Androis corce apperit in the air  
That samin tyme, quhilk sene wes ouir alquhair,  
Aboue the Pechtis quhair that [thai] did ly,  
As bureall brycht, als cleir into the sky; 31,080  
Out of that place wald nother move nor wend,  
Quhill that the battell brocht wes to an end.  
The watchis standand on thair feit that woik,  
Grit wonder had vpone that cors to luke,  
Amang thame self with greit talking betuene, 31,085  
Imaginand than quhat that corss suld mene.

HOW KING HUNGUS SCHEW HIS VISIOUN, AND  
HOW HE SOULD WIN VICTORIE BE THE  
APPERANCE OF THE CROCE IN THE AIR, OFF  
THE QUHILK HE TUKE GREIT CONFORT.

Quhen that the king syne walknit quhair he la,  
He schew to thame, as 3e haif hard me sa,  
How in his sleip Sanct Androw did appeir,  
And said to him, as I haif said 3ow heir, 31,090  
How on the morne he sould haif victorie  
The quhilk his cors that tyme did signife,  
Into the air than that he saw so cleir.  
Then war tha blyth all and maid a mirrie cheir,  
And put away all dreddour and all dreid, 31,095  
In gude beleif of thair purpois to speid :  
Amang thame self richt blythlie than tha sang,  
With sic ane noyis quhill all the skyis rang.  
The Inglis men that standand on the streit,  
Col. 2. Quhilk all that nicht had walkit on thair feit, 31,100  
Quhen that tha hard thame mak so mirrie cheir,  
And saw the croce aboue thair heid appeir,  
Of tha takynnis grit terroure tha tuke,  
Lyke ony leif tha trimlit and tha schuik ;  
With quaikand hart dreidand that tyme far 31,105  
moir,  
No Pecht or Scot vpoun the nycht befoir.  
Than king Hungus proclamit with ane cry,  
That euerie man, be he micht ken the sky,  
Sould reddie be, weill graithit in his geir,  
That neidfull war vpoun his cors to weir, 31,110  
With bow and brand, with braid buklar and  
schild,  
Agane thair fa syne for to gif thame feild.

HOW HUNGUS THE KING ORDOURIT HIS MEN  
AND SET SUDDANTLIE ON THE SAXONIS.

And so tha did syne intill ordour gude,  
 And syne set on the Saxonis quhair tha stude,  
 Richt suddantlie with ane greit schout and cry, 31,115  
 Quhill all thair noyis rang vp to the sky;  
 All with ane voce tha cryit in that tyde,  
 " This da Sanct Andro be oure gratius gyde !"  
 Syne straik togidder with so rude ane reird,  
 Quhill rochis rang and trumlit all the eird, 31,120  
 Thair scheildis raif and all thair speris brak,  
 Full mony berne wes laid vpone his bak,  
 And mony knicht wes maid full law to kneill,  
 Into the tyme wist nother of wo nor weill.  
 The Saxone blude that da wer haill confoundit, 31,125  
 Mony war slane and all the laif ill woundit.  
 The laif that fled tha gat bot litill girth  
 Quhair tha war fund, other in fell or firth;  
 Of all tha Saxonis, my author did sa,  
 Scantlie fywe hundreht chaipit wes awa, 31,130  
 Bot all the laue other that tyme wer tane,  
 Or in the feild fechtand wer slane ilkane.  
 King Ethilstone full cald wnder his scheild,  
 Amang the laue la deid into the feild:  
 Deit that da, as eith is to presume, 31,135  
 The samin deith as he him self gave dume.  
 Out of the feild syne haif tha tane his cors;  
 Syne to ane kirk wes careit on ane hors,  
 Wes neirhand by, and syne put in to grave,  
 With mair honour nor he wes wont to hawe. 31,140  
 That samin place, as my author did sa,  
 Quhair he wes slane is callit to this da,  
 Efter his name quha lykis for to heir,  
 Ethilstane-furd, gif that 3e list to speir  
 In Haddingtoun, and 3e sall find anew 31,145  
 Can tell 3ow weill gif that this thing be trew.

HOW KING HUNGUS PARTIT THE SPULZE EQUALIE  
OF THE FEILD AMANG HIS MEN AND MAID  
HIS PILGRAMAGE TO SANCT ANDRO.

Quhen this wes done, the spulze of the feild,  
Richt equallie to euerie man and cheild  
Diuydit hes into greit quantitie,  
To puir and riche efter his facultie. 31,150  
Syne king Hungus and all the men of gude,  
Siclike the lawe als of that multitude,  
Onto Sanct Andro be the leist ane page,  
Lib. 10, f. 152. Tha passit all ilkone in pilgremage.  
Col. 1. This gude Hungus richt laulie on his kneis 31,155  
Befoir the altar passit vp the grees,  
And syne kissit the relict of Sanct Androw,  
Completit thair baith pilgremage and vow.  
Siclyike the laue, ilk man in his degre,  
Richt lawlie thair inclynand on his kne, 31,160  
Kissand the relict of Sanct Androw sweit,  
His pilgremage and offerand to compleit.

HOW THE SCOTTIS TUKE THAIR LEIF FRA HUN-  
GUS, SYNE PASSIT HAME TILL ACHAYUS.

Quhen this wes done, than all the Scottis gard  
Tha tuke thair leve with mony riche reward  
Hungus thame gaif, with mekill vther thing. 31,165  
Syne passit hame till Achayus thair king;  
And schew to him the maner all and how  
Of the battell, as I haif schawin zow,  
Ilk word be word quhilk I neid nochȝ reheress,  
No mak to tarie for to put in verss. 31,170  
To king Hungus, sen it is in memorie,  
Now will I turne and tell zow of his storie.

HOW KING HUNGUS GART BIG SANCT ANDROW  
OF NEW, AND DOTIT IT WITH RICHE RENT  
AND MONY RELICT AND ORNAMENT, AND GRIT  
PRIVILEGE GAIF THAIRTO, AND OF HIS RING  
AND KING ACHAYUS DEPARTING.

Nixt is to wit, without fabill or fail,	
Sanct Androis kirk wes of rycht littill vaill	
Befoir this tyme, as my author ma schew,	81,175
Quhill king Hungus gart big it of the new,	
Richt plesandlie of poleist stane and lyme,	
Baith kirk and queir all new into the tyme.	
Syne dotit it with mony riche rent,	
Adornit weill with euerilk ornament,	81,180
With buik and chalice, and with all the laue,	
In sic ane place that neidfull war till haue ;	
Prelat and preistis ay quhill domisday,	
Thair obseruance thairin to sing and say.	
Ane cors of gold that wes bayth lang and	81,185
braid,	
For the relict of Sanct Andro he maid,	
Adornit wes with mony pretious stone,	
With diamontis ding, and margretis mony one.	
To represent the tuelf apostolis	
Of Jesu Christ, richt sone syne efter this,	81,190
Tuelf images into that kirk he maid	
Of fyne siluer, quhilk war baith hie and braid.	
The image als quhilk wes of Sanct Androw,	
Wes gilt with gold for to compleit his vow.	
Quhen this wes done, syne amang all the laue,	81,195
Onto the kirk greit priuiledge he gaif,	
To all kirkmen quhilk wes ane greit refuge,	
Sould nocht be callit with ane secular juge,	
For to thoill law in caussis criminall,	
Or ony actione efter nicht befall.	81,200

- This priuiledge lestit bot few dais :  
 The fourt king efter, as my author sais,  
 Quhilk Feredeththus callit wes to name,  
 Into his tyme thocht nother syn nor schame,  
 All priuiledge and proffeit les and moir, 31,205  
 Quhilk to the kirk king Hungus gaif befor,  
 Baith priuiledge, possessioun, and all mycht,  
 To reif fra thame without ressoun or rycht.
- Col. 2. Quhilk wes the caus, as mony said sensyne,  
 Be the prouisioun of greit God diuyn, 31,210  
 Pechtis befor quhilk wer of sic renoun,  
 Schort quhile efter tynt bayth kinrik and croun ;  
 As 3e sall heir, quha lykis for to luke,  
 Sone efter now into this same buke.
- This king Achay, as that my author sais, 31,215  
 And king Hungus syne efter, all thair dais,  
 Rang with gude rest in thair auctoritie,  
 In peax and rest and grit tranquillitie.  
 Syne gude Achay, as 3e ma efter heir,  
 Into his ring the tua and threttie 3eir, 31,220  
 And of oure Lord aucht hundreth and nyntene,  
 So greit and nobill in his tyme had bene,  
 Of Hungus ring the sixt 3eir also,  
 With mekle menyng, murnyng and greit wo,  
 Of euery leid, baith barne, man and wyfe, 31,225  
 He tuke his leif out of this present lyfe.  
 In Iona Yle, with mekle pomp and pryde,  
 Ingraut wes into the samin tyde.

HOW THAIR RANG IN SCOTLAND FOUR HALIE  
 DOCTOURIS IN THA DAIS, AND CALLIT AS  
 FOLLOWIS.

- Into Scotland thair rang into tha dais  
 Foure halie doctouris, as my author sais ; 31,230

Geruatiis as ȝe sall wnderstand,  
 Bischop and prechour into Murra land;  
 Glacianus als of grit auctoritie,  
 Ane archibischop and grit prechour wes he;  
 And tua brether wer of grit faith and fame, 31,235  
 Moden and Meden callit wer to name.  
 Thair halie werkis culd nocht weill be hid,  
 So mony miracle in thair tyme tha kyd;  
 Syne efterwart, as halie kirk ws grantis,  
 Ar numberit now in hevin among the sanctis. 31,240

HOW ANE NOBILL MAN CALLIT CONGALLUS WAS  
 CROWNIT KING OF SCOTLAND EFTER THE  
 DEITH OF KING ACHAY, AND OF HIS DECEIS.

Ane nobill man wes callit Congallus,  
 And sone he wes also to Dongallus,  
 Ethfynus bruther, and the patruell  
 To king Achay als far as I haif feill,  
 Schort quhile efter king Achayus deid, 32,245  
 Of Scotland king wes crownit in his steid.  
 Quhilk with king Hungus, as my author sais,  
 Familiar wes and tender all his dais.  
 Sic lowe and lawtie as wes thame betuene,  
 Betuix tua kingis hes bene semdill sene: 31,250  
 Wes nane of thame, other ane or vther,  
 That wald do oucht but counsall of the tother.  
 And Hungus syne in to his latter dais  
 So febill wes, as that my author sais,  
 Befoir Congallus of Scotland that wes king, 31,255  
 Baith croun and kinrik than he did resing  
 To Drostolog, quhilk wes his sone and air,  
 Out of this lyfe syne tuke his leif to fair.  
 This Congallus efter that he wes gone,  
 For him ilk da sic murning maid and mone, 31,260  
 With sic displesour detestand all playis,  
 Quhilk wes the caus of schorting of his dais,

Lib.10. f.152b.  
 Col. 1.



Sone efter syne of his ring the fyft 3eir,  
 He tuke his leif and baid na langer heir;  
 Ingrauit wes syne in Ecolumkill, 31,265  
 With all honour belonging wes thairtill.

HOW ANE MAN OF GUDE CALLIT DONGALLUS WAS  
 CROWNIT KING EFTER CONGALLUS, AND OF  
 THE 3OUNG SCOTTIS LORDIS THAT REBELLIT  
 AGANIS HIM.

Ane man of gude wes callit Dongallus,  
 Quhilk wes the sone of king Solwatheus,  
 Schort quhile befoir as 3e ma reid and se,  
 Wes crownit king with haill auctoritie, 31,270  
 Into Argyle efter Congallus deid;  
 Syne peceablie he rang into his steid.  
 Ane nobill king in all his tyme wes he,  
 Richt just also in his auctoritie,  
 And equall als without ony injure 31,275  
 In his office baith to riche and puir.  
 That samin tyme, as my author recordis,  
 Into Scotland thair wes richt mony lordis,  
 3oung and wantoun, and full of reuery,  
 At his justice had rycht full greit invy, 31,280  
 And durst nocht tak thair plesour ay at neid,  
 Of his justice tha stude sic aw and dreid.  
 For that same caus, or tha thair will suld want,  
 Tha fand ane way this Dongallus to dant.

HOW THE 3OUNG SCOTTIS LORDIS PERSWADIT  
 3OUNG ALPYNUS, SONE TO ACHAYUS, FRA  
 DONGALLUS TO TAK THE CROWN.

Ane plesand child of greit honour and fame, 31,285  
 Achayus sone, Alpynus hecht to name,  
 Persuadit him fra Dongallus the king  
 To tak the croun and occupie his ring,

Justice and law siclike and all the laue,  
 His heretage the quhilk he aucht to haue; 31,299  
 At thair power with hartlie mynd and will,  
 At his plesour tha sould mak help thairtill.  
 This Alpynus tuke litill tent thairto,  
 Bot did ilk da sic as he had till do;  
 His mynd wes set rycht far agane that thing, 31,305  
 So louit he Dongallus the gude king;  
 This king to him keipit so gude ane part,  
 And for that caus he louit him with his hart.  
 So on ane da it hapnit for to be,  
 Thir same lordis quhair thair wes none bot he, 31,300  
 All him allane intill ane quyet place,  
 With drawin swordis and with austrun face,  
 Tha boistit him scharplie bayth sad and suir,  
 Without richt sone he tuke on him sic cuir  
 As tha commandit, and auctoritie, 31,305  
 Of thair handis than doutles he suld die.  
 This 3oung Alpyn that tyme for aw and dreid,  
 As force it wes it stude him in sic neid,  
 At thair command consentit than thairtill,  
 Suppois it wer richt far aganis his will; 31,310  
 Syne tuke the feild with mony cankerit knaif,  
 Quhilk lykit weill ane lous warld to haif,  
 And mony rebald in ane mekle rout,  
 With greit vneis of all the land about. Col. 2.  
 Syne efter that, within ane lytill quhile, 31,315  
 With this Alpyn tha passit to Argyle,  
 Quhair tha that tyme thocht to croun him king;  
 Bot 3oung Alpyne that lykit nocht that thing,  
 Vpoun the nycht, as my author did sa,  
 Richt secreitlie he staw fra thame awa, 31,320  
 Quhen that tha wist richt litill of sic thing,  
 Syne come agane to Dongallus the king,  
 And schew till him the maner all and how,  
 Ilk word by word as I haif said to 3ow;

How all that wes done sair aganis his will, 31,325  
 That force it wes him to consent thairtill,  
 Or than till de, thair wes na vther dome,  
 That it wes so richt weill he mycht presume.  
 This Dongallus of him he wes rycht blyth,  
 And in his armes hint him sone and suyth; 31,330  
 Syne freindfullie that tyme he said him till,  
 " Welcum to me with hartlie mynd and will !  
 " All is 3our awin amang our handis heir ;  
 " Quhen plesis 3ow to tak the reull and steir,  
 " I salbe reddie all tyme at command, 31,335  
 " For till resing all richt into 3our hand ;  
 " As ressoun wald that 3e 3our rycht suld haif  
 " Withoutin pley, quhen plesis 3ow to craif."  
 This 3young Alpin, with hartlie mynd and will,  
 Requyrit him for to continew still, 31,340  
 As he wes wont, withoutin ony stryfe,  
 Into that cuir for terme of all his lyfe ;  
 And he also sould seruice mak him to,  
 Sick as the sone sould to the father do,  
 And in all thing als blythlie him obey, 31,345  
 At his plesour withoutin ony pley.  
 The pepill all tha war richt blyth and glaid,  
 Quhen that tha hard how ilk till vther said ;  
 Of that concord and [of] thair meitting than,  
 Rycht blyth and glaid wes mony wyfe and man. 31,350  
 Quhen this wes done, syne on the secund da,  
 Thir rebellaris, as my author did sa,  
 Ane message send to Dongallus the king,  
 Beseikand him than of his grace bening,  
 All ire and rancour, malice and invy, 31,355  
 For to remit, postpone, and lat pas by ;  
 And thame<sup>1</sup> agane of his humanitie  
 Resaue agane, quhilk traist and trew suld be.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *than*

Off thair desyre nothing the king wald heir ;  
 Bot said agane within les nor ane zeir, 31,360  
 And plesit God thairto, ane vow maid he  
 Of that injure for to revengit be.  
 And so he wes far sonner nor tha trowit,  
 Or euir tha wist, as euerie man allowit,  
 As tha had seruit in the samin tyme, 31,365  
 War tane ilkone and puneist for that cryme.  
 Fra that tyme furth, withoutin ony leis,  
 In all his tyme he leuit ay in peice.  
 Heir will I paus and leve ane litill quhile,  
 And to the Pechtis turne agane my style. 31,370

HOW THE KING OF PECHTIS CALLIT DROSTOLOG  
 WAS SLANE BE HIS BRUTHER, QUHILK<sup>1</sup>  
 VSURPIT THE CROUN AND MAREIT HIS BRU- Lib.10, f.153.  
 THERIS WYFFE THAT WES QUENE, QUHOME Col. 1.  
 SCHO SLEW ON ANE NYCHT.

The king of Pechtis hecht Drostolog to name,  
 His on bruther la with him in ane wame,  
 So greit desyre he had to be ane king,  
 He slew his bruther syne occupeit his ring.  
 And for that caus he held with him ane gard, 31,375  
 And gaif to thame richt mony riche reward  
 Of land and riches, gold, siluer and fie,  
 To tak his part gif neid hapnit to be.  
 Brenna the quene richt plesand and benyng,  
 Oswynus dochter, of West Saxone king, 31,380  
 That tyme, to stanche hir malice and hir stryfe,  
 In matrimonie he take his brutheris wyfe,  
 Quhilk quietlie at him had ay grit feid.  
 Syne efterwart, for to revenge the deid

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *and*.

Of Drostolog hir husband wes befoir, 81,885  
 With greit malice inressand moir and moir,  
 Richt subtellie with grit sorcerie and slycht,  
 Into his bed scho slew him on ane nycht.  
 Thair faillit all the successioun and seid  
 Of king Hungus, gif it be suith I reid. 81,890

HOW DONGALLUS SEND MESSAGE TO THE  
 PECHTIS.

This young Alpyne, quhilk wes his nepos neir,  
 His sister sone befoir as ze nicht heir,  
 Acha[y]us sone of Scottis that wes king,  
 Quhome to the richt of all the Pechtis ring  
 Be commoun law, efter thir tua war deid, 31,395  
 Redoundit haill withoutin pley or pleid.  
 And for that caus, Dongallus the gude king  
 Considerit weill he had richt to sic thing,  
 Tua wyiss lordis that all thair richtis kend,  
 With greit triumph onto the Pechtis send, 31,400  
 Beseikand thame rycht hartlie and benyng,  
 For to ressaue than<sup>1</sup> as thair prince and king  
 This Alpynus, the quhilk had be his mother  
 The richt thairt[o] that tyme had and na vther.  
 Quhairfoir thai aucht richt blyth and glaid to 31,405  
 be,

And for to lowe the gracious God sa hie,  
 That baith thair kinrikis vnite had in ane,  
 That of befoir into the tyme bigane,  
 Rycht saikleslie, but ony caus or gilt,  
 With abundance sa mekle blude had spilt. 31,410  
 " And sen Fortoun hes schawin ws hir face,  
 " And gracious God, of his excellent grace,  
 " Had ordand ws wnder ane king to be,  
 " Of baithoure blude andoure genelogie,

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *thame*.

" The quhilk that hes so greit reassone thairtill, 81,415  
 " Quhairfoir we aucht richt hartlie with gude will  
 " For to love God that is in hevin so he,  
 " Provydis so for oure posteritie,  
 " For euir mair to leif in peice and rest ;  
 " As plesis him so suld we think it best." 81,420

HOW THE PECHTIS CHESIT THAME ANE KING.

The proude Pechtis that knew weill sic thing,  
 Amang thame selfis chesit thame ane king,  
 Quhilk Feredethus callit wes to name,  
 Or Alpynus' his croun come for to clame.  
 Quhairthrow tha mycht, gif he sic thing suld 81,425  
 craif,  
 Him to resist moir strenth and power haif ;  
 For-quhy richt ill it lykit thame sic thing,  
 That ony Scot sould be thair prince and king. Col. 2.

HOW THE MESSINGER SCHEW HIS CREDENS TO  
 THE PECHTIS IN CAMELIDONE.

The messinger on to Camelidone  
 Is passit syne, quhair he fand thame ilkone 81,430  
 With Feredeth, quhome to his credens schew,  
 Befoir thame all quhair that thair wes anew,  
 Ilk word be word to thame baith les and moir,  
 With all the tennour that 3e hard befoir.  
 Quhen this wes said, with mony mow and knak, 81,435  
 Amang thame self greit dirisioun tha mak,  
 With rude rumour and with so loude ane noyis,  
 As it had bene of bairnis<sup>2</sup> and of boyis,  
 That neuir ane, throw the murmour tha mak,  
 Mycht heir ane word than that ane vther spak. 81,440

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Alpynus*.

! <sup>2</sup> In MS. *bairdis*.

Quhen<sup>1</sup> of thair breist our blawin wes that blast,  
 And ceissit syne with scilence at the last,  
 This Feredethus with ane voce so cleir,  
 Sic ansuer gaif as I sall schaw 3ow heir.  
 " With lang adwysing we haif considderit haill, 31,445  
 " Nixt the successioun of king Hungus faill,  
 " And Alpynus be narrest of his blude;  
 " 3it neuirtheles we haif ane consuetude,  
 " Incontrar quhairfoir that 3e [haif] no aw  
 " To clame oure croun be ony richt or law. 31,450  
 " For-quhy we find ane act into oure buik,  
 " Wes maid lang syne, that na stranger sall bruik  
 " Oure croun or kinrik to be king ws till,  
 " Without it be with our consent and will.  
 " As for my self, siclike dois all the lawe, 31,455  
 " We lyke him nocht as for our king to haue.  
 " Als we haif power, gif that neid so be,  
 " For to translait be oure auctoritie  
 " Alhaill the rycht fra ane hous to ane vther,  
 " Full weill 3e wist 3our self or 3e come hither. 31,460  
 " Sen all the richt we haif translatit now,  
 " Fra Hungus hous, as 3e haif hard heir how,  
 " Onto ane vther with haill auctoritie;  
 " Quhairfoir," he said, "3e ma weill wit that 3e  
 " Hes litill richt, suppois 3e haif grit will, 31,465  
 " To ask oure croun or 3it haif clame thair till,  
 " Thocht he be narrest of king Hungus blude.  
 " Tak thair 3our ansuer, schortlie to conclude."

HOW THE MESSINGER COME TO DONGALLUS AND  
 SCHEW HIS ANSUER, AND HOW HE HES SEND  
 AGANE TO THE PECHTIS.

Befoir thame all quhair that thair wes anew,  
 This messinger come hame agane and schew 31,470

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Quhill*.

Ilk word be word sic ansuer that he gat.  
 This Dongallus, that wald nocht leve for that,  
 Thair myndis better quhill he knew and kend,  
 To thame agane the samin herald send,  
 To get knowledge of all thair mynd moir cleir, 31,475  
 For he wald nocht put so greit thing in weir.  
 In that purpois gif tha remanit still,  
 Commanding him that he sould say thame till,  
 Within ane moneth and les, gif he nicht,  
 With all power he sould persew thair richt. 31,480  
 This Feredeth, that knew full weill sic thing,  
 That sic message come fra the Scottis king,  
 He hes send men to meit thame be the way, Lib. 10, f. 153b.  
 Commanding thame sone be the secund day Col. 1.  
 Out of thair land to pas but ony pleid, 31,485  
 Richt suddanelie wnder the pane of deid.  
 This messinger that durst nocht disobey ;  
 Richt weill he wist, and he maid ony pley,  
 Thair cruelnes it wald cost him his lyfe,  
 And for that caus he maid thame na mair 31,490  
 stryfe,

Bot said he sould all thair command fulfill.  
 Quhen that wes said, syne efter said thame till,  
 " Heir in the name of Dongallus oure king,  
 " Alpyn oure prince, and lordis of our ring,  
 " And all the laif als of oure men of gude, 31,495  
 " Heir we defy ȝow baith of fyre and blude,  
 " And plane battell within the tuentie da."  
 Syne tuik his leif and passit hame his wa,  
 And tald the king the mater all and how,  
 Ilk word be word as I haif said to ȝow. 31,500  
 Quhen this ansuer befor thame all wes schawin,  
 All in ane voce, or tha war sa ouirthrawin,  
 Tha maid ane vow for no perrell to spair  
 Baith land and lyfe in that querrell to wair ;  
 For weill tha wist it wes baith just and gude. 31,505  
 Richt so that tyme said all the multitude ;



In all Scotland wes nother gude nor ill,  
 Gaif nocht consent and gude counsall thairtill.  
 This Dongallus, of quhome befor I spak,  
 On him that tyme greit travell he did tak 81,510  
 Ouir all Scotland, and maist of his awin coist,  
 For to furneis ane grit armie and oist,  
 To fortifie Alpinus in his richt,  
 Greit diligence he hes done da and nycht.  
 That samin tyme vpoun the water of Spey, 81,515  
 Throw misgyding, or than the man wes fey,  
 Quhilk of the tua I can nocht tell zow heir,  
 Into ane boit [he] drownit than but weir,  
 The saxtenit zeir the quhilk wes of his ring.  
 Quhen he wes deid that wes so gude ane king, 81,520  
 This Alpinus, sone efter that schort quhile,  
 Gart bair his bodie on to Iona Ile ;  
 With grit honour of kirkmen and grit cuir,  
 Solemnitlie put it in sepultuir.  
 Quhen this wes done, syne out of Iona Ile, 81,525  
 The lordis all convenit in Argyle,  
 This Alpinus that wes baith fair and zing,  
 With hail consent wes crownit to be king.  
 Syne to compleit that tha had tane on hand,  
 This Alpinus he gaif richt strait command 81,530  
 That euerie man within the fourtie da,  
 Suld furneis him als gudlie as he ma,  
 And syne convene withoutin ony lat,  
 At tyme and place quhair that the tryst wes  
 set.  
 And so tha did neirby Arrestia, 81,535  
 Convenit all at [ane] set place and da,  
 Without oppressioun that tyme of the puir,  
 And fit for fit to Forfar all tha fuir.  
 Into that tyme tha stanchit fra all yre,  
 Nother spilt blude, nor zit wald rais no fyre, 81,540  
 Quhill that tha come at grit laser and lenth  
 To Forfar toun, that tyme quhilk wes ane strenth ;

Vpoun ane plane plantit thair palzeonis doun,  
 Syne set ane seig evin round about the toun.

HOW ALPINUS, KING OF SCOTTIS, AND FEREDETH,<sup>1</sup>  
 KING OF PECHTIS, MET IN BATTELL AT RE-  
 STENNOT, AS FOLLOWIS.

This <sup>2</sup> Feredeth, of Pechtis that wes king,	31,545	
Wes neirhand by and knew full weill that thing,		Col. 2.
With greit power, as my author did sa,		
Then in thair sicht come on the secund da.		
Than Alpynus quhen he saw it wes so,		
He left the seig and to the field did go,	31,560	
With baneris braid, and buglis blawand loude,		
With staitlie standartis, and with pensallis proude.		
At Restennoth thir freikis met in feild,		
And knokit on quhill mony ane war keild,		
And birny brist, and mony burdoun brak,	31,565	
And mony bald man laid vpoun his bak,		
And mony freik wes fellit thair throw force,		
And mony knight wes keillit throw the cors.		
Into that stour so stalwart wes that stryfe,		
That mony leid hes loissit thair his lyfe,	31,560	
War neirhand lost, and als had tynt that ward,		
War nocht ane new fresche armit gard,		
With Fenedech of Athoill that wes lord,		
And four hundreth weill knyt in ane concord		
Off nobill men, renewit that feild agane,	31,565	
And met the Pechtis richt pertlie on the plane		
With sic curaige that mony Pecht war keild,		
Trowand befor that tha had wyn the feild.		
Amang the Scottis, quhair tha war maist thrang,		
Or euir he wist wes closit thame amang,	31,570	

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Federeth*.

| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *The*.

Of mony nobill of the Pechtis blude,  
 For his defence into that stour that stude,  
 And faucht quhill tha war so werie begone,  
 In his defence that tha war slane ilkone,  
 And he him self, quha lykis for to luke. 31,575  
 Quhair of the Pechtis no discomfort tuke,  
 Bot manfullie with all thair strenth and mycht  
 Tha faucht stane still quhill twynnit thame  
 the nycht;  
 Syne drew abak quhen na better mycht be,  
 On baith the sydis becaus tha mycht nocht se, 31,580  
 And to thair tentis raikit on full richt.  
 The Pechtis than sone efter that same nycht,  
 Quhen that tha knew how that thair king wes lost,  
 With him also the maist part of thair oist,  
 Thair haill cariage and tentis quhair tha la, 31,585  
 And all the laif tha left richt lang or da;  
 For grit dreddour out of that place tha zeid,  
 Sum heir, sum thair, tha sped thame wail gude  
 speid.  
 Till Alpinus quhen<sup>1</sup> this wes schawin sone,  
 Or dreid sic thing for tressoun suld be done, 31,590  
 Men vpoun hors he hes gart haist in hy  
 To hillis hie, about thame for to spy,  
 With diligence baith for to spy and speir,  
 In ony part gif thai saw thame appeir.  
 And so thai did, syne that same day at none, 31,595  
 Tha come agane and schew how tha had done  
 All the command that he had gevin thame till,  
 And how tha raid fra euerie hill to hill,  
 Bot tha culd nocht se, other far or neir,  
 No levand leid into thair sicht appeir. 31,600  
 Then Alpynus, and all his cumpany,  
 Rejosit wes of that greit victory;

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *than*.

And all the spulze that tyme that tha wan,  
 Richt equallie he hes distribut than  
 To euerilk man, withoutin fraud or faill, 31,605  
 Efter his deidis as he wes of availl.  
 Syne hes decretit or tha partit thair,  
 In tyme to cum that tha wald fecht na mair  
 With haill power, without mair be ado, Lib.10, f154.  
 Bot tak the tyme ay as tha nicht win to. 31,610 Col. 1.  
 Syne scaillit hes and passit hame ilk man,  
 And tuke with thame the haill spulze tha wan.  
 This Alpynus, or he fuir of that feild,  
 King Feredeth in that battell wes keild,  
 With all honour that sic ane prince sould haue, 31,615  
 Into Forfair gart put him in his graue.  
 Syne efterwart, ouir all Arestia  
 Greit heirschip maid, and spulze euirilk da,  
 Of corne and cattell, and all other geir,  
 Of gold, siluer, and claithis for to weir. 31,620  
 Ilk da in Athoill hame with thame syne brocht,  
 Quhill all that land wes waistit haill to<sup>1</sup> nocht,  
 And the induellaris flemit all and fled,  
 For no reskew in all that tyme tha had.  
 Bridus, the sone of Feredeth the king 31,625  
 That eldest wes, succeidit to his ring ;  
 Ane freik he wes for litill thing wald feir,  
 And luifit nocht for till heir tell of weir ;  
 For no counsall nother of man or cheild,  
 Wald neuir consent to cum into ane feild. 31,630  
 Syne how it wes, I can nocht tell zow plane,  
 Amang thame self sone efter he wes slane ;  
 And for quhat causs, quhy or zit quhairfoir,  
 Or how it wes, I can tell zow no moir.  
 Bot gif it wes, as I can richt weill ges, 31,635  
 Becaus he wes of sic unworthines,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *nocht*.

That all his lieges thocht of him grit lak.  
 Gif it wes so, it wes the far les rak.  
 His secund bruther callit Kennethus,  
 Quhilk wes the sone of this ilk Feredethus, 31,640  
 Wes crownit syne efter his brutheris daid,  
 For to be king of Pechtis in his staid;  
 Ane kyndlie cowart, as it wes weill kend,  
 Sone efter that that maid ane far war end:  
 And how it wes tak tent and I sall sa. 31,645  
 Vpoun ane tyme into Arestia,  
 Quhair he wes causit, soir aganis his will,  
 With all his power for to pas thairtill,  
 Quhair king Alpynus, with ane mekle oist,  
 Lay in that tyme endlang the Eist se coist; 31,650  
 Fra this Kennethus come into thair sicht,  
 And syne beheld sa mony basnet bricht,  
 In rayit battell on ane feild that stude,  
 Vnmensurable he thocht that multitude.  
 Quhair of that tyme so greit terrour he tuik, 31,655  
 And wes so frayit als at the first luik,  
 He kest fra him baith cot armour and scheild,  
 Or euir tha wist syne fled out of the feild,  
 All him allane, withoutin ony feir:  
 And how it hapnit efter ȝe sall heir. 31,660

HOW KENETHUS FLED OUT OF THE FEILD FOR  
 FLETTNES, AND WES SLANE BE THE SCHIPHIRD  
 CARLE, AND HOW BRIDUS WES CROWNIT  
 EFTER HIM KING OF PECHTIS.

Ane schiphird carle keipand a flock of fe,  
 Ane grit burdoun vpoun his bak buir he,  
 Quhilk of this king na knowledge than he had,  
 Bot weill he wist out of the feild he fled;  
 And in the tyme ȝecht neir he did him go, 31,665  
 Reprevand him quhy that he suld. do so,

Out of the feild than fra the king to fle.  
 He said agane, " Quhat makis that to the?"  
 And suddantlie thai<sup>1</sup> fell into ane pley.  
 This schiphird carle he gaif him sic ane swey §1,670  
 With that greit burdoun on his bak he buir,  
 This carle that wes baith stalwart, stark and stuir,  
 Doun of his hors he drawe him to the erd,  
 And slew him thair: sic wes his hap and werd.  
 The Pechtis syne quhen tha knew he wes fled, §1,675  
 No other chiftane in the tyme tha hed  
 To be thair gydar other in or out,  
 That da to fecht tha thocht it our grit dout;  
 Thairfoir bakwartis in gude ordour ar gone,  
 And left the feild, syne passit hame ilkone. §1,680  
 Efter the deid syne of this Kynnethus,  
 Ane nobill man that callit wes Bredus,  
 Amang thame all of most auctoritie,  
 Wes crownit than of Pechtis king to be.  
 To Alpynus quhilk send ane messinger, §1,685  
 Richt reuerentlie that tyme did him requair,  
 At his plesour, withoutin bost or schoir,  
 For to reforme all faltis maid befor,  
 To euerie part withoutin skaith or lak,  
 Syne peax and rest and gude concord to mak, §1,690  
 Siclyke befor as it wes wont to be,  
 In peax and rest and perfect vntie.  
 This Alpynus sic ansuer maid him till,  
 And all his lordis siclike in ane will,  
 Sayand, of thame that tha suld neur haif peice, §1,695  
 No zit fra battell thocht tha neur to ceis,  
 Without respect tha wald richt sone resigne  
 His croun to him, and knaw him as thair king,  
 Syne him obey, and for thair prince to knaw,  
 As reassoun wald be cours of commoun law. §1,700

Col. 2.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *thair*.

That messinger syne passit hame agane,  
 Befoir thame all syne schew his ansuer plane  
 To king Bredus withoutin ony moir,  
 Ilk word be word as 3e haif hard befoir.  
 Quhairof that tyme he wes nothing content, 31,705  
 Quhen that he hard the ansuer that he sent,  
 And in his mynd remordit oft and knew,  
 Richt suddanelie that he suld him persew.  
 For that same caus, as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 To Edwenus, that king wes of Ingland, 31,710  
 Of gold and siluer ane grit quantitie,  
 Into the tyme with ane herald send he ;  
 Beseikand him richt humblie with his hart,  
 Aganis the Scottis for to tak his part,  
 And he sidlike agane all vther wicht, 31,715  
 Sould tak his part at all power and nicht.  
 This Edwenus, that rycht weill wald heir haue,  
 Into the tyme the money did ressaue,  
 Promitting als that he sould send him to  
 Richt grit power when he had oucht till do. 31,720  
 The messinger syne passit hame agane,  
 And schew to him how he promittit plane,  
 So friendfullie, and with so gude ane will,  
 Richt greit supple that he sould send him till ;  
 Withoutin thairof haif he [than] no dreid, 31,725  
 Quhen euir it war thairof that he had neid.  
 Of this ansuer richt blyth and glaid wes he,  
 So wes the laif als blyth as tha mycht be ;  
 In him that tyme tha had so grit beleif,  
 With mort battell quhen plesit thame to preif 31,730  
 The cruell Scottis that war baith big and bald,  
 As thair awin will to weild thame as tha wald.  
 3it neuirtheles thair wes richt mony Pecht  
 Gaiff lytill traist or credence to his hecht,  
 Trowand he buir into his mynd full soir, 31,735  
 The cruell slauchter that wes maid befoir

Be thair fatheris, quhen tha slew Ethilstone  
 Without mercie and vtheris mony one ;  
 Sayand he wald revenge that, and he mycht  
 Se he his tyme, other be strenth or slicht. 31,740  
 In this same tyme now that 3e heir me sa,  
 In all the pairtis of Arestia,  
 Fra Grampione evin onto Tayis flude,  
 Wes neuir one left of all the Pechtis blude  
 Without ane strenth, or he that did obey 31,745  
 To Alpynus withoutin ony pley.  
 This king Bredus quhen he did wnderstand,  
 How Alpynus had conquieist so his land,  
 Ane herald sone to Edwenus he send  
 Richt freindfullie with hartlie recommend, 31,750  
 Beseikand him with hartlie mynd and will,  
 Of his supple sone for to send him till,  
 In all the haist that he nicht gudlie speid,  
 For-quhy, he said, it stude him in sic neid ;  
 And gif it war that no better nicht be, 31,755  
 Send he the men and he sould pay thair fe.  
 Edwenus than sick ansuer maid thairto,  
 Sayand, him self sa mekle had ado,  
 That he that tyme mycht help him [in] na thing,  
 And Lues als of France the nobill king, 31,760  
 Quhilk wes his freind quhome he mycht nocht deny,  
 Requeistit him richt oft and tenderly,  
 Scottis no way as than for to invaid,  
 The quhilk conditioun to him he had maid.  
 " Bid him postpone vnto ane vther 3eir, 31,765  
 " And sa my self befoir him sall appeir,  
 " Quhen euir he will, at set place and at da,  
 " With all the power in the tyme I ma."  
 Than king Bredus that tyme and all the laue,  
 Quhen that tha hard sic ansuer as he gaue, 31,770  
 Wareit the wycht in quhome that wisdome grew,  
 To trow in him or traist he culd be trew.



Difficill is, tha said that tyme ilk ane,  
 Bring throw the flesch that bred is in the bane ;  
 Quhometo that mater gaif sic propertie, 31,775  
 Withoutin faith to be baith fals and sle.  
 This king Bredus, without ony deley,  
 Proclomit hes vpoun the tuentie day,  
 That euerie wicht that wapin docht to weild,  
 Suld furneist be to follow him on feild, 31,780  
 In Calidone quhair da and place<sup>1</sup> wes set.  
 That samin tyme togidder all tha met,  
 On to the castell syne of Calidone, .  
 Syne fit for fit togidder all ar gone,  
 And passit thair all ouir the water of Tay, 31,785  
 And syne neirby quhair that the Scottis lay  
 Vpoun ane plane besyde ane hill richt hie,  
 Quhair standis now the gude toun of Dundie,  
 Quhill that tha come ilkane in otheris sicht.  
 This king Bredus, throw counsall that same  
 nycht, 31,790  
 Vpoun ane plane quhair tha war plantit doun,  
 Baith wyffe and barne, lad, lymmer and loun,  
 With sic armour into that tyme tha had,  
 And all the laif with lynnyng clayth syne cled,  
 The quhilk on far to ony wald appeir 31,795  
 As it had bene gude harnes new and cleir ;  
 Syne euerie man into his hand gart beir  
 Ane greit burdoun, as it had bene ane speir ;  
 The carriage hors syne gaif ilkane thame till.  
 Syne in ane schaw bezond ane litill hill, 31,800  
 Rycht quietlie gart hyde thame thair all nycht,  
 Quhilk on the morne neuir ane suld cum in sicht,  
 Syne tak gude tent quhen tha maid thame a signe,  
 Than suddantlie to speid thame at that spring,

Col. 2.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *places*.

Quhair that tha la ilkane out of that slak, 31,805  
 In gude ordour behind the Scottis bak.  
 Ane hundreth horssmen but rangat or noy,  
 Tha send with thame that mater to convoy;  
 And so tha did as I sall efter schaw.  
 Syne on the morne quhen that the Scottis saw 31,810  
 The Pechtis bydand in so gude array,  
 This Alpynus without ony delay,  
 He put his men all into ordour gude,  
 With rayit feild syne narrar thame he zude,  
 With mony baner flammand war full fair, 31,815  
 And mony standert streikit in the air,  
 And mony pensall panetit wer full proude,  
 And mony bugill blawand than full loude.

THE JOYNYNG OFF THE BALD BATTELL BETUIX  
ALPYNUS AND BREDUS.

In birneis bricht, with mony speir and scheild,  
 Thir forcie freikis enterit in the feild, 31,820  
 So stalwertlie togidder syne tha straik,  
 With sic ane schow quhill all the schawis schak.  
 Thair speris grit, that war baith scharp and lang,  
 In spaillis all aboue thair heid tha sprang.  
 The strenth of Pechtis in the vangard stude, 31,825  
 Quhair spilt that da war mekle Scottis blude,  
 And had that da bene haill put to the war,  
 Had nocht Alpynus, in the tyme bene nar  
 With grit power, that tyme did thame reskew;  
 Quhair throw the battell did agane renew, 31,830  
 And with sic force begouth agane to fecht,  
 For all thair power that tyme euirilk Pecht  
 Had in that feild bene other tane or slane,  
 War nocht the tressoun of the subtill trane,  
 The quhilk tha wrocht on the nycht befor. 31,835  
 Thir bernis all, with mekle bost and schoir,

Out of ane glen in ane buschment tha brak  
 In rayit feild behind the Scottis bak;  
 Thair lynnyng claithis agane the sone so brycht,  
 As cleir harnes it semit in thair sicht; 31,840  
 Thair burdonis big, that<sup>1</sup> stalwart war and strang,  
 Tha schew to thame as tha war speiris lang;  
 It semit als into thair sicht betuene,  
 That euirilk meir ane bairdit hors had bene;  
 Quhair of that tyme tha war so soir adred, 31,845  
 Turnit thair bak out of the feild and fled  
 Heir and thair to mony sindrie place.  
 The Pechtis syne than follout on the chace;  
 Into the chace thair wes als mony keild,  
 And mony that da not fechtand in the feild; 31,850  
 Quhome tha ouirtuke that tyme thair chapit nane.  
 The king Alpyne into the chace wes tane,  
 And baith his handis bund behind his bak;  
 Wes [nane] to him that tyme reskew to mak.  
 Syne quhen tha come [wer] onto the nixt steid, 31,855  
 Set him down thair and syne straik of his heid.  
 That steid and place, quha reidis rycht sensyne,  
 With ald eldaris is callit at Pas-Alpyne;  
 Alpinus heid<sup>2</sup> in that langage to sa,  
 Pitelpe now is callit at this da. 31,860  
 As I haif said, so hapnit all this thing  
 In the fourt 3eir of this Alpynus ring,  
 Aucht hundretht 3eir threttie and four also,  
 The 3eir of God wes that tyme and ago.  
 The Pechtis syne, efter Alpynus deid, 31,865  
 Vpoun ane speir tha haif gart beir his heid,  
 Befoir thame thair onto Camelidone.  
 Lib.10, f.155, Decreittit wes syne with thame all ilkone,  
 Col. 1. Vpoun ane staik, richt heich vpoun the wall,  
 Tha festnit it quhair that it nicht nocht fall, 31,870

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *than*.<sup>2</sup> In MS. *deid*.

In tyme to cum ane taikin for to be  
 Of thair triumphe and grit nobillitie.  
 The Scottis all into that samin quhile,  
 Convenit hes togidder in Argyle,  
 For to decreit into that samin thing, 31,876  
 Quhome tha wald cheis to be thair prince and king.  
 Elpynus sone, quhilk wes of lauchtfull eild,  
 Kenneth to name so callit wes that cheild,  
 In all his tyme richt worthie and condong,  
 Of Scottis than wes crownit to be king. 31,880  
 His<sup>1</sup> fatheris cors syne in Ecolumkill,  
 With all honour that micht pertene thairtill,  
 On gudlie wyiss he hes gart put in grave,  
 Siclike befor as done wes with the laue.  
 That samin tyme into Camelidone, 31,886  
 Quhair the Pechtis hes convenit ilkone  
 That nobillis war, that tyme bayth ald and zing,  
 At the command and requeist of thair king,  
 Throw greit presumptione in thair mynd tha tuke,  
 Tha tuichit all ilkane the Evangell buik ; 31,890  
 Decretit als that tyme in ane intent,  
 And sadlie swoir be euerie sacrament,  
 Neuir for to rest fra battell, fyre and blude,  
 In all thair tyme, ay quhill tha wnderstude  
 Of Scottis blude wes nother man nor wyfe, 31,896  
 Zyoung nor ald, left levand vpoun lyfe.  
 Syne gaif command wnder the pane of deid,  
 And no les pane no tynsell of his heid,  
 In tyme to cum quhat euir he wes that spak  
 Of peax agane, or trewis for to tak. 31,900  
 Zit neuirtheles thair wes amang thame than,  
 Wes wyiss aneuch richt mony agit man,  
 Quhilk disassentit richt far to that thing ;  
 And for that caus, with lordis that war zing,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *In*.

Tha war rebawkit in the tyme and blamit, 31,903  
 And far ouirschot amang the laue and schamit.  
 Quhen all this thing discoverit wes and schawin  
 Ilk word by word, and to the Scottis knawin,  
 Quhair of that tyme tha terrour nathing tuke,  
 Bot swoir ilkane, mycht tha thair lyvis bruik, 31,910  
 That tha sould find far scharpar na tha brocht;  
 Of all thair vowis tha rakit bot rycht nocht.  
 Into thair hart it kendlit sic ane heit,  
 With so greit ire and malice in thair spreit,  
 Tha thocht ilkone far levar haif bene deid, 31,915  
 Or tha war nocht revengit of that feid.  
 That samin tyme, with greit power and mycht,  
 This king Bredus buskit in armour brycht  
 Richt mony man that waponis weill culd weild,  
 Agane the Scottis furneist to the feild: 31,920  
 Syne passit furth, with mekle bost and schoir,  
 For to compleit thair vowis maid befoir.  
 Amang thame selfis rycht suddantlie thair fell,  
 Quhat wes the caus I can nocht to ȝow tell,  
 Richt greit discord betuix tua men of gude, 31,925  
 Of greit power and of richt nobill blude;  
 Quhairthrow tha drew to sic parteis that da,  
 That all the oist denydit wes in tua.  
 For euirilk freind that tyme tuke part with other,  
 Sum with the tone, and sum als with the tother. 31,930  
 Quhill at the last tha tuke the feild on breid,  
 With brandis bricht gart mony bernis bleid.  
 On euerie syde thair wes richt mony slane,  
 Col. 2. Or tha culd weill be put in tune agane:  
 And or the oist culd stablit be at rest, 31,935  
 The nicht wes cuming and all the da wes past.  
 This king Bredus greit travell on him tuke,  
 All the lang nycht fra end to end he woik;  
 Vpoun his feit gangand fra lord to lord,  
 To mak agane amang thame gude concord. 31,940

Bot all for nocht; that tyme it wald nocht be,  
On euerie syde so het tha war and hie;  
In vane that nycht he lauborit still quhill da,  
Syne left it war and passit hame thair wa.

OFF THE DEID OF BREDUS, AND OF DRASKEN  
HIS BRUTHER THAT SUCCEID IN HIS STEID.

Bredus thair king sone efter that for-thi,	31,945
For greit displesour and melancoly,	
That he wes warnit that tyme of his will,	
His purpois als he micht nocht weill fulfill,	
Within thre moneth efter that and les,	
Departit hes into that grit distres.	31,950
His bruther germane efter he wes deid,	
Callit Drasken, succedit in his steid;	
Quhilk labourit hes, richt lang and mony da,	
With diligence and all the cuir he ma,	
And tuik on him greit travell and grit pane,	31,955
Quhill he brocht thame in gude concord agane.	

HOW TUA SCOTTIS MEN QUIETLIE TUKE AWAY  
ALPYNUS HEID AND BROCHT IT TO HIS SONE  
KING KENNYTH, QUHILK CLOSIT WAS WITH  
THE BODIE IN IONA YLE.

That samin tyme thair wes tua Scottis men,	
And quhat tha war I culd neuir wit nor ken,	
Bot weill I wat that tha wer richt expart,	
So he that tyme ascendit in thair hart.	31,960
Alpynus heid, so nobill wes and gude,	
With lak and schame vpoun ane staik that stude	
Aboue the portis of Camelidone;	
Thir tua togidder to the toun ar gone	

Then fit for fit, but fallowschip in feir, 31,965  
 The Pechtis langage tha culd weill perqueir,  
 And fenzeit thame than merchandis for to be,  
 With merchandice wer new cumit our the se,  
 And merchandice tha brocht with thame to  
 sell ;

This taill is trew now that 3e heir me tell 31,970  
 Syne in the toun thair tha remanit still,  
 Ane weill lang quhile at thair plesour and will,  
 And merchandice tha maid into the toun,  
 As plesit thame in all part vp and down.  
 Syne on ane tyme quhen tha thocht it wes 31,975  
 best,

Vpoun the nycht quhen all men wes at rest,  
 Vpoun ane ledder passit vp the wall,  
 And quietlie awa the heid tha stall ;  
 The samin gait quhair tha 3eid vp come down,  
 Syne priuatlie tha passit of the toun. 31,980  
 Into ane cace wes ordand for sic thing,  
 Tha put the heid, syne passit to the king,  
 In Caraccone that tyme quhair that he la,  
 Broch[t] him the heid, syne on the secund da  
 Wes efter that within ane litill quhile, 31,985  
 With greit triumph borne to Iona Yle ;  
 Syne closit wes into that samin steid,

Lib.10, f.155b.  
 Col. 1.

Besyid himself befor that aucht that heid.  
 This nobill king syne gevin hes thir tua  
 Richt grit reward that brocht this heid awa, 31,990  
 In heretage efter thame to succaid,  
 For to remember of thair nobill deid ;  
 So that thair fame sould lest in memorie,  
 Into ane taikin of thair laud and glorie.  
 Quhen this wes done as I haif tald this tyde, 31,995  
 The strenthis all war in the bordour syde,  
 This Kennethus [he] hes gart furneis weill  
 With men and meit, and stiff waponis of steill,

With gun and ganze, and with all the laue ;  
 Thair wantit nocht that neidfull war to haue. 32,000  
 Into that tyme richt strait command gaif he,  
 That euerie man all tyme sould reddie be  
 With hors and harnes, and all vther geir  
 That neidfull ar for ony man of weir ;  
 And to compeir befor him ane and all, 32,005  
 At da and place quhat tyme that he wald call,  
 Quhen he thocht tyme his richtis to reskew.  
 Of his lordis that tyme thair wes richt few,  
 That wald thair mynd apply vnto his will,  
 For no requeist that he culd mak thame till, 32,010  
 The greit mischief remanit in memoir,  
 That tha had tane into the feild befor,  
 Quhair Alpynus thair nobill king wes slane.  
 Quhairfoir tha said tha wald no moir agane  
 To battell went as tha wer wont befor, 32,015  
 The Pechtis strenth that tyme tha dred so soir,  
 And thocht aneuch thair awin for to defend,  
 And fordermair on na way wald tha wend.  
 Thre 3eir and moir withoutin rest and peice,  
 On nother syde tha schupe thame for to ceis ; 32,020  
 Bot euerilk da, with pray and prisoneir,  
 Grit heirschip maid our all bayth far and neir.  
 This Kennethus syne efter quhen he knew,  
 That he no way his purpois nicht persew  
 Withoutin slicht and greit subillitie, 32,025  
 Ane nyce ingyne devysit syne hes he.  
 And how it wes, quha lykis for to speir,  
 Tak tent this time and I sall tell 3ow heir.



HOW KENNETHUS CALLIT HIS LORDIS TO ANE  
COUNSALL AND MAID HIS ORESOUN TO THAME,  
FRA QUHILK THA DISASSENTIT, AND OFF HIS  
SUBTILL INGYNE DIUYSIT THAIRANENT.

This Kennethus his lordis hes gart call  
To ane counsall, quhair tha convenit all; 32,030  
Desyrand thame at thair power and nicht,  
To tak his part and fortifie his richt,  
Agane the Pechtis held fra him sa lang  
His heretage, tha wist richt weill, with wrang.  
Quhairof he said that he nicht haif remeid, 32,035  
And for to be revengit of the deid  
Of his father, and vtheris mony ane,  
Efter the tyme in handis tha[t] war tane,  
Richt cruellie, but mercie or remeid,  
Without petie tha war put all to deid. 32,040  
Wald tha consent ane mendis for to haif,  
That dett, he said, suld nocht be lang to craif;  
Col. 2. Quhilk to thame all wer grit honour and gloir,  
Perpetuallie induring euermoir.  
Quhen he had said, sat doun and held him still, 32,045  
Rycht few thair wes that wald consent thairtill.  
Tha thocht aneuche for to defend thair awin  
Into sic thrang, and keip thame vnouirthrawin.  
Richt weill tha wist that thair wes nocht to wyn,  
Tha saw appeir sa grit perrell thairin, 32,050  
Be ane exempill quhilk sat thame richt soir,  
Nocht lang gane syne into the feild befoir,  
Quhairof tha said tha nicht grit wisdom leir  
In tyme to cum, other in peice or weir,  
At sufficence to hald and than cry ho: 32,055  
Quhen men ar weill best is to hald thame so,  
And nocht ouir far in ony thing exceid,  
Quhen that thair is no indigence and neid.

Than Kennethus, quhen he knew thair intent,  
 That be no way tha wald to him consent, 32,060  
 Be ane ingyne, befoir as I ȝow schew,  
 Richt<sup>1</sup> sone he schuip thair wittis till persew.  
 Vpone the morne gart call thame to the dyne,  
 And to remane still to the supper syne.  
 Befoir the king at none into the hall, 32,065  
 Quhair that he sat into his stait royall,  
 With mony ding lord sittand at his deische,  
 And mekill weltht of mony costlie meiss;  
 Thair wes no wyn quhairof that tha had want,  
 No ȝit na coursis that tyme to thame stant. 32,070  
 Efter the dyne tha bownit all to pla,  
 With mirrines tha drawe to end that da,  
 Quhill to the supper tha war set all syne;  
 Tha maid gude cheir and drank the riche wyne,  
 And of grit danteis in the tyme tha had, 32,075  
 Tha maid gude cheir and syne went to bed,  
 In mony chalmer ilkane by and by,  
 Dewysit wes quhair that tha all sould ly.  
 That samyn nycht, this ilk Kennethus king  
 Diuysit hes ane wounder subtill thing; 32,080  
 Of fischtis skynnis, that in the self hes licht,  
 The quhilk will schyne about the mirk and nycht,  
 With all greit licht as it wer ane lantern,  
 Withoutin low, als bricht as ony sterne,  
 Gart cloikis mak, and sindrie thairin cled; 32,085  
 Syne quyetlie before ilk lordis bed,  
 Vpoun the fluir that nycht he gart thame stand,  
 And euirilkane that tyme had in his hand  
 Ane roittin tre, the quhilk siclike caist lycht,  
 As dois ane sterne into ane frostie nycht: 32,090  
 And ane grit horne, that borit wes all throw,  
 Quhair[in] tha spak richt hideuslie and how.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *richtis*.

Syne efter drink, quhen tha war sound on sleip,  
 Quhair to that tyme tha tuke ilkane gude keip,  
 And in the horne tha blew sa grit ane blast, 32,095  
 Out of thair sleip tha walknit at the last.  
 Syne lukit how and saw so greit ane licht,  
 Tha trowit weill it wes na erthlie wicht;  
 Like ony sterne it semit than as cleir,  
 With vncouth voce that awfull wes to heir; 32,100  
 Syne as tha la sic tent to thame to tak,  
 Out throw the horne ilkone that tyme tha spak  
 Richt vncouthlie, and with sic awfull sound,  
 Quhill that thair beir gart all the bed rebound:  
 And said to thame than with ane voce mair 32,105  
 cleir,

Ilk word by word as I sall schaw 3ow heir.

Lib.10, f.156.

Col. 1.

" I am ane seruand send down fra the hicht  
 " Of God, in quhome is all power and micht,  
 " The michtfull maker of the sone and mone;  
 " At his devyiss all thing in erth is done. 32,110  
 " Thair is no stait ma stop or 3it ganestand  
 " To dissobey or brek his hie command;  
 " Quhat euir he be wirkis nocht at his will,  
 " Tak tent," he said, "quhat follouis sone thairtill.  
 " The Pechtis proude, with thair subillitie, 32,115  
 " Wald him begyle, and mak him blind to be;  
 " The hie sentence quhilk his awin mouth hes  
 spokin,  
 " Tha think on force agane it salbe brokin.  
 " As he hes said, traist weill it man be sua,  
 " Magir thair will thocht tha war neuer so thra; 32,120  
 " That is to sa, thair kinrik and thair croun,  
 " To Kennethus and his successioun,  
 " He gevin hes of his hie prouidence,  
 " Aganis him tha mak vnjust defence,  
 " And wranguslie tha hald fra him his richt 32,125  
 " Is grantit him be gratius God of micht,

" Quhilk schaipis now to wirk on thame his will.  
 " For that same caus he hes send me 3ow till,  
 " Commanding 3ow, aboue all vther thing,  
 " For till obey to Kennethus 3our king, 32,130  
 " And failze nocht to fulfill his desyre ;  
 " For gratius God will so exerce his yre  
 " Agane the Pechtis that the pley began,  
 " Of all thair blude sall nother wyfe nor man,  
 " 3oung or ald, be left in Albione, 32,135  
 " Traist 3ow richt weill, or all the weir begone.  
 " Dreid nocht," he said, " thair power and thair  
 pryde."

Quhen this wes said, richt suddantlie that tyde  
 Turnit his cloik that it mycht cast na lycht ;  
 His staf also he hid than out of sicht 32,140  
 Wnder his lap, and leit it nocht be sene,  
 Out of his sight as he had vaneist bene.  
 Syne quyetlie withoutin ony dyn,  
 Opnit the dur, for he knew weill the gyn,  
 Behind his bak syne closit it agane, 32,145  
 But ony tent of making of that trane.  
 In sindrie partis quhair tha la that nycht,  
 To euirilk one wes schawin sic ane sycht  
 Be sindrie men that culd thair craft perqueir,  
 To do and sa as I haif tald 3ow heir. 32,150  
 The lordis all, ilkane baith gude and ill  
 That saw that sicht, grit credence gaif thairtill ;  
 Trowand that tyme ane angell it had bene,  
 Quhilk of befoir sic semdill had tha sene.  
 Syne on the morne tha schew all to the 32,155  
 king,

Ilk word be word, the maner of that thing,  
 With grit credence traistand that all wes trew ;  
 And he agane siclike the same thing schew  
 That he had sene, and ilk word that tha spak,  
 Perfytlar and of ane planar mak. 32,160

" And syne," he said, " my counsall is that we,  
 " To keip this clois and quyet for to be,  
 " And schaw nothing of all we said befor,  
 " Quhairthrow we may tak ony hie vane gloir,  
 " And crab nocht God to ws sic grace hes send, 32,165  
 " Bot wirk his will onto the latter end ;  
 " And lichtlie nocht his hie excellent grace,  
 " For to postpone onto ane langar space,  
 Col. 2. " Or dreid he think ws negligent and sueir,  
 " And so for him we will nocht thryfe this 32,170  
     zeir.  
 " We can nocht fail sen we haif his supple ;  
 " My counsall is thairfor richt sone that we  
 " To put his will, sen it is all bot richt,  
 " To executioun als far as we micht."  
 Quhairfor that tyme tha war rycht weill content, 32,175  
 But contrapleid thairto gaif thair consent.  
 At his plesour within ane litill space,  
 Tha set a day quhair tha suld meit his grace,  
 Syne euirilk lord that thair wes be his name,  
 Thankit the king, tuke leve and passit hame. 32,180  
 This Kenethus, that no langar wald ly,  
 Proclomit hes syne with ane opin cry,  
 That euirilk man als gudlie as he ma,  
 Suld reddie be agane the tuentie da,  
 With hors and harness the best that he mycht get, 32,185  
 Syne to convene quhair da and place was set.  
 The lordis all with all power and micht,  
 Greit diligence tha haif done da and nycht,  
 To fortifie and furneis to the feild  
 Baith young and ald that waponis docht to 32,190  
     weild.  
 The samin tyme quhair at the tryst wes set,  
 At da and place togidder all tha met  
 This nobill king and all his men of gude,  
 In greit number and of sic multitude

Of bernis bald, buskit in armour bricht, 32,195  
 Wes none that da that euir saw sic sicht.

HOW KENETH, KING OF SCOTTIS, AND DRUSKENUS,<sup>1</sup> KING OF PECHTIS, FAUCHT IN FEILD,  
 AND HOW THE SCOTTIS WAN THE FEILD.

Quhen tha had maid thair mustur on a mure,  
 To Vicomage togidder all tha fuir;  
 With fyre and blude tha waistit all that land,  
 Wes nane that tyme mycht stop thame or gane- 32,200  
 stand,  
 Quhill Druskenus with all power and mycht,  
 Come thair him self sone efter on ane nycht,  
 And euirilk Pecht that docht to ryde or go;  
 Of Inglismen ane greit armie also.  
 Syne on the nycht passit the Scottis by, 32,205  
 Betuix the camp quhair that tha saw thame ly,  
 And thair awin land, as tha that tyme wald sa,  
 Quick with thair lyfe suld neuir ane wyn awa.  
 Syne on the morne be that the da wes lycht,  
 The Pechtis pertlie apperit in thair sycht 32,210  
 With mekle malice, mager and invye,  
 And set on thame syne with ane schout and cry,  
 Without ordour of takin or command,  
 So stoneist war tha mycht no langer stand,  
 And macchit hes als airlie as tha mocht; 32,215  
 Thair haistie fair it furderit thame rycht nocht.  
 The Inglismen richt sone and suddanelie,  
 In rayit battell that<sup>2</sup> wer standand by,  
 Sick fray tha tuke, and wes so far adred,  
 Out of the feild onto ane montane fled, 32,220  
 For to behald onto the latter end.  
 Sone efter thame Druskenus hes gart send

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Drustrenus*.

| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *that tha*.

Lib. 10, f. 156 b. Ane man on<sup>1</sup> hors with mony jolie Pecht,  
 Col. 1. To turne agane onto the feild and fecht,  
 Of gold and siluer in grit quantitie, 32,225  
 And leve thame nocht in that necessitie.  
 For all thair hechtis and thair fair promit,  
 Tha said agane tha wald nocht fecht a fit:  
 To men of weir tha said it did pertene,  
 Erar to fle quhair perrell ma be sene, 32,230  
 And keip thame self onto ane better hour,  
 Na byde and fecht and tyne sa grit honour.  
 Far better war fra siek perrell to blyn,  
 Quhair weill tha wist wes na wirschip to wyn.  
 The Pechtis than that faucht into the feild, 32,235  
 Throw grit curage thocht thair wes mony keild,  
 Quhen that tha saw the Inglismen wer fled,  
 On thair richt hand no help that tyme tha hed;  
 The Inglismen had left that towne full bair  
 Of Inglismen<sup>2</sup> that sould haif fouchtin thair; 32,240  
 In rayit feild awa tha wald haue fled.  
 The Scottis than richt spedelie thame sped,  
 With so greit force and gaif thame sic a fray,  
 Incontinent tha gart thame brek array;  
 Out of the feild syne gart thame fle on force, 32,245  
 Sum vpon fit and vther sum on hors.  
 This Druskenus be aventure that da,  
 Out of the feild he wes had saif awa;  
 Vpon ane hors that reddie wes neirby,  
 On to ane strenth he wes had out of cry. 32,250  
 This Kenethus hes gevin command that nane  
 Of Pechtis blude be other saue or tane,  
 For ony ressoun, reuth or zit remeid;  
 Bot for to think on gude Alpynus deid,  
 And mony vther efter tha war tane, 32,255  
 So cruellie but mercie all war slane.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *or.*| <sup>2</sup> *The Scottismen.*

The Scottis than so bremit war and bald,  
 That da tha sauit nother young or ald,  
 Riche or puir, other ill or gude,  
 Als bald as boris to spill the Pechtis blude; 32,260  
 Ay followand on quhill that tha come to Forth,  
 Behind thair bak richt neir wes in the North,  
 Quhair tha that tyme no farder docht to fle.  
 The Scottis than, with grit crudelitie,  
 Into that place ma Pechtis haif tha keild, 32,265  
 Neirby or ma no fechtand in the feild.  
 The Inglismen that standand zit war by,  
 Quhen tha saw that tha haistit thame in hy  
 Fast hame agane, richt warlie with gude will.  
 Quhen tha war passit hyne behind ane hill, 32,270  
 Far out of sicht seand that tha wer fled,  
 Kenethus than into that tyme he dred,  
 That tha did so he trowit for ane trane,  
 In rayit battell syne to releue agane,  
 Without ordour his men quhen that tha saw; 32,275  
 And for that caus ane trumpet he gart blaw,  
 At quhais sound and bidding tha war bane,  
 Returnit all in gude ordour agane,  
 Richt to his hand that tyme bayth man and  
 cheild,  
 And all that nycht tha woik into the field; 32,280  
 Quhill on the morne that tha wist weill but lane,  
 The Inglismen war all gane hame agane. Col. 2.  
 The spulze all that he fand in the feild,  
 Rycht equallie to euerie man and cheild,  
 Efter his stait and his nobillitie, 32,285  
 Diuydit hes in siclike quantitie  
 To euerilk man that tyme bayth les and moir:  
 Syne passit hame with grit triumph and gloir.



HOW THE PECHTIS SEND ANE HERALD TO KING  
KENNETH, AND OF HIS ANSUER AGANE.

Sone efter this that I haif said ȝow heir,  
 To Kenethus thair come ane messingeir 32,290  
 Fra Pechtis send, richt lawlie than but leis,  
 Beseikand him agane for to mak peice,  
 With quhat conditioun he lykit to craue  
 Wes ressonabill thairwith bot ask and haue.  
 And he agane maid ansuer to that thing; 32,295  
 Without he war ressauit to be king,  
 And to his croun he aucht of heretage,  
 "Traist weill," he said, "for ony vther wage,  
 "Or ȝit reward, beleif ȝe w[e]ill but leis,  
 "At weir agane neuir moir to purches peis." 32,300  
 The messinger said, weill he wist thair will,  
 For na gardon that tha wald grant thairtill.  
 Commandit him he suld sa to thame than,  
 Amang thame all quhill levand wes ane man,  
 Or ȝit ane lad on lyve amang the lawe, 32,305  
 Thair croun and kinrik he suld ay [to] craue.  
 He tuik his leve than bayth at les and moir,  
 And left it war na euir it wes befor.  
 Out of tha place tha gart him speid him sone,  
 And passit hame and his erand vndone. 32,310  
 For that same caus the Scottis all thair dais  
 Moir cruell war, as that my author sais;  
 Into thair hart the hiear ay ascendit,  
 Of that ansuer thinkand tha war offendit;  
 Quhairof tha thocht ane mendis sone to haif, 32,315  
 The quhilk rycht lang suld nocht be for to craif.

HOW KENETHUS SUBDEWIT THE PECHTIS IN SINDRIE PAIRTIS, WITH CRUELL SLAUCHTER ON BAITH THE SYDIS.

Kenethus syne sone efter on ane da  
 Subdewit hes alhaill Orestia ;  
 And Othelyne, baith castell, toun and toure,  
 Ressaut him with reuerence and honour, 32,320  
 As king and prince, and swoir tha suld be trew,  
 For ony malice other ald or new ;  
 And all the strenthis war into tha landis,  
 Resignit hes alhaill into his handis ;  
 To hald of him withoutin pley or pleid, 32,325  
 At his plesoure and to forzet all feid.  
 Syne efterwart with grit power and large,  
 He passit syne richt sone to Vicomage,  
 Quhair mony ane that tyme come in his will,  
 And all the laue als cumand wer him till ; 32,330  
 Ane da wes set of meitting and concord.  
 That samin tyme, gif that I rycht record,  
 Ane messinger thair come to him and schew  
 In Othelyn and Orest of the new,  
 The Scottis all war slane thairin ilk man, 32,335  
 Be the deceptioun of the Pechtis than :  
 Les no mair was neuir ane left on lyve  
 Without ane strenth, other man or wyve ;  
 Sick plesour had to spill the Scottis blude.  
 This Kenethus quhen he that wnderstude, 32,340  
 Withoutin tarie other nicht or da,  
 He come richt sone into Orestia,  
 Quhair that he sparit nother wyfe no man ;  
 For thair falsheid tha gat na fauour than.  
 Till all vther to be ane document, 32,345  
 For to be fals and fenzeit of intent,  
 And brek the fayth that tha had maid beforne,  
 The quhilk to keip ilkane of thame wer suorne.

Lib.10, f.157.  
 Col. 1.

HOW DRUSKENUS, KING OF PECHTIS, COME WITH  
ANE ARMY TO SCONE, AND SEND HIS SER-  
UAND FOR SPEICH TO KENETHUS QUHA LA  
NEIRBY WITH HIS CUMPANY.

This Druskenus, of Pechtis that wes king,  
Rycht weill that tyme considerit all that thing; 32,360  
So did his lordis all that time ilkone,  
That force it wes their kinrik to forgone,  
Or all thair rychtis in that tyme resigne  
To Kenethus, and hald him as thair king.  
Considderand that tyme that as it standis, 32,365  
Or manfullie debait it with thair handis,  
Sen ane of thame wes neidfull for to be,  
Tha chesit all far erar for to die  
Without ransoun or tha gaif our thair richt,  
For boist or schoir to ony erthlie wicht. 32,360  
And for that caus bayth zyoung and ald ilk  
cheild,

That worthie wes ane wapone for to weild,  
Ilkone that tyme, and tha had bene far ma,  
Furneist for feild to set agane his fa :  
Betaucht thame syne into dame Fortonis will, 32,365  
Quhat chance that tyme that scho wald send  
thame till.

Syne furth tha fuir quhill that tha come rycht  
sone

Onto ane place the quhilk is callit Scone,  
In Gowrie land, quhair now this samin da  
Of Sanct Michael thair standis ane abba. 32,370  
This Kenethus, that weill his cuming knew,  
Wes neir hand by with nobill men anew,  
Bayth big and bald for to debait his rycht;  
Syne ilk of other cuming are in sicht.  
The king of Pechtis that weill the perrell kend, 32,375  
To Kenethus ane seruand sone he send,

Beseikand him, gif that it wes his will,  
 Out fra his oist that he wald cum him till;  
 And he siclike for his plesour agane  
 Suld meit him thair in middis of the plane, 32,380  
 For sic thingis he had with him till do,  
 Gif plesit him he prayit him thairto.

HOW KING KENETHUS AND DRUSKENUS MET  
 TOGIDDER FOR INTERCOMMONING.

Kenethus then thocht he his mynd wald heir,  
 And tuke with him sic fallowschip in feir  
 As plesit him, quhair that the place wes set, 32,385 . Col. 2.  
 With lyke number with this Druskene he met.  
 This Druskenus than of ane gude maneir,  
 He said to him as I sall schaw 3ow heir.  
 " Keneth, king and victor invincibill,  
 " To the and thyne it wer mair honourable, 32,390  
 " And proffeit als, ws to thi freind now haue,  
 " With quhat condition as 3e list to crave,  
 " Baith in ane band as we wer wont to be,  
 " At all plesure in perfite vnitie,  
 " No for to be ilk da into sic stryfe, 32,395  
 " Quhairthrow rycht mony loissit hes the lyfe,  
 " And bayth oure power brokin is so far,  
 " Rycht eith it is to put ws to the war.  
 " The Saxoun blude that neur 3it wes trew,  
 " Oure commoun fa, to thame it is grit glew: 32,400  
 " The thing in erth that tha wald erast se,  
 " Is oure mischeif and infelicitie;  
 " For weill I wait, and we so perseueir  
 " As we haif done, within les nor ane 3eir,  
 " That bayth oure riches and oure power hail, 32,405  
 " Sall sone be brocht on to ane litill vaill;  
 " Magir oure will we salbe maid till gone,  
 " Quha chaipis best, far out of Albione,

" Or to the Saxonis be maid bund and thrall,  
 " But libertie, and lois oure landis all; 33,410  
 " And euirmair wnder thair bondage be,  
 " With greit mischeif and sic miseritie.  
 " Cheis 3ow," he said, "now or we tua disaeuer,  
 " Quhilk of thir tua this tyme that 3e had lever;  
 " For to haue ws 3our fallow and gude freind, 33,415  
 " In love and lautie euir moir to leind,  
 " No haue the Saxonis as 3our mortall fo,  
 " Quhilk ma nocht suffer 3ow for to do so,  
 " But euirmoir 3our maister tha wilbe,  
 " And tak fra 3ow all 3our auctoritie, 33,420  
 " Or than to fleme 3ow far out of this land;  
 " This will be trew 3e ma weill wnderstand.  
 " As for redres of king Alpinus deid,  
 " Richt equalie can no man mak remeid;  
 " For all the gold and [all] the siluer bricht, 33,425  
 " And all the riches and all vther micht,  
 " Into Pechtland and als all vther thing,  
 " Ma nocht redres the deid of sic ane king.  
 " Siclyke agane war it possibill to haue,  
 " Of Feredeth at 3ow redres to craue. 33,430  
 " And sen we knaw be just equallitie,  
 " Wnpossibill is that sic thing weill ma be,  
 " And for that caus we spak thairof no moir  
 " Into the tyme that it set ws richt soir,  
 " Na preissis nocht thairof for to mak pleid, 33,435  
 " Sen none bot God ma mak mendis for deid.  
 " Gif all sic thing as I haif said so be  
 " Of litill vaill or 3it plesour to the,  
 " For to redres or satsifie thi will,  
 " Richt fre but fraud heir we sall gif the till 33,440  
 " Alhaill oure landis liand in the North,  
 " Fra Grampione onto the water of Forth.  
 " As Othelyn and all Orestia,  
 " In heretage euirmoir quhill domisda.

" Quhairthrow thow ma haif mair honour and    39,445  
gloir

" Na euir had king in Albione befoir."

Quhen he had said at his plesour and will,

Sic ansuer than Kenethus maid him till

Lib. 10, f. 157b.  
Col. 1.

THE ANSUEER OF KENETHUS AGANE TO DRUSKE-  
NUS, IN MANER FOLLOWING.

" Sen gratus [God] that hes all thing in erd,

" At his weil[d]ing to weill or zit wan werd,    39,450

" And hes no reule nor mesure be this will,

" Of hes greit grace now grantit hes ws till

" Your croun and kinrik into heretage,

" Quhilk suld be mine be law of rycht lynage

" Of Hungus blude, and narrest air suld be    39,455

" For to succeid to his auctoritie ;

" And ze," he said, " hes done me sic offence,

" The gift of God of his hie prudence,

" Rycht gratuslie now hes me grantit till,

" Wald reif fra me in magir of my will.    39,460

" Without battell as it is rycht weill knawin,

" Of zow this tyme I can nocht get my awin ;

" And sen I haif ane just querrell and caus,

" As is allegit into mony lawes,

" The man that ma nocht get his awin by    39,465  
rycht,

" Than lefull is be way of deith or mycht,

" Gif he hes power for to tak his awin,

" Gude conscience wald that no man wer ouir-  
thrawin.

" Quhairfoir," he said, " rycht weill ze wait I haue

" Ane just querrell at zow my croun to craue ;    39,470

" And sen it is injustlie ze deny,

" Quhairfoir this tyme ane just querrell haif I

" For to move battell to cum to my awin :

" And dout ze nocht, or I be aa ouirthrawin,

" Rycht mony thousand on ane day sall de. 32,475  
 " Traist weill," he said, " that this rycht trew salbe,  
 " Without rycht sone in presence of thame all,  
 " Thy croun, thy sceptour, and thy rob royall,  
 " Rycht frelie our agane fra the resigne,  
 " And tha resaue me as thair prince and king, 32,480  
 " And all the strenthis that ar in 3our landis,  
 " To put thame all rycht frelie in my handis.  
 " Quhill this be done traist weill to haif no peice;  
 " Na 3it," he said, " we schaip neur for to ceis  
 " In all our tyme fra battell, fyre and blude, 32,485  
 " Quhill that ane boy be levand of 3our blude."  
 Quhen this wes said tha tuke thair leif to pas,  
 And left the mater wa[r] no euir it was;  
 And partit hes rycht schortlie on the plane,  
 And euerilk man 3eid to his camp agane. 32,490

HOW KENETHUS DECRETIT BATTELL TO THE  
 PECHTIS OR HE DEPARTIT, AND CALLIT HIS  
 COUNSAIL THAIRTO, AND MAID HIS ORESOUN  
 TO THAME.

Kenethus than ascendit to ane hycht,  
 Befoir thame all rycht planelie in thair sycht,  
 Proclomit hes than with ane voce so cleir,  
 And said to thame as I sall schaw 3ow heir.  
 " Decretit is be me and euerilk lord, 32,495  
 " This samin da, but peice or 3it concord,  
 " For to decyde our querrell and all rycht  
 " Rycht manfullie with our power and nicht.  
 " But ony stop now heir into this steid,  
 " Sall endit be the lang stryfe and the feid. 32,500  
 " Sen it is so, think on the schame and lak,  
 " And skayth befor that tha gart ws tak,  
 " Quhen gude Alpyn 3our king wes tane in hand,  
 " And mony nobill as 3e wnderstand,

- " So cruellie tha put thame all to deid ; 32,505  
 " Syne for dispyte Alpynus my fatheris heid Col. 2.  
 " With ane braid ax for grit scorne of tha straik,  
 " Syne set it vp full lang vpon ane staik,  
 " Aboue the wallis of Camelidone ;  
 " That this be suith ze wat rycht weill ilkone. 32,510  
 " Quhairfor," he said, " quhill this revengit be,  
 " On sic ane way that euerie man ma se  
 " That we agane hes quyte thame all thair meid,  
 " We will ay be bot lakit with ilk leid.  
 " Syne efter that, richt sone as ze w[e]ill knaw, 32,515  
 " Ane counsall quhair that tha convenit aw,  
 " And swoir ilkane, and thair godis forsuik,  
 " Tha laid thair handis on the Euangell buik,  
 " Within schort quhile that nother man nor wiffe  
 " Of Scottis blude tha suld leve vpoun lyfe. 32,520  
 " Zit traist ze weill, and tha mycht cum thair to,  
 " That samin thing suld nocht be lang to do.  
 " And now," he said, " ze se weill how it standis,  
 " The victorie is haill into oure handis.  
 " Quha previs weill, greit honour, laud and 32,525  
     gloir,  
 " And greit reward sall efter haif thairfor ;  
 " Quha dois nocht, he sall haif lak and schame,  
 " For euir moir greit sclander and defame,  
 " And als of me he sall haue but remeid,  
 " Stryfe and greit sturt perpetuallie, and feid." 32,530

HOW KENETHUS DIUYDIT HIS ARMIE IN THRE  
BATTELLIS, AND WAN THE FEILD.

Quhen this wes said, with his auctoritie  
 Diuydit hes his greit armie in thre ;  
 Ane nobill man to name wes callit Bar,  
 Quhilk into weir that wes bayth wyss and war,



Into that tyme he<sup>1</sup> wes nocht for to leir 32,535  
 Off policie and prattik into weir,  
 As chesin man that tyme of all the laue,  
 In his gyding the vangard than he gaue.  
 To ane Dowgall vpoun the tother syde,  
 The secund wyng he gaif him for to gyde, 32,540  
 As he that wes abillest of ony vther.  
 The mid battell to Donald syne his bruther,  
 To reule and steir, quhilk rayit wes at richt.  
 And syne him self with mony worthie knyght,  
 That waillit war and waponis weill culd weild, 32,545  
 Behind the laue he come into the feild  
 Richt neirhand by, gif mister so suld be,  
 That he to thame mycht mak help and supple.  
 In euerilk battell that war big and bald,  
 Ane thousand bowmen in the tyme weill tald 32,550  
 He hes gart place befor thame quhair tha stand,  
 With big bowis weill bend into thair hand.  
 Syne efter thame the speris grit and lang,  
 That stalwart war to stryke in ony thrang;  
 Syne last of all the stif axis of steill, 32,555  
 That wer full big, and als wald byte full weill.  
 The trumpettis all than tha blew with sic a blast,  
 Quhill that the Pechtis gritlie wes agast,  
 And schupe to fle or euir the feild began.  
 This Druskenus amang [thame] fast he ran, 32,560  
 With bissie cuir neirhand out of his wit,  
 Exhortand thame, with mony fair promit,  
 Of better confort in that tyme to be,  
 And nocht sa sone withoutin straik to fle.  
 Lib 10, f.158. Col. 1. Ane flicht of flanis of grit lenth and breid, 32,565  
 Quhilk flew als ferce as fyre dois of the gleid,  
 Amang the Pechtis lichtit in the feild,  
 And persit hes richt mony targe and scheild.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Ass.*

Ane vther syne sone followit on the tail,  
 Als thik as snaw and scharpe as ony haill. 32,570  
 Thair stuff of steill that da maid lytill steid,  
 Tha dyntis dour sa mony dang to deid ;  
 Thair speiris syne that war bayth grit and squair,  
 In splendoris sprang aboue thame in the air ;  
 Thair scheildis rawe, and all thair speiris brak 32,575  
 At that counter, as ony thunder crak.  
 Thair meitting than sic rude rumour and reird,  
 Wes neuir hard befor into this erd.  
 Into that stour so stalwartlie tha stude,  
 Quhill all the bankis war browdrit our with 32,580  
 blude ;  
 Als thik as dew discendis in the daill,  
 Pechtis that da wer maid to fall and faill.  
 Thair wyffis than that standand war neirby,  
 With mony schout and mony ca[i]rfull cry,  
 Ryvand thair hair, restlis without remeid, 32,585  
 Befor thair. ene to se thair husbandis deid,  
 And sonnis als of thair bosumis tha bair,  
 With deidlie woundis bleidand war full sair.  
 Thair wes no Pecht gat outhir girth or grace,  
 So cruell wes the Scottis in that caice. 32,590  
 The Pechtis than in the vangard that faucht,  
 Heir and thair be hundrethis sevin or aucht,  
 Out of the feild tha fled richt fast and far.  
 The Scottis captane, quhilk wes callit Bar,  
 In gude array he followit on the chace, 32,595  
 Quhome he our tuik gart nother girth na grace.  
 Ransoun that da of thame tha wald tak nane,  
 Bot slew ay doun quhair euir tha war ouirtane.  
 This Kenethus quhen he saw tha war fled,  
 Ane greit battell with him that tyme he hed, 32,600  
 Of mony wicht man waponis weill culd weild,  
 Onfouchtin that da [zit] in ony feild,  
 That he ordanit, gif sic mister suld be,  
 In tyme of neid to mak help and supple.

- This battell that tyme [than] behind the 32,605  
 Pechtis,  
 Into the feild quhair that his bruther fechtis,  
 He enterit thame, baith on fit and hors,  
 Behind thair bak with mekle strenth and force,  
 With sic ane schout quhill all the schawis schuik;  
 Quhair of the Pechtis all grit terroure tuik, 32,610  
 And kest fra thame bayth cot armour and scheild,  
 And harnes als, syne fled out of the feild  
 To sindrie pairtis, in mony sindrie rout,  
 To sindrie strenthis that war neir about.  
 The watter of Tay that tyme behind thair bak, 32,615  
 Hes stoppit thame thair passage our to mak;  
 [And] for that caus, richt soir aganis thair will,  
 On force behuifit on that syde byde still.  
 Kenethus than, knawand that it wes so,  
 In gude array maid efter thame till go 32,620  
 The freschest men onfowllit wer in feild,  
 Waldin and wicht that waponis weill culd weild;  
 Syne efter thame to follow on the chace,  
 Se that tha gawe thame nother girth no grace,  
 Bot stalwartlie in sic extremis stryve, 32,625  
 Quhill one of thame be levand vpone lyfe.  
 Into the feild him self thair did remane  
 With greit power quhill that tha come agane,  
 Becauss it wes that tyme so neir the nycht.  
 Col. 2. The laue with that wes passit out of sycht, 32,630  
 In gude array to follow on the chace,  
 Quhill at the last tha come into ane place,  
 And fand Druskenus on the water syde,  
 Quhair he on force behuifit for to byde;  
 And mony barroun with him that he hed, 32,635  
 Out of the feild<sup>1</sup> that samin da that fled,  
 And mony knychtis that suld keip his cors,  
 Weill bodin war than bayth on fit and hors.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *fled*.

HOW THE SCOTTIS FOLLOWIT ON THE CHACE,  
 QUHILL AT THE LAST DRUSKENUS WAS SLANE,  
 AND THAIREFTER DISTRIBUT ALL THE PECHTIS  
 LANDIS TO THE SCOTTIS, AND CHANGIT THAME  
 FRA THE ALD NAME EFTER THE NAME OF  
 EUERIE NOBILL SCOTTISMAN AT THAT TYME.

And thair tha straik ane new battell agane,  
 Quhill at the last this Druskenus wes slane, 32,640  
 And all the laif that war with him in feild,  
 That tyme thair chapit nother man nor cheild.  
 As sum man sais, in sevin placis or aucht,  
 That da the Pechtis and the Scottis faucht,  
 And neur ane feild that da the Pechtis wan, 32,645  
 Bot tynt thame all and slane wer euerie man,  
 Bot gif it wes richt few amang thame aw,  
 Out of the feild richt quyetlie that staw.  
 Syne on the morne tha came ilkone agane  
 To Kenethus, and schew how tha had slane 32,650  
 Drusken thair king, and als with thame tha  
 brocht

His cot armour that worthelie wes wrocht;  
 With baner braid that browdin wes richt weill,  
 And all his armour of richt nobill steill;  
 The quhilk efter within ane litill quhile, 32,655  
 The king gart offer into Iona Yle,  
 Into the tempill of Ecolumkill,  
 Into ane takin to remane thair still,  
 Of the triumph and victorie tha wan.  
 Syne equallie baith to lad and man, 32,660  
 As he wes worthie in the tyme to haif,  
 Ane quantitie of that spulze he gaif;  
 And braissit hes ilk captane in his arme  
 Richt tenderlie with wordis that war warme,  
 And maid ane hecht, hald it gif that he mocht, 32,665  
 That tyme thair travell sould nocht be for nocht.

Quhen this wes done he said syne to thame aw,  
 " My freindis deir, rycht weill 3e ken and knaw  
 " Oure interpryiss whendit is and done ;  
 " Quhairfoir," he said, " my counsall is rycht 32,670  
     sone,  
 " With diligence dalie to do oure det,  
 " Sen weill we wait na ganestanding to get :  
 " And for expensis also to spair nocht,  
 " Quhill that oure purpois to [ane] end be brocht.  
 " Greit danger is oucht langar to defar, 32,675  
 " Sone efter this, or dreid that it be war.  
 " The proude Pechtis that ar so fals and sle,  
 " Se tha thair tyme quhen tha ma maister be ;  
 " Quhen that thair strenthis growin ar agane,  
 " And thinkis on how thair fatheris wes slane ; 32,680  
 " Traist weill," he said, " and tha ma se ws sua,  
 " Thair is no gold that oure ransoun will pa.  
 " Thairfoir," he said, " wald 3e now leif but stryfe,  
 " My counsall is leve neuir ane on lyfe :  
 " Than ar 3e sicker, quhen thai ar all deid, 32,685  
 " Baith of the father and of the sonnis feid."  
 Quhen this wes said, that tyme bayth gude and ill  
 Hes suorne ilkone his counsall to fulfill.  
 Sone efter syne. without ony ganestand,  
 Ouir all the partis of the Pechtis land, 32,690  
 In euirilk steid than bayth of ill and gude,  
 With sic destructioun of the Pechtis blude,  
 Except tua thousand, my author did sa,  
 That tyme in Ingland that wer fled awa,  
 Wes not ane Pecht left into Albione, 32,695  
 Levand on lyfe out of Camelidone.  
 Quhen this wes done than all the weir did ceis ;  
 This Kenethus, to mak gude rest and peice,  
 Distributt hes to euery man and lord,  
 Rycht equallie without ony discord, 32,700  
 The Pechtis landis as he wes of vail.  
 All Othelyn he gaif ane to his dail,

Lib. 10, f. 158b.  
 Col. 1.

Quhilk wes ane freik of greit honour and fame,  
 Fyffe Duffe that tyme wes callit to his name ;  
 Quhilk efter him, as my author did sa, 32,706  
 This Othelyn is callit Fyfe this da.  
 Orestia siclike amang the laue,  
 To tua brether for thair rewardis gaif ;  
 Ane Angustius, quhilk wes ane man expert,  
 And efter him he namit hes his part, 32,710  
 The quhilk to name gart callit Angustia,  
 That samin name zit callit is this da.  
 The secund hecht Merninus to his name,  
 Ane freik he wes rycht famous of gude fame,  
 Siclike his part, as my author did sa, 32,715  
 Efter his name wes callit Merina.  
 The nobill chiftane that wes callit Bar,  
 The best weirman amang thame all be far  
 He wes that tyme, as my author did sa ;  
 Thairfoir the landis by the Merchis that la 32,720  
 He gaif to him, and thairof maid him lord.  
 Also that tyme, as I hard mak record,  
 Ane fair castell standand on the se skar,  
 Is callit now the castell of Dumbar  
 Efter his name, than to reward gat he, 32,725  
 With mony landis neir la by the se.  
 Rycht lang efter his successioun,  
 Ay lineallie fra him descendand doun,  
 Of greit honour come mony erle and lord,  
 Rycht nobill war quha wald the rycht record, 32,730  
 Lang efter him descendand doun rycht far,  
 The quhilk surname is callit zit Dumbar.  
 To euery man siclike ane part he gaif,  
 Into the tyme as he wes worth to haif  
 Syne changit hes the name of euirilk toun, 32,735  
 Of euirilk land and euirilk regioun ;  
 And principallie the maist part of thame all,  
 Efter ane water to the name gart call,

Till<sup>1</sup> all the daillis liand in the South,  
 Fra the West se rycht on to Tueidis mouth, 32,740  
 As Cliddisdail after the water of Clyde,  
 And Nethisdall, quhilk is bayth lang and wyde,  
 Now efter Nyth, and Tevedail also  
 Fra Teveot, quhilk throw the land dois go.  
 Siclike the laue, quha lykis for to speir, 32,745  
 That I lyke nocht now at this tyme tell heir.  
 All this wes done, as I richt wnderstand,  
 To change the name of euerie toun and land,  
 Col. 2. To put the Pechtis haill out of memorie,  
 Thair land, thair leid, thair deidis and thair 32,750  
 storie.  
 And so it wes, within ane little we,  
 Wes neur ane of thair genelogie,  
 Young or auld, as that my author sais,  
 In Albione wes left within few dais.

HOW THE KING OF SCOTTIS SEIGIT SONE EFTER  
 THE TOUN OF CAMELIDONE.

Quhen this wes done, within few dais anone, 32,755  
 He laid ane seige vnto Camelidone.  
 The quene [of Pechtis] into that toun than la,  
 And mony ladie with hir thair that da,  
 Of quhome the lordis slane wer les and moir,  
 As 3e haif hard into the feild befoir. 32,760  
 Into that toun wes mony wyfe and cheild,  
 And all the men levand efter the feild;  
 With mony clerk and preist than of renoun,  
 And mony wemen of religioun,  
 And mony burges that war clad in steill, 32,765  
 The toun that tyme that furneist had full weill,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Quhilk*.

And forcit had the fowseis and the wall,  
 At euerie part, and eik the portis all;  
 With wyne at welth, and victuall at grit fouth.  
 The nobill toun that stude on Carroun mouth, 32,770  
 Of policie and plesour in tha dais  
 Had no compeir, as that my author says,  
 In Albione of riches and renoun,  
 Into that tyme exceptand Lundoun toun.

HOW KING KENETH COME TO CAMELIDONE AND  
 SEND TO THE TOUN ANE MESSINGER, AND  
 OF THAIR ANSUER AGANE, AND THAIREFTER  
 MAID THAIRTO ANE GRIT ASSAULT; AND  
 OFF TREWIS TAKIN BE THE TOUN, AND  
 SYNE OF THAIR FALS TRESSOUN; AND HOW  
 THE KING MAID HIS VOW AND WAN THE  
 TOUN OF CAMELIDONE RYCHT VALIANTLIE,  
 AND PUT ALL THE PECHTIS TO DEID BEING  
 THAIR INTO; AND HOW THE QUENE OF  
 PECHTIS STAW AWAY AND FLED IN ING-  
 LAND OUT OF THE TOUN ON THE NYCHT;  
 AND DISTROYIT AND KEST DOUN THE WALLIS  
 OF CAMELIDONE FOR EUIR AND MAID END  
 OF IT.

This Kenethus quhen he come to that place 32,775  
 Quhair this toun stude, within ane little space,  
 Vpoun ane plane that<sup>1</sup> la rycht neir Carroun,  
 His tentis all thair hes he stentit doun,  
 Quhair tha micht be refreschit with the flude.  
 And quhen all thing wes put in ordour gude, 32,780  
 Ane messinger on to the toun he send,  
 To spy and speir quhat purpois tha pretend.  
 Giff that tha wald rander the toun him till,  
 And cum ilkone and put thame in his will;

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *he*.



Gif tha wald nocht he vowit tha sould haif 32,785  
 Siclike reward as he gaif all the laif.  
 All in ane voce, with ane consent and will,  
 Into that tyme sic ansuer maid thairtill:  
 "Traist weill," tha said, "quhill we haif strenth  
 or [nicht]  
 "Vpoun oure bodie to weir armour bricht, 32,790  
 "Or our the wallis for to cast ane stone,  
 "Amang ws all quhill levand is sic one,  
 "Or zit hes strenth to beir in hand ane stoure,  
 Lib. 10, f. 159. "Traist weill," tha said, "it beis neuir gevin our,  
 Col. 1. "For ony chance that efter may befall. 32,795  
 "Far better is we think within this wall  
 "In oure defence with grit honor to de,  
 "No in his power levand for to be,  
 "Sa mony saikles of our blude hes slane;  
 "Quhairfoir in him we dar neuir traist agane, 32,800  
 "No neuir sall in so cruell ane king;  
 "As plesis God lat him gyde all that thing."  
 Quhen this ansuer wes to Kenethus schawin,  
 And all thair willis he had hard and knawin,  
 With bowis big, quhairrof thair wes no falt, 32,805  
 All vther thing belanging to ane salt,  
 Into the tyme that he mycht gudlie get,  
 Onto the toun richt sone ane seig he sot;  
 And mony flane lute fle attour the wall.  
 And tha within leit stanis fast doun fall; 32,810  
 With mony slung, quhairwith tha war full sle,  
 Like fyre fra flynt tha gart the stonis fle.  
 And tha without vpoun the tother syde,  
 Into the tyme leit mony ganze glyde,  
 With felloun force attour the wall that flew, 32,815  
 As it wes said, richt mony ane tha slew.  
 And thus tha wrocht thir weir men that war  
 wycht,  
 Quhill da wes gone and cuming wes the nycht;

Syne on the morne, and mony dais mo,  
 Continuellie ane lang quhile hes wrocht so, 32,820  
 Quhill tha without fillit the fowseis all,  
 At thair plesour mycht cum on to the wall,  
 And sowis maid the wall to wndermynd,  
 And instrumentis of mony diuerss kynd.  
 Than tha within quhen that tha saw and knew, 32,825  
 So scharplie than the Scottis thame persew,  
 Tha tuik trewis, as my author did sa,  
 To be aduisit on to the thrid da,  
 Into the tyme gif that tha wald or nocht  
 Gif ouir the toun or gritter skayth wer wrocht. 32,830  
 This Kenethus than glaidlie with gude will,  
 All thair desyr glaidlie hes grantit till;  
 Syne gaif command on to the Scottis all,  
 For till abstene fra seiging of the wall.  
 At his command, as ressoun war and richt, 32,835  
 Tha left the seig and tuke thame rest that nycht.  
 The citineris that war within the toun,  
 Subtill and slie and full of fals tressoun,  
 Rycht quietlie that nycht tha tuke gude keip,  
 Quhill that the Scottis war rycht sound on 32,840  
 sleip,  
 Into that tyme belevand of na ill.  
 And quhen tha saw tha wer sua clois and still,  
 Furth at ane port wes on the water syde,  
 Rycht quyetlie tha ischit in the tyde  
 Ane greit power buskit in armour brycht; 32,845  
 Syne secreitlie, wnder scilance of nycht,  
 Onto the camp quhair that the Scottis la,  
 Tha passit all rycht lang befor the da.  
 The wachmen, or euir tha wist, ilkone  
 War other slane or ellis in handis tone; 32,850  
 Syne with ane schout tha set on and ane cry,  
 Amang the tentis quhair the laif did ly.

Or euir tha culd arrayit be at rycht,  
 So mirk it wes withoutin ony licht,  
 Richt mony Scot, as my author did sa, 33,855  
 Wes slane that nycht in thair camp quhair tha la  
 And as the da begouth for to schaw licht,  
 That euerie on of vther mycht get sicht,  
 The Pechtis than with all the speid tha hed,  
 Onto the toun rycht haistalie thame sped; 33,860  
 And or tha mycht ressauit be agane  
 Within the toun, rycht mony ane wes slane  
 Col. 2. Befoir the port and put to confusioun;  
 And in the tyme also had tynt the toun,  
 War nocht the men stude on the turetis hie, 33,865  
 Maid sic defence with scharp schuting and sle,  
 With mony ganze that wes grit and lang,  
 And stonis greit doun of the wall tha slang.  
 At sick defence tha stude vpoun the wall,  
 Quhill closit war thair portis ane and all. 33,870  
 Kenethus than gart number all the men  
 War slane that nicht, the compt of thame to ken,  
 Syne tald and fand he had sax hundreth slane,  
 Befoir his ene la deid vpone that plane;  
 And for that caus maid ane solemnit vow, 33,875  
 And euir he war to traist in or to trow,  
 Neuir for to leif the seig of that toun,  
 Quhill it war wyn, distroyit, and put doun;  
 And all within that tyme, bayth man and wyffe,  
 Quhill ane of thame wer levand vpoun lyffe. 33,880  
 The fals tressoun to him that tha had wrocht,  
 To thame, he said, it suld be rycht deir bocht.  
 Sex hundreth men syne efter on ane nycht,  
 Waillit thairfoir, that war bayth bald and  
 wycht,  
 Into ane schaw that wes the toun besyde, 33,885  
 Rycht quietly thir men he hes gart hyde,

With ledderis reddy that war grit and lang,  
 Attour the wallis for to clym and gang;  
 And all that nycht thair still he gart thame hyde.  
 Syne on the morne, vpoun the tother syde, 32,890  
 Gart set ane seig of mony worthie wycht,  
 Quhilk sailzeit thame rycht scharplie all that nycht.  
 Syne on the morne ane lytill befor da,  
 Thir sax hundreth into the wod that la  
 Wes neir the toun, rycht quietlie tha staw 32,895  
 With lang ledderis rycht sone attour the waw;  
 For tha within that tyme had no beleif,  
 That ony man than suld presume to preif,  
 Be ony craft, ingyne, or subtill art,  
 To seige the toun or salze in that part: 32,900  
 And for that caus the far les cuir tha tuik  
 To keip that part stude on sa stark ane nuik.  
 Sum men that tyme tha[t] passit our the waw,  
 Rycht quyetlie on to ane port tha staw,  
 Wes closit fast, and no man neir hand by; 32,905  
 The lawe thairout wes reddie within cry,  
 And tha that tyme that knew rycht weill the gyn,  
 Opnit the port and lute the laue cum in.  
 The citineris that faucht vpoun the wall,  
 Richt suddantlie descendit ane and all, 32,910  
 At sindrie partis quhair tha passit down,  
 For to defend the streittis of the toun,  
 And gatherit all togidder on the gait,  
 In that beleif thairfoir to mak debait.  
 Bot all for nocht, thair power wes so small; 32,915  
 With litill force tha war confoundit all,  
 Syne in the toun war skaillit sone full wyde.  
 Bayth king and lord commandit in the tyde,  
 To keip the vow that he had made befor,  
 But reuth or mercie other to les or moir 32,920  
 Of Pechtis blude, quhair euir tha war our tane,  
 Within that toun to sla thame all ilkane.

The Scottis, quhilk remordit of the trane  
 Tha maid befor quhair thair fatheris wer slane,  
 Within thair hart it kendlit sick desyre, 32,925  
 Wod as ane wolf, and het as ony fyre,  
 Ouir all the streittis of the toun tha ran,  
 Preist or clerk, or 3it religious man,  
 Lib.10, f.159b. And mony wedow that war wo begone,  
 Col. 1. With thair brandis tha britynnit thame ilkone. 32,930  
 The 3ounge ladeis that plesand war and fair,  
 Wringand thair handis and ryvand down thair  
 hair,  
 To heir and se grit pitie wes and harme,  
 Thair naikit babeis beirand in thair arme;  
 With brandis bricht that bait thame to the 32,935  
 bane,  
 In pecis small tha hewit thame ilkane.  
 Religious men and prelatis of renoun,  
 Bayth preist and clerk that war within that toun,  
 Monk or freir, or ony of the laue,  
 Gat no moir girth nor did the leist ane knave. 32,940  
 Into the streit tha la stickit like swyne,  
 Heir and thair be hundretis aucht or nyne:  
 Als copius thair blude ran in the streit,  
 As ony burne efter ane schour of weit.  
 Ane rycht lang quhile in sic wodnes tha fuir, 32,945  
 And tuik on thame grit bissines and cuir,  
 Quhill all the Pechtis in Camelidone  
 War put to deid that samin da ilkone:  
 War neuir ane left thair levand in that steid,  
 To greit ane teir for all the laiffis deid. 32,950  
 The quene of Pechtis schort quhile befor that da  
 The seige begouth, scho passit furth her wa  
 Out of the toun rycht quyetlie ane nycht,  
 For dreid of her that men sould get ane sycht,  
 To ane castell biggit with stane and lyme, 32,955  
 The Madyn Castell callit wes that tyme,

Vpoun ane craig stude in Loudonia,  
 Quhilk Edinburth is callit at this da.  
 And quhen scho hard the maner all and how  
 Camelidone, as I haif said to 3ow, 32,960  
 Wes wyn be force, and all war put to deid,  
 For to be fre out of the Scottis feid,  
 Tha left the hous richt quyetlie ilkone,  
 In Ingland syne togidder all ar gone.  
 Quhen this wes done as I haif said 3ow now, 32,965  
 Kenethus than, for to compleit his vow,  
 The wallis ilk one of Camelidone  
 On to the erd gart cast thame doun ilkone,  
 Out of that place or he wald farder pas.  
 The biggingis all he hes gart burne in ass, 32,970  
 The tempillis als, quhilk war of poleist stone,  
 In pulver small gart birne thame euerie one;  
 Leit nocht remane pertening to that toun,  
 Vnbrint in ass or ellis cassin doun.  
 This royall toun sa mony 3eiris befoir, 32,975  
 Quhilk had sick riches, honour and grit gloir,  
 Fra the begynnyng lang and mony 3eir,  
 Destroyit wes as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 And tynt the name, the honor and the tryne,  
 Quhilk neurir wes biggit 3it agane sensyne. 32,980  
 Ane ellevin hundreth 3eir, als fiftie and one,  
 Fra the Pechtis come first in Albione,  
 And of our Lord quhilk wes aucht hundreth 3eir,  
 Threttie and nyne, as I haif raknit heir,  
 Destroyit wes this nobill foirsaid toun, 32,985  
 And Pechtis tynt bayth thair kinrik and crown:  
 With sick distructioun of the nobill blude,  
 Of riche and puir, and als of ill and gude,  
 Syne efterwart, as I fynd in my storie,  
 Tha war for3et full quyte out of memorie, 32,990  
 With euerie man that tyme als clair and clene,  
 Into this warld as tha had neurir bene.

HOW THE BISCHOPIS STALF TUKE NEIDFYRE  
AND BRINT ALL IN HIS HAND; OF GREIT  
BATTELLIS THAT APPERIT IN THE AIR; OF  
LAWIS AND STATUTIS, PEAX AND POLICIE;  
AND OF KENETHUS DEPARTING OUT OF THIS  
LYFFE

Col. 2.	In Albioun, befoir that samyn 3eir That all wes done as [I] haif said 3ow heir, Vpone 3ule da into Camelidone, Quhair king Druskene with his lordis ilkone Into the tempill present at the mes, Solempnitlie quhen it sacreit than wes With ane bischop in his pontificall, That tyme his stalf, in presens of thame all, It tuik neidfyre richt thair into his hand, Singand the mes that tyme quhair he did stand, And wald nocht stanche at that tyme for thame all, Quhill it wes brint all into poulder small. Siclyke wes sene, as my author did sa, Ouir all Pechtland about none of the da, Quhen that the sone wes schynand fair and brycht, Into the air richt mony armit knycht, Strykand ane feild as did to thame appeir, With greit noyis that hiddeous wes till heir, Quhair mony ane tha thocht to deid war dicht; Syne suddanelie all vaneist out of sicht. Quhat this takynnit I will nocht tell 3ow heir, Gif 3e wald wit, pas on 3our self and speir: In sic mater I lyke nocht to remane, Bot to my storie turne I will agane. All beand wyn as I haif said 3ow heir, Still efter that, richt lang and mony 3eir, This Kenethus, of quhome befoir I spak, With plesour, peax and policie gart mak,	32,995        33,000      33,005      33,010      33,015      33,020
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And was the first, that dar I hardlie sa,  
 In Albione that had monarchia  
 Of tua kinrikis, as my author did sa,  
 Quhilk zit siclike ar keipit in this da.  
 That samin tyme, quha lykis for to luke, 33,025  
 Gude lawis maid, syne wrait thame in ane [buik],  
 Quhilk vsit ar zit in thir samin dais.  
 Sone efter syne, as that my author sais,  
 The bischopis sait be his auctoritie,  
 Fra Abirnethie translatit hes he, 33,030  
 The quhilk befor that wes ane royall toun  
 With weir that tyme distroyit and put down,  
 To Sanct Androis that standis on the se,  
 Metropolis of all Scotland to be.  
 And biggit hes the kirk that tyme far moir, 33,035  
 And far farar nor euir it wes befor.  
 Rycht riche fundatioun bayth of kirk and land,  
 And vestimentis of mony sindrie stand,  
 With chalice[s] of gold and siluer bricht,  
 Bayth kirk and queir arrayit hes at rycht, 33,040  
 With tapestrie of mony sindrie hew ;  
 Bayth butt and ben wer all reformit new.  
 Ane better king, the suith of him quha sais,  
 In all Europ wes nocht into his dais ;  
 In peax and weir, and in vrbانيتie, 33,045  
 In godlines and in humanitie,  
 In fame, in wisdome, and in fortitude,  
 In manheid, gentres, and in gratitude,  
 In lautie als and in liberalitie,  
 In gentres, meiknes, and humanitie, 33,050  
 All other king he did exceid als far,  
 As bricht Phebus the bemis of the star.  
 The tuentie zeir syne efter of his ring,  
 Departit hes this gude Kenethus king,  
 With mad murning of euerie man and wyfe, 33,055  
 Baith riche and puir, that levand wer on lyfe.



Lib. 10, f. 160. Ouir all Scotland for him tha maid grit mone,  
 Col. 1. To Iona Yle syne till his graif hes <sup>1</sup> gone.

HOW DONALDUS, KING KENETHUS BRUTHER,  
 EFTER HIS DECEIS WAS CROWNIT KING OF  
 SCOTTIS, AND OF HIS VITIUS LYFE

Ane litill quhile efter his departing,  
 Donald his bruther crownit than wes king; 33,060  
 Of kin and blude suppois tha war so nar,  
 Of conditioun tha differit than richt far.  
 This ilk Donald, in all his tyme wes he  
 Infectit far with foull faminitie,  
 Sleipand in sleuth, as ony sow als sueir, 33,065  
 His plesour wes of hurdome ay to heir;  
 Vnsaturabill als of gulositie,  
 In meit and drink, and sleip also wes he  
 Immensurabill and out of temperance.  
 I can nocht tell zow all the circumstance 33,070  
 Of his vices; thocht I sould walk a zeir,  
 Ouir litill war for to rehers thame heir.  
 Quhairof displesit wes the men of gude,  
 And erast tha [wes] of the eldest blude,  
 Dreidand full soir the vices of thair king. 33,075  
 Als[o] with him ane counsall had so zing,  
 Quhilk had no knowledge mair no had ane kow,  
 Bot eit and drink, and fill the bellie fow,  
 Sould efterwart, quhen it wes war to mend,  
 Bring all thair werkis to ane wickit end. 33,080  
 And so it wes within les no four zeir;  
 And how it hapnit tak tent and ze sall heir.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *his*.

HOW THE REST OF THE PECHTIS THAT WAR  
FLED IN INGLAND DESYRIT HELP OF OS-  
BRET, KING OF INGLAND, TO RESKEW THAIR  
LANDIS AGANE; QUHA COME WITH ANE GREIT  
ARMIE AND POWER OF BRITIS AND SAXONIS  
AGANIS THE SCOTTIS, AND THE SCOTTIS SIC-  
LYKE AGANIS THAME WITH GREIT POWER.

As 3e haif hard, the Pechtis les and moir  
Distroyit war with Kenethus befor,  
Except waill few that fled war in Inglan, 33,085  
Into this tyme amang thame wer duelland,  
Quhen that tha knew and hard tell of that thing,  
So far misgydit wes the Scottis king,  
And mony lord als weill that tyme as he  
Infectit wes with his infirmitie, 33,090  
And of thair king tha stude so litill aw,  
The land also without justice or law,  
Tha thocht that tyme wes than rycht oportune  
For to compleit the thing tha wald haif done.  
Till Osbretus, of Inglan king tha dais, 33,095  
Tha passit all with ane consent and sais,  
Gif it war plesure to his majestie,  
To thame that tyme to [mak] help and supple,  
Thair kinrik haill agane for to reskew,  
Scottis fra thame reft laitlie of the new, 33,100  
And had thair king and all thair lordis slane.  
Wald he, tha said, of his gude grace agane,  
Expell the Scottis out of ilk regioun,  
And in thair saittis set thame all fre down,  
Ilk 3eir of thame, quhilk sould nocht be to 33,105  
crave,  
Ane greit tribut in heretage sould haue;  
And tha sould hald him for thair lord and king,  
At his command obey him in all thing.

This ilk Osbret thairof wes weill content,  
 And suddantlie thairto gaif his consent ; 33,110  
 With Illa than of West Saxone wes king,  
 And Britis als for that same caus and thing,  
 Col. 2. At thair counsall he wrocht that tyme alhaill,  
 And causit [thame] thairof to tak thair dail,  
 Syne efterwart, with grit power and micht 33,115  
 Of Brit and Saxone into armour bricht,  
 Ane large ost quhilk wes of lenth and breid,  
 Rycht sone that tyme tha passit all our Tueid,  
 Within the land that samin tyme that la,  
 Quhilk callit is now Tiuidail this da. 33,120  
 This Osbret syne ane seruand send in hy  
 To king Donald, and bad him suddanely  
 For to remoif out of the Pechtis landis,  
 And all the strenthis also in his handis  
 For to resigne in his handis agane ; 33,125  
 And wald he nocht, he leit him wit in plane,  
 That he sould sone, and all that multitude,  
 Invaid his landis bayth with fyre and blude.  
 Quhair of this Donald than sic terroure tuke.  
 That he durst nother scantlie speik nor luke ; 33,130  
 And in the tyme for nothing did provyde,  
 Seikand ane hoill quhair that he mycht him hyde ;  
 Quhill that the lordis causit him on force  
 To tak the feild than bayth on fit and hors,  
 With all the power in the tyme tha hed, 33,135  
 Or doutles than this ilk Donald had fled.  
 That samyn tyme thair semblit in his sycht,  
 Bernis full bald all into armour brycht,  
 With grit power that come furth of the North,  
 And passit syne all our the water of Forth, 33,140  
 Withoutin tarie other nycht or da,  
 Quhill that tha come quhair that Osbretus la  
 Vpoun ane plane wes neirby Jedburth toun.  
 Tha lichtit thair and set thair carrage doun,

And la thair still to rest thame thair that      33,145  
 nycht;  
 Syne on the morne be that the da wes lycht,  
 The Scottis all, that waponis docht to weild,  
 Arrayit thame and gaif this Osbret feild.

HOW THE SCOTTIS GAIF OSBRET FEILD, QUHA  
 FLED AND TYNT THE FEILD; AND HOW THE  
 SCOTTIS PARTIT THE SPULZE AND WAN THE  
 SCHIPPIS; AND OF SURFAT DRINKING AND  
 VOLUPTUOUS LEVING; AND HOW OSBRET SLEW  
 THE SCOTTIS IN THAIR TENTIS CRUELLIE,  
 AND TUKE KING DONALD NAIKIT WITH  
 MONY LORDIS AND LED THAME AWA, AND  
 WEILDIT AT WILL ALL LANDIS TILL FORTH;  
 AND OF THE WOFULL LYFE OF THE SCOTTIS,  
 AND HOW THA SEND ANE ORATOUR TO KING  
 OSBRET FOR PEAX, AND OF KING OSBRETIS  
 ANSUER AGANE.

The Scottis than, the quhilk war nocht to leir  
 Of all prattik and policie in weir;      33,150  
 Expert tha war thair bayth of les and moir,  
 With Kenethus tha had sic vse befoir;  
 At the first counter in the feild tha maid,  
 Burdonis all brak, and mony scheildis braid  
 With swordis scharpe war schorne all in      33,155  
 schunder,  
 And mony breist maid bludie that wes wnder;  
 And mony knycht wes killit throw the coras,  
 La deid that da walterand wnder his horas,  
 And mony grume la gruifingis on the grund,  
 But ony bute, with mony bludie wound.      33,160  
 The Scottis war so crwell in that tyde,  
 This Osbretus doucht na langar to byde;

With all the speid in[to] the tyme he hed,  
 Lib. 10, f. 160b. Onto ane hill out of the feild he fled.  
 Col. 1 Syne all his men sone efter at the last, 33,165  
 Out of the feild tha followit him rycht fast,  
 Vp and down in mony sindrie place.  
 The Scottis than fast followit on the chace,  
 And in the chace thair wes als mony slane,  
 As in the feild quhair tha faucht on the plane. 33,170  
 Syne on the morne, to euerie man and cheild,  
 Distribute hes the spulze of the feild;  
 Thair passage maid syne all to Tuedis mouth,  
 Quhair mony schip war cumand fra the South,  
 And in ane hevin arrayvit be the se, 33,175  
 With wyne and victuall in greit quantitie;  
 With gold and riches, and all vther geir  
 That neidfull war to haif in tyme of weir.  
 The Scottis men with lytill prattik than,  
 Or cuir tha wist, tha schippis all tha wan. 33,180  
 That samyn tyme gart lois thame all ilkone,  
 Bayth wyne and victuallis out of thame hes tone,  
 And all the gold and all the siluer bricht;  
 Ane equall part syne gaif to euerie wicht.  
 Syne euery da tha drank of that same wyne, 33,185  
 With sic exces als drunken as ane swyne;  
 Ilk da by da in sic gulositie,  
 That horribill wes other to heir or se;  
 In dansing, drinking, putting all thair cuir,  
 In cumpany with mony commoun huir, 33,190  
 Ilk nycht with thame amang thair palzeonis la,  
 But dreid or schame quhill on the morne wes da;  
 And specially this ilk Donald the king  
 Of all the lave wes foulest of sic thing;  
 As brutell beistis takand appetyte, 33,195  
 In venerie putting thair haill delyte,  
 Withoutin schame or dreid of God betuene.  
 Within schort quhile sone efter so wes sene,

This king Osbret, quhilk hard of all this thing,  
 Of the misgyding of Donald the king 33,200  
 And his young lordis that tyme quhair tha la,  
 With new power sone efter on ane da,  
 In all the haist that he mycht hidder wend,  
 To ony Scot or that sic thingis war kend;  
 Quhilk in the tyme tuke lytill tent thairtill, 33,205  
 Lyke brutell beistis takand ay thair will,  
 Out of beleif of ony battell moir,  
 Tha war so proud of victorie befoir;  
 Vpoun ane nycht quhen tha war all rycht fow  
 Of michtie wyne, and sleiping lyke ane sow, 33,210  
 And gone to bed and falling sound on sleip;  
 The watchmen that ordand war to keip  
 The ost that nycht, that it sould tak na skayth,  
 Tha war so drunken and so sleipry bayth,  
 To walk that tyme no power had no mycht, 33,215  
 Bot tuke thair bed and sleipit all that nycht;  
 Amang thame all wes nother watche nor spy.  
 This king Osbret, rycht lang befoir the sky  
 Vpone the morne or he culd ken the da,  
 Amang the palzeonis sleipand quhair tha la, 33,220  
 He enterit in rycht stoutlie in that steid,  
 And all the tentis stude aboue thair heid,  
 Cuttit the cordis into pecis small,  
 And leit the tentis doun vpoun thame fall.  
 With brandis bright quhilk war of mettell fyne, 33,225  
 Quhair that tha la drunken as ony swyne,  
 Out of thair bed had no power to steir,  
 Tha bar[t]nit thame lyke ony bludie deir.  
 Quha had bene thair that tyme for [till] haue sene  
 Sa mony berne la granand on the grene, 33,230  
 Bulrand in blude, makand ane hiddeous beir,  
 Ouir all the oist that petie wes till heir.  
 The bludie bouchouris quhilk that war so bald,  
 That tyme tha sparit nother young no ald;

Quhill tha had power for to stryke or stand, 33,235  
 Tha bar[t]nit thame with mony awfull brand,  
 Into thair bed than naikit quhair tha la.  
 Of this mischance quhat suld I to 3ow sa?  
 I trow of Troy quhen takin wes the toun,  
 And all the Trojanis put to confusioun, 33,240  
 So foull slauchter with sic crudelitie,  
 So horribill als without humanitie,  
 Wes nocht committit, I dar suithlie sa,  
 In Troy that tyme as wes 3onder that da.  
 Nakit and bair, without ony clais, 33,245  
 Out of thair [bed] tha slew thame as tha rais.  
 Sum heid, sum hals, had hakkit all in sunder,  
 Sum breist, sum bellie, and bowellis brak out  
 [vnder];  
 Sum gat ane bat that breissit all thair bonis,  
 Quhill all thair bowellis bri[s]t out atonis; 33,250  
 Sum with ane culmische clevin to the belt,  
 Quhill livar and lungis, modereid and melt,  
 Boldin and brist, and bruschit on the grene;  
 Sum out-throw the spald and sum out-throw the  
 splene;  
 And sum the arme had fra the schulder sched, 33,255  
 And vther sum la bludie all forbled,  
 And sum on groufe la granand on the grene;  
 So sorrowful sycht befor wes neur sene.  
 For tuentie thousand, or the da wes licht,  
 Without defence tha mordreist that same nycht. 33,260  
 The king Donald thair sleipand quhair he la,  
 In handis tane, syne nakit led awa;  
 And mony 3oung lord in that samin tyme,  
 Out of thair bed tane sleipand lyke ane swyne.  
 Rycht few or nane chaipit thair than that da, 33,265  
 Bot he throw speid that passit saif awa.  
 This beand done as 3e haif hard this tyde,  
 This king Osbret the spulze gart diuyde

Rycht equallie to euerie man wes thair,  
 Efter his stait to all man les and mair. 33,270  
 Syne passit fordwart to Loudonia,  
 Siclike the Britis on to Gallowa,  
 But ony stop that tyme or 3it ganestand,  
 At thair plesour possessit all that land.  
 Tha boucheouris bald sa brodin wer of blude, 33,275  
 3young or ald, schortlie to conclude,  
 Preist or clerk gat nother girth nor grace;  
 Quhome tha ouirtuik in ony toun or place,  
 Seik nor sair that tyme gat no remeid,  
 Like doggis all tha dang thame to the deid. 33,280  
 This king Osbret than weildit at his will  
 All on to Forth, wes<sup>1</sup> no ganestand thairtill,  
 At his plesour at grit lasar and lenth,  
 Baith toun and tour, with ilk castell and stren[th].  
 Siclyke the Britis, on the samin syde, 33,285  
 Hes conqueist all on to the water of Clyde,  
 But ony stop that tyme or 3it ganestand,  
 And tane the strenthis all in thair awin hand.  
 The Scottis than that levand war on lyfe,  
 Tha[t] chaipit had out of that stour and stryfe, 33,290  
 Efter lang murning and rycht havie mane,  
 Bayth man and wyfe hes maid sa lang ilkane,  
 Into all partis our all bayth far and neir,  
 That I list nocht now for to tell 3ow heir.  
 For and I wald, thairof I wait rycht weill, 33,295  
 Suppois that thi hart wer hard as ony steill,  
 That it wald brek and all [in] pecis clewe,  
 For to heir tell thair murning and mischewe. Lib.10, f.161.  
 Sen that the pane the plesour dois exceed, Col. 1.  
 Now at this tyme other to heir or reid, 33,300  
 Of sic talking no moir now I will tell;  
 Tak tent and heir quhat efter syne befell

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *hex.*



Quhen that tha hard how Osbret in the North,  
 With all his power thocht to pas our Forth,  
 In that intent syne efterwart in Fyffe, 33,306  
 For to distroy bayth man, barne and wyfe,  
 In Loutheane siclike as he had done ;  
 The Scottis than heirand thair of rycht sone,  
 Than euery man that mycht ane burdoun bair,  
 And euerilk lad also bayth les and mair, 33,310  
 And euerilk one ane wapin docht to weild,  
 On fit and hors tha come all to the feild,  
 In that intent all on ane da to die,  
 Out of that dreid or to deliuerit be.  
 Than king Osbret, quhen he hard it wes so, 33,316  
 Deliuerit hes no farder for till go,  
 Of thair gaddering sic aw he stude and dreid ;  
 Far mair that tyme I trow than he had neid ;  
 Traistand thair power wes of so greit vail.  
 Syne quhen he knew the veritie alhaill, 33,320  
 It wes nocht so, as ane tratour him tald,  
 Than in his breist he grew moir hie and bald.  
 Ten thousand men in schipping to the North,  
 He furneist hes attour the water of Forth ;  
 Throw auenture that tyme in wynd and wall, 33,326  
 On the South coist thair war tha pereist all ;  
 Fywe thousand men war suckin be the sand,  
 With grit vneis the lawe come to the land,  
 Bursin and boldin ilkane lyke ane taid,  
 Throw grit travell in wynd and wall tha maid. 33,330  
 Of wickitnes and grit crudelitie  
 God quit thame than of his auctoritie,  
 Withoutin straik other of swerd or knyfe,  
 That da sa mony loisit hes the lyfe.  
 Quhen Osbret knew how all the maner wes, 33,336  
 To Striuling brig tuke purpois for to pas,  
 Agane the streme no moir than wald he stryve,  
 To Striuling brig syne passit hes belyve.

In that same place, as that my author wrytis,  
 Convenit hes togidder with the Brytis, 33,340  
 And euerilk one syne schew till vther sone,  
 Into thair travell how that tha had done,  
 And syne tuke purpois to pas to the North,  
 With mort battell attour the water of Forth.  
 Syne as tha war neir reddy for to wend, 33,345  
 That samin tyme ane oratour wes send  
 Fra the Scottis, with credence for to trow,  
 Quhilk said to him as I sall sa to 3ow.  
 " O king Osbret, ar thow nocht 3it content  
 " Of sic honour as God hes to the sent, 33,350  
 " As plesis him, and nothing throw thi mycht,  
 " No 3it thi strenth, thi power or thi richt?  
 " Bot most of all for our misgouerance,  
 " Quhilk plesit him to send to ws sic chance,  
 " As wes decretit be him self in hevin; 33,355  
 " For we no way culd hald the ballance evin.  
 " Thairfor greit God to our damage and skayth,  
 " To puneis ws and for to preve 3ow bayth,  
 " Nocht for 3our gude, bot erar for grit ill,  
 " Sic victorie this tyme hes send 3ow till 33,360  
 " Befoir," he said, "sum tyme we war als hie  
 " Vpoun the quheill siclike as now ar 3e,  
 " And hiear als ascending to sic hicht;  
 " Becaus that we considerit nocht the rycht,  
 " Quhen we war grittest of auctoritie, 33,365  
 " Misknawand God that set ws up so hie,  
 " Or euir we wist, he maid ws law to lycht  
 " To grit mischeif rycht far doun fra the hycht. Col. 2.  
 " Quhen men ar weill that tyme is to be war,  
 " And lippin nocht in fals Fortoun our far; 33,370  
 " Be sic exempill as my self hes sene,  
 " Quha dois nocht, it<sup>1</sup> sall him turne to tene.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *it it*.

" Thairfoir," he said, " considder how it standis,  
 " Sen God hes put sic honour in 3our handis,  
 " And victorie at <sup>1</sup> his plesour and will, 33,375  
 " Nocht for na thank that 3e haif done hym till,  
 " Or worthie ar of him to haif sic thing,  
 " Bot principalie for to puneische our king,  
 " And his lieges siclike all for his saik.  
 " Traist weill," he said, " sen God can do the 33,380  
     maik  
 " Onto 3our self and he find caus thairto,  
 " As weill I traist sone efter he sall do  
 " And [3e] proceid to put 3our self in perrell,  
 " Incontrar ws in quhome 3e haif no querrell;  
 " Quhairthrow 3e ma sone crab his majestie, 33,385  
 " For to proceid with sic crudelitie.  
 " For mercie is aboue his work and mycht,  
 " And but mercie thair can no erthlie wycht  
 " Posses the gloir that he is ordand till.  
 " Thairfoir," he said, " than sen it is Godis 33,390  
     will,  
 " In sic distres ay mercie for to haif,  
 " This tyme at 3ow na vther thing we crave,  
 " Bot grant ws peax with the skayth we haif tane,  
 " Thairfoir redres at 3ow we sall ask nane,  
 " In tyme to cum and 3e will lat ws be, 33,395  
 " As we war wont with oure awin libertie.  
 " Or traist 3e weill we sall our strenthis preve,  
 " Quhairin this tyme we haif ane grit beleve,  
 " The hand of God ws puneist hes so soir,  
 " Is satisfest and will nocht smyte no moir. 33,400  
 " And sen he hes now gottin his desyre,  
 " Thairfoir we traist his malice and his yre  
 " Is stanchit now of his mercie and grace,  
 " And he agane sall turne till ws his face.  
 " Also," he said, " no honour is to the, 33,405  
 " So puir pepill in sic miseritie

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *as*.

" For to oppres, considderand how it standis,  
 " Sen that thow hes oure king into thi handis,  
 " And lordis als sould mak remeid thairtill ;  
 " Quhairfor," he said, " now gif it be thi will, 33,410  
 " Of this desyre thi ansuer I wald haif,  
 " Nocht ellis now at this tyme I will crawe."

When this wes said befor thame all in plane,  
 This wes the ansuer that he gat agane :  
 Efter thair counsall lang into sic thing, 33,415  
 Decretit wes be Osbretus thair king,

With manlie vult and with ane voce so cleir :  
 " Gude freind," he said, " we haif considderit heir  
 " To grant 3ow peax, bot no way for 3our rycht ;  
 " Thocht we this tyme of oure power and 33,420  
 mycht,

" At oure plesour agane 3ow ma proceed,  
 " Without ganestand of 3ow or ony dreid,  
 " 3it neuirtheles, gif lykis 3ow but leis,  
 " Of this conditoun we will grant 3ow peice.  
 " Sua that 3e will gif our alhail the landis, 33,425  
 " That we and Britis hes now into our handis,  
 " Withoutin clame bezond the water of Forth,  
 " And 3e in peice to bruik the laue benorth ;  
 " The Britis merchis for to be at Clyde,

" And Alcluth<sup>1</sup> als vpoun the tother syde, 33,430  
 " To gif to thame of thair auctoritie,

" Fra that tyme furth Dunbritane callit to be ;

" And so proceedand fra the West se bank, Lib.10, f.161b.  
 Col. 1.

" On to the Eist with richt gude will and thank.

" The water of Forth also we will that be 33,435

" Fra this da furth callit the Scottis se ;

" And tuentie thousand of gude money alsua,

" 3eirlie to ws of tribut for to pa ;

" And to obserue thir thingis I alledge

" Sixtie 3oung lordis to be laid in pledge ; 33,440

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Alchhof*.

" And that no Scot sall cum into oure land,  
 " Without oure leif, licence and command;  
 " And gif he do, now kennand how it standis,  
 " Baith lyfe and gude sall bayth be in our handis;  
 " And pleis 3e nocht as I haif said 3ow heir, 33,445  
 " Cum nocht agane ma tydenis for to speir."

HOW THE ORATOUR SCHEW HIS ANSUEER, AND OF  
 ANGUS LORD CALLIT CULENUS.

The oratour with his deliuerance  
 Is passit hame, and all the circumstance  
 Ilk word by word he schew to thame agane,  
 The haill report in wordis that war plane. 33,450  
 Quhairof that tyme tha war rycht euill content,  
 And mony said, or tha gaif thair consent  
 To lois thair land and tyne thair libertie,  
 All on ane da far erar tha sould de.  
 And vther sum, that louit peax and rest, 33,455  
 Tha said agane that counsall wes nocht best;  
 That force it wes for to consent thame till,  
 And at this tyme to brek far of thair will,  
 Or than dispone bayth honour, lyfe and landis,  
 In greit perrell into thair<sup>1</sup> fais handis. 33,460  
 Ane weill lang quhile into sic stryfe tha stude,  
 Quhill at the last ane nobill man of gude,  
 Of Angus lord, Culenus hecht to name,  
 Fra Bar wes send that tyme of greit fame;  
 Of quhome befor I schew 3ow in his tyme, 33,465  
 As 3e ma fynd in meter and in ryme,  
 His nyne sonnis, that worthie war and wucht,  
 With king Donald war all slane on ane nycht;  
 Him self that tyme wes ancient and ald.  
 This Culenus, of quhome befor I tald, 33,470  
 With his counsall he send him to the laue,  
 Befor thame all this counsall he thame gaue.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *oure*.

HOW CULENUS, LORD OF ANGUS, GAIF COUNSALL  
TO THE SCOTTIS TO TAK PEAX.

" Sen to 3ow all it knawin is full richt,  
 " Sum tyme the Romanis of sic strenth and micht,  
 " Of sick power, sic puissance and sic pryde, 33,475  
 " Quhilk lordis war of all this warld wyde,  
 " In Gallowa befor Galdus oure king,  
 " Tha thocht na schame, 3e ken full weill that  
   thing,  
 " Quhen it stude thame in sic necessitie,  
 " Rycht laulie thair befor him on thair kne, 33,480  
 " With piteous voce than peax at him tha crave,  
 " With quhat conditioun plesit him to have.  
 " Sen tha," he said, "thocht nother lak no schame  
 " To ask sic peax, to ws is lytill blame  
 " Now at this tyme to ask at thame sic thing, 33,485  
 " Sen that we ar withoutin prince or king.  
 " Consider als this tyme how it standis,  
 " Bayth king and lordis ar all into thair handis ;  
 " Also this tyme oure power is so small,  
 " That scantlie now thair is amang ws all 33,490  
 " Fyve thousand men that waponis dow to weild,  
 " Or 3it hes strenth to stryke in ony feild ;  
 " Bot boy and barne, as 3e 3our self ma se,  
 " And agit men in richt small quantitie,  
 " But hors and harnes, and all vther geir 33,495  
 " That neidfull is vpoun thair cors to weir ;  
 " Quhilk hes no strenth intill ane stour to stand,  
 " Na dow to weild ane wapin with thair hand.  
 " Full eith it is sic catiues to ouircum,  
 " In sic distres will baith grow deif and dum. 33,500  
 " Knew I," he said, "that we had strenth or mycht,  
 " Or 3it power for to debait oure rycht,  
 " Or I this tyme thair myndis suld fulfill,  
 " I suld be formest that da with gude will,

Col. 2.

Quhair that we mycht debait ws with oure 33,505  
 handis.  
 Bot now," he said, "ze se weill how it standis;  
 Our power is this tyme brokin so far,  
 " Thairfoir," he said, "or dreid that we do war,  
 " My counsall is, gif thame this tyme thair will;  
 " Peraduenture we may cum efter till 33,510  
 " So gude ane tyme, thocht it be now vnknawin,  
 " With litill maistrie to redeme oure awin.  
 " Moir manlie is for to vmschew ane perrell,  
 " Thocht thow haif neur so gude ane querrell,  
 " No for to fecht quhen all the warld ma se 33,515  
 " Thow hes no power partie for to be.  
 " Full hardines, quhilk neur had zit gude chance,  
 " Cumis alway of ill considderance;  
 " And fals presumptioun, cumis of thame bayth,  
 " Oft in this warld hes done rycht mekle 33,520  
 skayth.  
 " Thairfoir," he said, "consider zour awin mycht  
 " And thair strenthis, suppois ze haif the rycht,  
 " Is no compair with thame for to mak stryfe,  
 " Without to thame ze wald offer zour lyfe.  
 " Grit harme it war and so hapnit to be; 33,525  
 " Aduise zow now, for I haif said for me."

#### HOW THE SCOTTIS CONSENTIT TO PEAX, AND OF KING DONALDIS DELIUERANCE.

To this counsall consentit euerie man;  
 No contradictioun wes amang thame than.  
 Ane legat syne send to Osbretus king,  
 For to convoy and compromit all thing. 33,530  
 With tha conditionis peax tha maid, and band  
 With letteris braid subscriuit with thair hand;  
 Syne pledgis tuik, and king Donald hame send,  
 And all the laue quhair plesit thame to wend.

HOW KING OSBRET DIUYDIT THE CONQUEIST LAND  
BETUIX SAXONIS AND BRITIS.

Quhen this was done as I haif said this tyde, 33,535  
 This Osbretus gart equallie diuyde  
 The conqueist land betuix Saxonis and Britis,  
 For to compleit the first promit and writis.  
 The landis all, quhilk war baith lang and wyde,  
 Fra Cumbria onto the water of Clyde, 33,540  
 And the West se to Striuling so inwart,  
 The Britis gat tha landis to thair part.  
 Syne all the laif without stop or ganestand,  
 Fra Forth so South onto Northumberland,  
 And fra Striuling straucht on to the Eist se, 33,545  
 This king Osbret wnto his part gart he,  
 And of Stirling the strait castell of stane,  
 Wes cassin down bot schort quhile bigane  
 In to the weiris, as my author me schew ;  
 And he agane gart big it of the new. 33,550

HOW KING OSBRET STRAIK THE STIRLING MONEY  
 AND GART BIG THE BRIG OF STIRLING, AND  
 OF ANE STANE CROSS SET THAIR VPONE, AND  
 HOW THE PECHTIS STAW OUT OF INGLAND IN DENMARK, AND OF KING DONALDIS VICIUS  
 LYFFE AND END. Lib.10, f.162.  
Col. 1.

And in that castell that tyme causit he  
 The Striuling money for to strickin be,  
 Quhilk efter Striuling beris 3it that name,  
 As knawin is be commoun voce and fame.  
 That tyme on Forth thair wes ane brig of tre, 33,555  
 But pend or piller, vpone trestis hie,  
 Quhair he that tyme ane mekle better brig,  
 With pend and pillar of stane and lyme gart big,



Attour the watter in that tyme wes set,  
 Of thre kingis quhairat the merchis met, 33,660  
 Of Scotland, Ingland, and of Britis als.  
 For mair effect that this thing wes nocht fals,  
 Into the place quhairat the merchis met,  
 Vpone the brig ane croce of stane tha set ;  
 In Latin syne, quha lykis to rehers, 33,666  
 Vpone the croce wer gravin thir same vers :  
*Anglos<sup>1</sup> a Scotis separat<sup>2</sup> crux ista<sup>3</sup> remotis ;*  
*Arma hic stant Bruti ; stant Scoti hac sub cruce*  
*tuti.<sup>4</sup>*

Quhilk is to sa in our langage perqueir,  
 Of Scot and Brit standis the armis heir, 33,670  
 And Ingland als, vpon this corce of stane,  
 Quhair metis now thair merchis all ilkane.  
 The puir Pechtis quhen that tha kend and knew,  
 Thir thre kingis so cordit of the new  
 With so grit peax, syne delt hes all thair 33,675  
 lands

Amang thame thre, than seand how it standis  
 The Inglismen, thair freindis war befor,  
 Ouirshot thame than with mekle bost and schoir,  
 Forzet freindschip and held thame ay at feid,  
 And euerilk day imaginand thair deid ; 33,680  
 And for that caus, the maist part of thame aw  
 Rycht quietlie than out of Ingland staw,  
 And passit syne in Denmark ane and all,  
 For thair begouth thair first originall,  
 And in that land amang thame did remane. 33,686  
 To king Donald now will I turne agane.  
 Efter the tyme sone of his cuming hame,  
 Quhen passit wes the murmour, and the schame

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Angalos.*

<sup>2</sup> In MS. *seperat.*

<sup>3</sup> In MS. *est a.*

<sup>4</sup> In MS. *tali.*

Of his mischance forȝet wes and laid down ;  
 For wonder lestis bot nyne nycht into toun ; 33,590  
 But schame or dreid, as my author did sa,  
 Grew war and war the langar euerie da,  
 With ma faltis na euir he had befoir,  
 Incessand euir the langar ay the moir.  
 And in that tyme so mekill wrang wes wrocht, 33,595  
 That all the kinrik put down wes to nocht,  
 With grit discord and spilling of grit blude,  
 And erast ay amang the men of gude.  
 Quhairof the nobillis war displesit far ;  
 Or dreid efter ȝycht sone it suld be war, 33,600  
 This king Donald in handis tha haif tane,  
 Syne with consent of all the lordis ilkane,  
 Tha haif gart put hym in ane presoun strang,  
 Quhair he that tyme remanit nocht ȝycht lang ;  
 Him awin self, and my author be trew, 33,605  
 That samyn tyme in the presoun he slew.  
 The saxt ȝeir quhilk wes than of his ring,  
 So endit he this ilk Donaldus king.

HOW CONSTANTYNE, THE SONE OF KING KENETHUS,  
 EFTER THE DEITH OF DONALD WES CROWNIT  
 KING IN SCONE, AND OF HIS WISDOME AND  
 STATUTIS AGANIS VICE.

Efter the deith than of this ilk Donald,  
 This Kenethus of quhome befoir I tald, 33,610  
 Quhilk in his tyme sic honour wan and fame,  
 Ane sone he had hecht Constantyne to name,  
 That samyn tyme into ane place hecht Scone, Col. 2.  
 Wes crownit king vpone the marbell stone,  
 The quhilk his father of befoir schort quhile, 33,615  
 On to that place had brocht out of Argyle.  
 Syne on ane know, that wes bayth round and hie,  
 In that same place ȝit standis still to se,

That stane wes set vpone ane deis condung,  
 And in that place thair crownit wes the king, 33,630  
 Into the taikin of victorie and gloir,  
 That he had wyn into that place befoir.  
 This Constantyne, quhilk wes wyiss and expert,  
 Rycht hevelie he buir into his hart  
 The grit ouirthraw and thirling of his ring, 33,635  
 With sic subjection of Osbretus king,  
 And of the Britis so abhominabill,  
 To him all tyme wes so implorabill.  
 And for that caus, with all power and mycht,  
 His purpois wes for to redeme his rycht, 33,640  
 Askand counsall be haill auctoritie  
 Of his lordis, with thair help and supple.  
 And tha agane sic ansuer gaif him till,  
 Sayand, tha wald rycht hartlie with gude will,  
 In ony thing quhen tyme wes oportune, 33,645  
 Quhen lefullie that sic thing mycht be done.  
 Bot than, tha said, thair strenthis wer so small,  
 With sic discord amang his lordis all,  
 And so ill reule wes than our all his ring;  
 Onto the tyme reformat war sic thing 33,650  
 With wyiss counsall, at grit laser and lenth,  
 And recreat agane als war thair strenth,  
 Sic thing, tha said, than mycht nocht weill be done.  
 This Constantyne, syne efter that rycht sone,  
 Ane generall counsall haistelie gart call 33,655  
 Into ane place quhair tha convenit all.  
 With thair consent and counsall he gart mak,  
 Wes necessar, rycht mony gudlie act,  
 Rycht profittabill for the commoun weill.  
 The first it wes, als far as I haif feill, 33,660  
 That no kirkman suld haif auctoritie,  
 No 3it tak cuir in temporalitie;  
 Bot vse his office as ane man of kirk,  
 No seruiall werkis with his handis wirk;

Als on his corss na armour for till beir,	33,655	
No zit waponis that mycht do ony deir ;		
And euerie kirkman also of his rent,		
Efter his stait suld hald him weill content.		
Quhat euir he wes that keipit nocht command,		
Sould puneist be and pay ane opin pand.	33,660	
Siclyke that tyme forbiddin wes exces		
Of meit and drink, till all man moir and les,		
Without he war within youthheid ane cheild ;		
Riche or puir that wes of lauchfull eild,		
Commandit war gude temperance to keip	33,665	
In meit and drink, with sobernes in sleip,		
Anis ilk da for to refreschit be,		
But gredines or zit gulositie :		
Pluralitie of meit and drink siclike,		
Forbiddin wes bayth for puir and ryke ;	33,670	
All fedder beddis forbiddin wes also,		
But bed or bowster to lig on the stro,		
With litill happing, nocht to ly our warme,		
That neidfull war to keip thair corporis fra harme ;		
Wnder the pane of lyfe and als of land,	33,675	
Quhat euir he war that maid ony ganestand.		
Syne efter that, within ane litill quhile,		
Tha left thair vices that war vane and vyle,		
And vsit hes tha lawis war maid new,		
And to greit vertew and perfectioun grew.	33,680	
Quhair tha war wont affaminat to be,		Lib.10, f.162b.
And gredie gluttonis with gulositie,		Col. 1.
All tyme but wisdome, full of negligence,		
Sleuthfull and sueir, withoutin diligence ;		
Now ar tha maid als bissie as ane be,	33,685	
Walkryfe and war, with greit agelitie ;		
Detestand all the vices les and moir,		
In quhome tha had sa grit plesour befor ;		
And so perfitlie in that stait tha stude,		
That wonder wes in ony man of gude	33,690	

To find ane falt quhair on that men mycht plenze,  
 Without of him rycht falslie he did feinzie.  
 Bot lang sic lyfe may nocht lest for invy :  
 Harkin and heir how hapnit syne for-thi.

HOW ANE LORD CALLIT EWENUS, WITH <sup>1</sup> CERTANE  
 LORDIS OF HIS FACTIOUN, REBELLIT AGANIS  
 KING CONSTANTYNE AND HIS STATUTIS, QUHA  
 WAS TANE AND HANGIT AND THE LORDIS OF  
 HIS PARTIE PUT IN PRESOUN.

Ane 3young greit nobill in the samin quhile, 33,696  
 Ewenus hecht, wes lord of ane grit yle ;  
 Of meit and drink rycht delicat wes fed,  
 Bayth warme and soft, and costlie wes his bed ;  
 He said, the man ane fuill wes to profes,  
 Withoutin neid wald tak him self sic stres, 33,700  
 Or sla him self withoutin ony caus ;  
 Full lychtlie than he lett of all tha lawis.  
 The lordis all that duelt into the Ylis,  
 He tretit thame with mony subtill wylis,  
 In Ross, in Catnes, and in Lochquhabria, 33,706  
 In Murraland, and mony vtheris ma,  
 That is nocht neidfull at this tyme to tell,  
 He causit thame agane the king rebell,  
 And disobey his lawis and commandis ;  
 And schupe also on him for to la handis, 33,710  
 Decretit wes rycht haistelie and sone,  
 And quyetlie quhen tyme wes oportune.  
 Sone efter that quhen all this thing wes schawin  
 To Constantyne, be freindis of his awin,  
 Quhairfoir rycht sone, or that the word sould 33,716  
 spreid,  
 With greit power rycht suddantlie him speid

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *with ane*.

On to Ewone, into Lochquhabria,  
 Quhair that Ewenus in the castell la,  
 And all the lordis that wer of his band,  
 In company than reddy at command. 33,730  
 This kingis cuming wes to thame vnkawin,  
 So secreit wes, be no man it wes schawin.  
 Quhill on the nycht, unwittand quhair tha la,  
 He set ane seig about the houss or da,  
 With litill force the houss that tyme he wan, 33,735  
 And tuke thame furth that wes thairin ilk man.  
 Syne this Ewenus for his mekle wrang,  
 Vpone ane gallous maid him thair to hang;  
 And all the laif that war thair of his gard,  
 He put ilkone into ane sindrie ward, 33,730  
 Quhill he war weill aduysit in sic thing,  
 Of thair punitioun and thair pane conding.  
 For this rebell he fand rycht sone remeid;  
 Grit stabilnes syne maid in euirilk steid,  
 And put his kinrik in gude peax and rest. 33,735  
 Tranquillitie, the quhilk no tyme will lest,  
 Wes changit sone to trubill and grit wo,  
 Within schort quhile that thame wes all ago.

HOW THE PECHTIS THAT FLED OUT OF INGLAND  
 PURCHEST SUPPLE FRA GADANUS, KING OF  
 DENMARK, QUHA SEND HIS TUA BRETHIR  
 HUNGAR AND HUBBA IN SCOTLAND WITH ANE  
 GREIT ARMIE.

In Denmark than thair wes ane rycht riche king, Col. 2.  
 Of land, lordschip, gold, siluer and all thing; 33,740  
 Ane man he wes of grit honour and fame,  
 Gadanus als wes callit to his name.  
 That samin tyme the Pechtis les and moir,  
 Out of Ingland that fled had of befoir  
 Into Denmark, tha passit to the king, 33,745  
 Beseikand him of his gude grace bening,

That he wald mak thame sum help and supple  
 Agane the Scottis war but humanitie,  
 Had reft fra thame thair kinrik and thair croun,  
 And put thame self all to confusioun, 33,760  
 Withoutin mercie in greit miseritie,  
 Sen tha war all of ane genelogie,  
 Cumd of ane blude richt mony da ago.  
 This Gadanus, quhen he hard him sa so,  
 His tua brether of grit auctoritie, 33,765  
 Hungar and Hubba, into thair supple  
 He furneist hes thame with ane navin large,  
 Of carvell, craik, with mony bark and barge,  
 And threttie thousand in thair cumpany ;  
 Than tuik thair leif and passit to the se. 33,760  
 Lord Eolus maid thame no stop no stryfe,  
 Bot with grit fauour brocht thame sone in Fyfe ;  
 Quhair that tha set thair schippis to ane sand,  
 Syne with thair boittis passit all to land,  
 Quhair tha la still als lang tyme as tha list, 33,765  
 With grit injure, for none mycht thame resist.  
 With thame that tyme so greit power tha had,  
 That all the folk for feirdnes fra thame fled.  
 That pagane pepill that war wnbaptist,  
 Rycht grit injure did to the kirk of Christ ; 33,770  
 Of preist and clerk, and men of religioun,  
 Rycht mony than tha put to confusioun.

HOW THE KIRK MEN FLED INTO THE YLE OF MAY.  
 AND THAIR [WER] MARTERIT BUT REMEID BE  
 THE DANIS, AND HOW KING CONSTANTINE  
 COME TO FYFFE, AND OF THE STRYFFE THAT  
 FELL AMANG THE SCOTTIS.

Into that tyme tha tuke of thame sic fray,  
 Tha fled all fast into the Yle of May,

Within the se, in ane religious place ; 33,775

Trowand that tyme thair to get girth and grace,

Greit confluence into that place did fle.

Thir cankerit cut-throttis of crudelitie,

Tha followit thame within ane litill space

Onto the yle, syne in that samin place, 33,780

For Christis saik tha sufferit all the deid,

And marteris maid withoutin ony remeid.

Of quhome the names remanis in memorie,

Rycht mony 3it as I find in my storie :

Sanct Audreane of maist auctoritie, 33,785

Of Sanct Androis the bischop than wes he,

And Monanus the archidene of the same,

And Glodanus als meik as ony lam,

Stobrandus als and Gayws wes his feir,

And mony mo I can nocht tell 3ow heir. 33,790

All Scottis men tha war into tha dais,

Gif it be suith heir that my author sais ;

Thairfoir me think rycht far tha do bot varie,

That sais tha Sanctis come furth of Hungarie ;

Quhair euir tha come tha wer rycht halie men, 33,795

Efter thair deid be thair miracles we ken.

In this mater I will no moir remane,

Bot to my storie turne I will agane.

Lib. 10, f. 163

Col. 1.

This Constantyne efter that he hard tell,

How that thir freikis furius and fell, 33,800

Infernall feindis, fais of halie kirk,

Within this warld so wranguslie did wirk,

Rycht stoutlie than, but ony stop or stryfe,

With mony freik he fuir that tyme in Fyffe ;

And fand the Danis syne vpoun ane da, 33,805

Into ane place togidder quhair tha la,

On euerilk syde vpone the water of Levin ;

Quhen sic ane schour descendit fra the hevin,

Quhilk causit hes the water for to grow

So greit that tyme, with furdie deip and how, 33,810



That nane that tyme mycht wyn our to ane  
vther,

Hungar to Hubba, nor Hubba to his bruther.

This Constantyne, with grit power of pryde,

His men arrayit on this samin syde

Quhair Hubba la, and gaif him feild in hy, 33,816

Quhair mony berne vpoun his bak did ly;

And mony burdoun brokin wes betuene,

And mony grume la granand on the grene.

The doggit Danis, suppois that tha war dour,

The kene Scottis hes maid thame law to lour, 33,820

And quit thame weill, for all thair bost and  
schoir,

Of grit injure tha did in Fyfe befoir.

Thocht tha war bald tha mycht no langer hyde;

Rycht mony than fled to the watter syde

For to pas our, syne all into that flume 33,826

Tha drownit ilkone becaus tha culd nocht swim.

This ilk Hubba that culd that craft perqueir,

With leg and armes bayth to row and steir,

Saif he swame our to the tother syde,

Quhair Hungar than his bruther did abyde; 33,830

Quhilk of his cuming that tyme wes rycht fane.

To Constantyne now will I turne agane,

The quhilk that tyme wes blyth as ony be,

And all the laif so prydefull war and hie

Of victorie that tha had wyn that da, 33,836

Trowand no moir, as my author did sa,

Of thame agane to get battell or feild.

In that beleif bayth lad, man and cheild,

Tha tuik na cuir to ordour to array,

Bot sang and drank and dansit all the day. 33,840

Siclyke that nicht, quhill on the tother morne,

With mony blast of bugill and of horne,

And all that da with grit glaidnes and glew,

Dansit and sang, and mony trumpet blew;

Traistand that tyme quhen that the flude war 33,845  
fawin,

Withoutin straik that all sould be thair awin.

Tha socht the fische rycht far befor the net,

Quhilk causit [thame] the les gardone to get.

About Hubba and his bruther Hungar,

Amang thame self discordit than rycht far, 33,850

As tha had baith that tyme bene in thair handis ;

Sum bad bynd and hald him fast in bandis ;

And vther sum bad baith [him] hang and draw,

Rycht haistelie for ony mannis aw ;

And vther sum that tyme amang the lave, 33,855

Wes nocht content and vther counsall gaive ;

Sayand forsuith, that ane victour suld be

Curtas and clement, but crudelitie ;

That man 3oldin that ma nocht stryke agane,

It semis nocht that sic ane suld be slane. 33,860

And thus tha strave about [ane] wnbocht gait ;

Bot other wayis it hapnit than, God wait.

HOW KING CONSTANTYNE PASSIT OUR THE WATER  
OF LEVYN AGANIS HUNGAR AND HUBBA, AND  
MAID FOR BATTELL.

In the thrid da quhen fallin wes the flude,

This Constantyne, with all his multitude,

In gude array did our the water ryde. 33,865

This ilk Hungar vpone the tother syde

Dinydit hes his feildis into thre.

Col. 2.

To this Hubba the vangard than gaif he :

Ane Inglisman that callit wes Branus,

Quhilk flemit wes, my author sais thus, 33,870

The tother wyng vpone the farrar syde,

To this Branus he gaif that tyme to gyde :

And all the Pechtis that war levand than,

He had with him into that wyng ilk man.

This Constantyne siclike he did divyde 33,875  
 In thre battellis his armie in that tyde :  
 His bruther germane, quhilk that Ethus hecht,  
 In the vangard diuysit him to fecht :  
 The lord of Athole, callit wes Duncane,  
 The secund wyng with mony nobill man 33,880  
 He gaif to him, thair governour to be,  
 And for to gyde with his auctoritie.  
 Ten thousand men, as my author did sa,  
 In euerilk wyng thair wes that samin da ;  
 With mony wycht men that waponis weill culd 33,885  
 weild,  
 Him self that da faucht in the midmest feild.

HOW THE SCOTTIS WAR ARRAYIT, AND HOW THE  
 DANIS STUDE IN THAIR SICHT.

Quhen tha war all arrayit sone at rycht,  
 On euerie syde standand in vtheris sycht,  
 The Danis all thair cot armour than weir  
 Of lynnyng clayth that tyme aboue thair geir, 33,890  
 New and clene, als quhit as ony milk,  
 War sowit all and brodin with reid silk :  
 Agane the sone castand ane plesand lycht,  
 Quhair that tha stude in to the Scottis sycht.

HOW CONSTANTYNE CONFORTIT HIS MEN, AND  
 HUNGAR ALSO ON THE VTHIR SYDE.

This Constantyne, with greit humanitie, 33,895  
 On to his men into that tyme said he ;  
 " I thank 3ow all that heir, les and moir,  
 " Previt so weill into the feild befoir ;  
 " Standand with me into so strang ane stour,  
 " And conquest hes sic loving and honour. 33,900

" Quhairfoir," he said, " I 3ow beseik ilkane,  
 " Tyne nocht the honour 3e haif wyn bigane,  
 " With so greit laubour and so greit distres,  
 " In falt of curage now and manlines.  
 " Beleve 3e weill this tyme as it standis, 33,905  
 " The victorie is gevin in oure handis:  
 " Sen it is sua I neid nocht sa na moir,  
 " Bot euerilk man think on his fame and gloir."  
 This Hungar als vpoun the tother syde,  
 With mony standartis waiffand than full wyde, 33,910  
 And mony baner brodin war full bricht,  
 And mony bugill blawand loude on hycht,  
 His men instructit in the samin tyde,  
 With pensit langage full of hycht and pryde.  
 " Dreid nocht," he said, " to me it is weill 33,915  
     knawin,  
 " All Albione rycht sone salbe our awin,  
 " With gold and siluer, and all vther gude ;  
 " Quhairfoir," he said, " heir schortlie to conclude,  
 " That euerilk man amang ws the leist knave,  
 " Sall haif sic part as he is worth to haue ; 33,920  
 " And he this tyme that is nocht worth his part,  
 " Traist weill," he said, " rycht glaidlie with my  
     hart,  
 " And I haif hap of him maister till be,  
 " Withoutin dume of my handis sall de."

HOW THE SCOTTIS AND DANIS FAUCHT, AND THE  
 SCOTTIS FLED AND TYNT THE FEILD, AND Lib. 10, f. 163b.  
 KING CONSTANTYNE TANE, AND EFTER SLANE Col. 1.  
 BE THE DANIS.

The Danis all befoir thair feildis stude, 33,925  
 With cors-bowis of ballane that war gude,

Rycht mony ganze our the grene leit glyda.  
 The Scottis bowmen on the tother syde,  
 Rycht big and bald, with mony nobill bow,  
 And stringis stark quhillk war of rycht teuch      33,030  
 tow,  
 The fedderit flanis heidit with hard steill,  
 Within thair fleschis rycht far tha gart thame feill.  
 Syne all the laue that waponis docht to weild,  
 With so greit force tha enterit in the feild,  
 Quhill all the scheildis into pecis claue,      33,035  
 And birneis brist, and ribbis vnder raue,  
 And mony bowell brist out on the grene;  
 Ane scharpar sembla zit wes thair neuer sene.  
 Into that stour that stalwart wes and strang,  
 But victorie that tyme tha faucht rycht lang;      33,040  
 Quhill at the last it hapnit so betyde,  
 The wyngis bayth vpone the Scottis syde,  
 Langar to byde had na power no mycht;  
 Out of the feild thairfoir tha tuke the flycht.  
 The Danis than, it hapnit so on cace,      33,045  
 Ane fitt schupe nocht to follow on the chace;  
 Bot bayth the wyngis euerilk man and cheild,  
 Come in behynd the bak of the mid feild,  
 Quhair Constantyne that da amang thame faucht,  
 And mony rout vpone the Scottis raucht.      33,050  
 And quhen tha saw thame self with so grit schoir,  
 So vmbeset behind and als befoir,  
 Tha tuke the flycht, for tha mycht fecht na mair,  
 And fled als fast as fra the hund dois hair.  
 Into that chace thair alane wes mony ane,      33,055  
 And Constantyne in handis also tane;  
 And to ane coif wes had into that tyde,  
 Into ane craig that stude be the se syde,  
 And for dispyte into that samin steid,  
 With ane wod-ax thair tha straik of his heid.      33,060

The Blak Cove than wes callit, I hard sa,  
 The Feindis Coif is callit now this da.  
 This was the deid of Constantyne the king,  
 The threttene ȝeir quhilk than wes of his ring.  
 Ten thousand men that waponis weill culd      33,965  
     weild,  
 Deit that da of Scottis in the feild;  
 Far ma siclike vpone the tother syde,  
 La deid that da with mony woundis wyde.

HOW ETHUS WES CROWNIT KING EFTER THE  
 DEITH OF KING CONSTANTYNE IN SCONE,  
 AND OF HIS SWYFTNES, AND HOW THE DANIS  
 WAN FYFFE AND SINDRIE VTHIR LANDIS,  
 AND SLEW OSBRET AND ELLA AND SINDRIE  
 VTHIR NOBILLIS OF INGLAND FOR THE FAITH.

The Scottis lordis than suddantlie and sone,  
 With this Ethus tha passit all to Scone;      33,970  
 And with consent of all wes thair ilkane,  
 Tha crownit him vpone the marbell stane.  
 This ilk Ethus, bot gif my author lie,  
 Als swift of fit as ony hors wes he;  
 For speid wald tak ane hart agane the bra,      33,975  
 Als swyft he wes as ony hair or ra.  
 Of him ane quhile now will I heir remane,  
 And to the Danis turne I will agane.  
 Quhen tha had tane all Fyfe than at thair will,  
 But ony stop or ȝit ganestand thairtill,      33,980  
 To Loutheane tha passit syne rycht sone,  
 And as in Fyfe siclike thair haif tha done;  
 Tha left na leid thair levand vpone lyfe  
 Than, ȝoung or ald, other man or wyfe,  
 Clerk or preist, amang thame that tha fand;      33,985  
 Syne passit southwart to Northumberland,

Ospret and Ella baith in battellis slew,  
 Of quhome befor bot schort quhile heir I schew;  
 And king Edward of Suffok that wes king,  
 And Northfolk als he had at his gyding ; 33,990  
 Ane faythfull man and richt famous wes he,  
 And for the faith refusit nocht to de ;  
 Rycht constantlie, as ane gude Cristin man,  
 For Christis saike ane martyre wes maid than.

HOW ELARUD THAT SUCCEEDIT KING OF SUFFOK  
 SLEW BAITH HUNGAR AND HUBBA, AND OF  
 ETHUS KING, AND HIS VICIOUS LYFE AND  
 ENDING.

Syne Elarud of Suffok that wes king, 33,995  
 That efter him succedit to his ring,  
 Agane Hungar he straik rycht mony feild,  
 Quhair he and Hubba bayth that tyme wer keild.  
 Lang efter that this gude king Elarud,  
 In dalie battell with the Danis stude, 34,000  
 As efterwart I think, with Godis grace,  
 To schaw to 3ow quhen I haif tyme and space.  
 Thairfoir I will tell no moir of this thing,  
 Bot turne agane vnto Ethus the king,  
 Quhilk fra his father wes degenerit far. 34,005  
 In Albione that tyme wes nocht ane war  
 Of sleuth, and sueirnes, and gulositie,  
 Without curage or animositie ;  
 In harlatrie he had rycht grit delyte,  
 And in huredome with beistlie appetyte, 34,010  
 That he ouirsaw the honour of his ring,  
 The commoun weill neglectit in all thing.  
 For no persuasioun the lordis culd mak,  
 No cuir or travell he wald on him tak ;

Bot eit<sup>1</sup> and drank, and fillit his bellie fow, 34,015  
 All nycht with huiris syne sleip[it] lyke ane sow.  
 The lordis seand him sa obstinat,  
 Amang thame self ane quiet counsall set,  
 Decretit syne for finall conclusioun,  
 Him to depryve bayth of kinrik and croun; 34,020  
 For weill tha wist [that] he wald neur mend.  
 Syne suddantlie, or that sic thing wes kend,  
 Tha tuke himself and put in presoun strang;  
 Syne all his gard on ane gallous gart hang,  
 And set ane da to cheis ane vther king. 34,025  
 This ilk Ethus quhen that he knew that thing,  
 On the thrid da, for verrie tene and wo,  
 His hart than brak and bristit into tuo;  
 Quhilk of his ring that wes the secund zeir,  
 He maid sick end as I haif [tald] 3ow heir. 34,030

HOW GREGORIUS WAS CROWNIT KING IN SCONE  
 EFTER ETHUS, QUHO MAID MONY VERTUOUS  
 ACT FOR THE COMMOUN WEILL AND KIRK-  
 MEN.

Gregorius, quhilk wes ane man of gude,  
 Ane greit nobill and of the royall blude,  
 The sone he wes of Dongallus the king,  
 Befoir Alpyne into his tyme did ring,  
 With haill consent of euerie lord ilkane, 34,035  
 Wes crownit king vpone the marbell stane.  
 Baith 3ounge and ald in him had gude beleif,  
 So wyiss he wes in nothing for to preif.  
 In company plesand and amiabill,  
 In word and werk honest and honorabill, 34,040  
 Laulie and meik and of consall rycht gude;  
 Justice, temperance, prudence and fortitude,

Lib. 10, f. 164.  
 Col. 1.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *cit.*



Thir hie virtuus callit are cardinall,  
 Fixt rycht fast in him wer foundit all.  
 Wnsufficient I am for till discryve 34,045  
 His nobilnes and eik his halie lyve,  
 His wit, his wisdom, and his hie prudence,  
 His travell, laubour, and his diligence,  
 And so greit cuir as he vpon him tuka.  
 In wynd and weit richt mony nycht he woik, 34,050  
 For cald and hungar that tyme sparit nocht,  
 Quhill he all Scotland to gude rest hes brocht;  
 As efterwart, quha lykis for to knaw,  
 Tak tent to me as I sall to 3ow schaw.  
 Quhen he in Scone resauit had the croun, 34,055  
 With all his lordis fuir on to Forfar toun;  
 Quhair he that toun in ane consall gart mak,  
 For commoun weill and justice, mony act.  
 And in the first, that kirkmen suld nocht be  
 No way subjectit to secularitie; 34,060  
 That no secular suld haif power to caw  
 Ane preist or clerk befor him to thole law,  
 Or ony actioun to the kirk belangit;  
 And he did so the kirk rycht far war wrangit.  
 Also the prelattis suld nocht stoppit be 34,065  
 To vse thair law and thair auctoritie;  
 Quhat euir it war, no way that tha sould want it,  
 As priuiledge to thame befor wes grantit.  
 The secund wes, that euerilk king suld sueir  
 At his crowning, quhill he mycht armour weir, 34,070  
 The priuiledge of kirk he sould defend,  
 And kirkmen als vnto his lyvis end.  
 And mony mo that I haif nocht perqueir,  
 He maid that tyme that I can nocht tell heir.

HOW KING GREGOURE WITH HIS POWER PASSIT  
IN FYFFE, AND THAIREFTER IN LOUTHEANE  
AND OTHER PARTIS, AND PLANTIT AND PLE-  
NEIST AS HE PASSIT.

Quhen this wes done, without ganestand or      34,075  
   stryfe,  
 With all his power passit on to Fyffe,  
 Quhair that the Pechtis war remanand than,  
 Bayth les and mair that war levand ilk man.  
 The quhilk the Danis had possessit thoir,  
 As I schew heir bot schort quhile of befor.      34,080  
 Quhilk of his cuming wes so soir adred,  
 Ilkane our Forth rycht far awa tha fled.  
 This Gregour than, without ony ganestand,  
 Rycht peceablie gart pleneis all that land,  
 Our all the partis that war in the north;      34,085  
 Syne with his power passit hes our Forth  
 In Loutheane quhair he had done siclyke,  
 Wes nane sa stout agane him thair did stryke;  
 And all the strent[h]is that war in that land,  
 Part on force and part without ganestand,      34,090  
 He tuke that tyme at his plesour and will.  
 Syne forder mair his purpois to fulfill,  
 He fair ay furth quhill that he come to Tued.  
 The Danis all of him tha had sic dreid,  
 By Tuedis mouth with ane grit armie la,      34,095  
 Of Dayne and Pecht rycht mony that same da,  
 Tha thoct that tyme to gif this Gregour feild.  
 Sone efterwart, quhen tha saw and beheid  
 His multitude and ordenance sa gude,  
 And als rycht weill tha knew and wnderstude      34,100  
 The Inglismen siclike as he also,  
 Saw tha thair tyme, siclike suld be thair fo,

Col. 2. And for that caus as than tha wald nocht fecht.  
The men of gude that tyme bayth Deyne and  
Pecht,

On to the castell of Beruik is gone, 34,106  
And to the toun into the tyme ilkone,  
Thair to remane quhair tha war out of dreid;  
Syne all the laue that nycht passit ouir Tueid.

HOW KING GREGOURE SEIGIT BERUIK AND WAN  
IT, AND SLEW THE DANIS AND PECHTIS THAT  
WAR THAIRIN, AND THA THAT WAR WITHOUT  
FLED TO NORTHUMBERLAND.

This king Gregoure, herand how tha had done,  
Vnto Berwick he sped him than rycht sone; 34,110  
Syne laid ane seig withoutin ony ho,  
About the castell and the toun also.

The Inglismen thair of wes blyth and glaid;  
Amang thame self ilkane to other said,  
Rycht quietlie that tyme that it wes spokin, 34,116  
Of the fals Danis tha sould be rycht weill wrokin;

Tha maid ane vow without ony demandis,  
Tha suld put thame all in the Scottis handis.  
The Inglismen that tyme that war thairin,  
Of euerilk port tha knew full weill the gyn; 34,120

And on the nycht tha opnit thame ilkone,  
Quhair that the Scottis mony ar in gone,  
And in thair beddis sleipand quhair tha la,  
Baith toun and castell tuik rycht lang or da.  
Syne on the morne, quhen that the da wes 34,126  
lycht,

This king Gregoure, as ressonne wald and rycht,  
Thir Inglismen he gaif thame at thair will,  
Gif plesit thame into that place byde still,  
Or quhair tha plesit with riches and gude,  
With hail consent of all that multitude. 34,130

The Danis than and Pechtis les and moir,  
 Siclike reward as thair awin self befoir  
 Gaif Constantene, quhen tha straik of his heid,  
 Tha gat that tyme without ony remeid.  
 The laif of thame war liand bezond Tueid, 34,135  
 Quhen tha hard that tha tuke sic terroure and dreid,  
 As ony spark out of ane fyrie brand,  
 Tha fled als fast all to Northumberland  
 To Heirduntius that tyme quhair that he la,  
 The grittist Dayne amang thame all that da. 34,140  
 This Heirduntus to him quhen this wes tald,  
 Lyke ony lyoun he wes als brym and bald;  
 And mony aith into the tyme he swoir,  
 And his dais doucht langar to indur,  
 Within schort quhile, for that lak he had tone, 34,145  
 That neur Scot intill all Albione,  
 Than gude or ill, other man or wyfe,  
 Young or ald, be left levand on lyfe;  
 And all the laif thair hartis wer so hie,  
 That samyn tyme tha swoir siclike as he. 34,150

HOW KING GREGOURE PASSIT TO NORTHUMBER-  
 LAND AND FAUGHT WITH HEIRDUNTUS, QUHA  
 TYNT THE FEILD AND FLED, QUHAIR MONY  
 DANIS WAR SLANE.

This king Gregoure with power les and moir,  
 Quhen he had done as I haif said befoir,  
 He passit furth onto Northumberland,  
 Traistand thairin for to get no demand,  
 Quhilk waistit wes all with the Danis weir, 34,155  
 Withoutin men or ony vther geir;  
 Quharthrow he had ane grit presumptioun,  
 That land alhail to subdew to his crown. Lib.10, f.164b.  
 Withoutin stop that tyme or ony cummer, Col. 1.  
 He passit furth neur to the water of Humber, 34,160

Quhair this Heirduntus at the samin da,  
 With ane greit armie neirhand by he la.  
 Sone efter syne, with haill power and mycht,  
 Ilkane of vther cuming is in sicht,  
 With mony wycht men waponis weill culd weild, 34,186  
 In gude ordour evin reddie for the feild.  
 With sic desyre of battell and of blude,  
 Of Scottis than wer all that multitude,  
 In to thair mynd remanit 3it full soir,  
 Thair faderis deidis schort quhile of befoir, 34,170  
 Thair wes no neid that tyme thame to exhort;  
 Deliuerit wes all in thair mynd richt schort,  
 Thair fatheris deid than suld revengit be,  
 Or in that battell all that da to die.  
 Syne with ane cry tha enterit and ane schout, 34,175  
 Quhill all the erth trimlit neirby about;  
 So dourlie than ilkane at other dang,  
 Quhill all the rochis with thair reirding rang;  
 Thair speiris scharp that war bayth grit and lang,  
 Aboue thair heid in spaillis all tha sprang; 34,180  
 The scheildis crakit and in schunder clawe,  
 Breistplait and birny all in pecis rawe;  
 Helmes war hewin and hakkit all in sunder,  
 Bayth heid and hals siclike that tyme wer vnder;  
 Quhill breistis brist and bokkit out of blude, 34,185  
 Into that stour so stalwartlie tha stude.  
 The Danis thocht grit lak and schame to fle,  
 The quhilk befoir that vowit had so hie.  
 The Scottis faucht with diligence and cuir,  
 To be revengit of the greit injure 34,190  
 Wes done to thame bot schor[t] quhile of befoir,  
 Quhilk in thair mynd remanit than full soir.  
 And for that caus the moir stoutlie tha stude,  
 The langar ay with moir desir of blude;  
 And in sic wodnes than tha vox so wycht, 34,195  
 Langer to byde the Danis had no mycht,

Bot fled rycht fast to mony sindrie place.  
 The Scottis followit so fast on the chace,  
 Efter the Danis quhair tha gat no beild,  
 And slew far ma nor wes slane in the feild. 34,200  
 This Heirduntus, with grit laubour and pane,  
 Vpone the morne gatherit his men agane,  
 Of quhome and mo the maist part than wer keild  
 The nycht befor into the samin feild.  
 And quhen he saw his power wes so small, 34,205  
 For greit perrell efter that mycht befall,  
 To Rasenus tuke purpois for to pas,  
 With ane armie far south in Ingland wes.  
 This Rasenus he wes most principall,  
 Tha[t] tyme in Ingland of the Danis all. 34,210  
 And as he wes syne passand furth the way,  
 He met ane man vpon the secund day,  
 Quhilk him that tyme rycht hastie tydenis schew  
 Of this Rasenus, laitlie of the new,  
 And Alarud of Suffolk that wes king, 34,215  
 Quhome of befor I schew to 3ow sum thing,  
 With all thair power met vpoun ane plane,  
 In that same feild this Rasenus wes slane.  
 And all the laif that tyme put to the war,  
 Out of that feld than chaissit wes rycht far, 34,220  
 Vp and down to mony sindrie place,  
 And rycht greit slauch[t]er maid wes in the chace.  
 Rasenus heid, for scorne and greit despyte,  
 Buir on ane speir to Lundoun toun syne tyte:  
 Syne on ane port tha set it vp rycht hie, 34,225  
 Quhair that it standis on<sup>1</sup> zit still to se.  
 Quhen thir tydenis wer to Heirduntus tald,  
 Suppois he wes baith bellicois and bald,  
 Wes so affrayit of that hastie fray,  
 Ane word that tyme he wist nocht quhat to 34,230  
 say.

Col. 2.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *stone*.

Vpone ane feild ane litill fra ane toun,  
 He plantit thair than all his palzeonis doun ;  
 And thair he baid and doun his tentis set,  
 Quhill efterwart new tydenis for to get.

HOW KING GREGOURE PARTIT THE SPULZE AND  
 RESSAUT THE STRENTIS, AND PASSIT BAK  
 TO BERWICK AGANE.

This ilk Gregoure, of quhome I spak befor, 34,235  
 Distribut hes to all man les and moir,  
 Thair all the spulze in the feild tha wan,  
 Rycht equalie to euerie lad and man ;  
 That euerilk man rycht glaidlie with his hart,  
 Into that tyme wes plesit of his part. 34,240  
 This beand done, withoutin moir demand,  
 The strenthis all war in Northumberland,  
 Ressaut hes at his plesour and will,  
 And all the laif he leit remane thair still,  
 For small tribute zeirlie to him to pa. 34,245  
 Syne all the laif, quhen that he had done sua,  
 And maid gude reule in all part vp and doun,  
 Bakwart agane he come to Berwick toun,  
 Gaif all men leif for to pas hame thair wa.  
 Syne in that toun all wynter our he la, 34,250  
 And mony lord into his cumpany,  
 Quhill all wynter wes passit and gone by.

HOW GREGOURE GATHERIT AGANE ANE GREIT  
 POWER TO PAS VPONE THE BRITIS, AND OF  
 ANE HERALD SEND BE THAME, AND HOW THE  
 SCOTTIS GAT THAIR LAND AGANE.

In symmer syne he gatherit sone agane  
 Ane grit power and passit to the lane,

Agane to conqueis, as my author wrytis, 34,255  
 The landis all war haldin be the Britis.  
 Of lenth and breid tha samin landis tha[t] la  
 Fra Stirling brigg evin south to Sulwa,  
 The Scottis landis lang and mony 3eir,  
 War all befoir as 3e 3our self mycht heir. 34,260  
 Quhen that the Britis wnderstude and knew  
 So scharplie than he schupe thame to persew,  
 And of his loving als hard tell, and gloir  
 And victorie that he had wyn befoir;  
 Als in the tyme perfiltie weill tha wist, 34,265  
 Tha had no strenth his power to resist,  
 The Danis had thame so ouriset befoir,  
 And for that causs his help than till imploir,  
 And als that tyme to satisfie his will,  
 Rycht hastelie ane herald send him till; 34,270  
 With commendatione humlie fra thair hart,  
 Beseikand him that he wald tak thair part  
 Agane the Danis had thame sa ourithrawin,  
 And all the landis that sould be his awin  
 At his plesour, and als all vther thing, 34,275  
 Into his handis glaidlie sould resing,  
 That samin tyme but ony stop or stryfe:  
 Than all the Britis euerie man and wyfe,  
 That duelland war that tyme into that land,  
 Tha suld remove but stop or 3it ganestand. 34,280  
 Qubairof this Gregoure wes rycht weill content,  
 And sone thairtill that tyme gaif his consent;  
 So did the laif without ony demand;  
 Off that condition bund wes thair that band. Lib. 10, f. 165.  
 Qubairof that tyme ilk partie wes rycht fane, 34,285 Col. 1.  
 The Scottis als gat all thair land agane.  
 In Albione than wes gude peax and rest,  
 Bot rycht schort quhile tha leit it rax or lest.



HOW CONSTANTYNE, KING OF BRITIS, EFTER HIS  
FADER DEIT, COME IN SCOTLAND WITH ANE  
ARMIE IN ANNAND, AND HOW KING GRE-  
GOURE MET HIM AT LOCHMABEN.

The king of Britis, with Gregour maid this band,  
Departit efter sone I wnderstand, 34,290  
And Constantyne, efter he wes deid,  
His sone wes crownit in his fatheris steid.  
This Constantyne vnconstant in all thing,  
Quhen that he knew how Alarud the king  
Than vincust had the Danis euerilkone, 34,295  
So lang befoir had vexit Albione,  
Thair he forthocht in his mynd rycht soir,  
That tha gaif ouir the landis of befoir  
To this Gregoure, as 3e haif hard me sa ;  
And for that caus sone efter on ane da, 34,300  
With all his power, but stop or ganestand,  
He enterit sone into Vallis of Annand,  
And suddanelie he raisit fyre and blude.  
This king Gregoure quhen he hard how it stude,  
Da na nycht that tyme he tareit nocht ; 34,305  
With wail greit power southwert ay he socht.  
This Constantyne that samin tyme send he  
To Alarude for his help and supple,  
The quhilk that tyme he did him sone deny,  
As it wes said, for that same caus and quhy 34,310  
He louit Gregour rycht weill with his hart,  
Agane the Danis tuke so stout ane part.  
This Constantyne, his ansuer quhen heknew,  
That he had done begouth rycht soir to rew ;  
Of king Gregour that tyme wes so adred 34,315  
With all the spulze hame agane he sped,  
Quhen he hard tell king Gregour wes cumand.  
This<sup>1</sup> ilk Gregour in Valis of Annand,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. 74c.

Quhair he proponit for to pas his wa,  
Besyde Lochmaben met him that same da. 34,330

HOW KING GREGOURE GAIF KING CONSTANTYNE  
FEILD, AND SLEW HIM WITH MONY BRITIS,  
AND HOW HARBERT HIS BRUTHER WAS  
CROWNIT KING OF BRITIS EFTER HIM, AND  
OF ANE HERALD SEND TO KING GREGOURE  
BE HARBERTUS THAN KING OF BRITIS.

And suddantlie this Gregour gaif him feild,  
And knappit on quhill mony ane wes keild.  
Rycht mony Brit wes laid vpone thair bak,  
And mony burdoun on thair banis brak;  
Full mony one rycht cald wnder his scheild, 34,325  
That samin da la deid into the feild.

The Britis bald, for all thair pomp and pryde,  
Into that battell mycht no langar byde.  
This Constantyne thair king, that maid the trane,  
That samin da into the feild wes slane,  
And the tane half and far mair of his oist,  
Into that feild siclike that da wes lost.

The laue rycht sone wes syne put to the war,  
Out of the feild syne chaissit wes rycht far.  
The Scottis syne quhilk followit on the chace, 34,335

Quhair tha ouirtuik thame into ony place, Col. 2.

Without fauour thair, as thair mortall fa,  
Scharpe swordis than thair ransone tha gart pa.  
Quhen that the Britis knew thame self so war  
Of power brokin, and of strenth rycht far, 34,340

Thair king and lordis slane war in the feild,  
Of all the laue the most part all war keild;  
Also tha knew that tyme in Albione,  
Freindis rycht few as than tha had or none;  
And for that caus this Constantinus bruther, 34,345  
Harbert to name, wysast of ony vther,

That samin tyme, as that my author writis,  
 With haill consent wes crownit king of Britia.  
 To king Gregoure ane herald sone send he,  
 Beseikand him of his hie majestie, 34,350  
 With what condition he plesit to mak,  
 Trewis that tyme betuix thame for to tak.  
 Sayand also, that he forthocht full soir  
 Of the grit wrang wes done to him befoir,  
 And said the wyit wes all into his bruther, 34,355  
 He wist rycht weill, that tyme and in na vther.  
 He had the wyit and gottin als the war,  
 And for his falt wes puneist than rycht far.  
 Thairfoir, he said, sen Constantyne is deid,  
 And all his malice passit wes and feid, 34,360  
 Beseikand him of his gude grace so hie,  
 For peice and rest, and lat all weiris be.

#### HOW KING GREGOURE GAIF ANSUKER TO THE BRITIS HERALD.

King Gregoure sic ansuer maid agane:  
 " Forsuith," he said, " we haif considderit plane  
 " 3our greit falsheid and infidelitie, 34,365  
 " 3our variance and instabilitie;  
 " As it hes previt rycht weill of beforne,  
 " 3e se[t] nocht by how oft 3e be mensworne;  
 " 3e haif no fayth, than how suld 3e be leill  
 " For band or aith, for obliissing or seill, 34,370  
 " On buke and bauchill so oft is mensworne?  
 " Quhairfoir," he said, " 3our lautie<sup>1</sup> is forlorne;  
 " Of me," he said, " no peax now sall 3e have,  
 " Thocht 3e that ilk list neuir so weill to crave,  
 " Without," he said, " 3e resing in my hand 34,375  
 " All Vmbria and also Westmureland,  
 " To occupie at my plesour and will,  
 " And all the strenthis siclike thair intill,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *lautie*.

" Or than," he said, " I will nocht with 3ow deill.  
 " And als, quhairwith to caus 3ow to be leill, 34,380  
 " Sextie 3oung lordis for pledgis I will haue,  
 " Nocht ellis now I list at 3ow to craue.  
 " And gif 3e think that sic thing can nocht be,  
 " In tyme to cum send nocht agane to me;  
 " For and 3e do, dreid les 3e sall bair blame." 34,385  
 With this ansuer the herald passit hame;  
 Befoir thame all schew his deliuerance,  
 Ilk word be word with all the circumstance.  
 Quhairof the Britis abasit wes rycht far,  
 3it neuirtheles for dreid efter of war, 34,390  
 So weill tha wist, and Scottis wer thair fa,  
 In Albione no vther freind haif tha;  
 And als thairwith, thair power wes so small,  
 Or dreid on force tha war maid bondis all,  
 And brocht rycht sone on to ane lawar stait, 34,395  
 Thairfoir that tyme tha wald mak na debait.  
 All his desyre than haif tha grantit till,  
 Quhat euir it wes rycht hartlie with gude will.

OFF THE BAND MAID BETUIX KING GREGOURE Lib. 10, f. 165b.  
 AND HARBART, KING OF BRITIS, AND OF ANE Col. 1.  
 MESSINGER SEND FRA ALARUDE, KING OF  
 SUFFOK, TO KING GREGOUR, AND OF HIS  
 ANSUER; AND HOW THE IRELAND MEN COME  
 IN GALLOWA, AND OFF KING GREGORIS PASS-  
 ING IN IRELAND, AND OF HIS VASSALAGE  
 AND VICTORIE WYN THAIR.

In that condition bund wes in that band  
 Westmaria and also Cumberland; 34,400  
 Baith toun and touris with thair pledgis 3ing,  
 Deliuerit war to gude Gregour the king.  
 Syne the Britis that duelt into that land,  
 Gart thame remoif without ony demand,

Baith 3young and ald into that tyme ilkone, 24,405  
 Syne all togidder to the Walis ar gone.  
 The Scottis syne in thair saittis sat down,  
 With pece and rest that tyme in euirilk toun.  
 This king Gregour, syne efter on ane da,  
 To Carracone he tuke the reddy wa, 24,410  
 Quhair he remanit for ane weill lang space.  
 The samin tyme that he wes in that place,  
 Fra Alarud thair come ane messinger,  
 Quhilk said to him as I sall sa 3ow heir :  
 " O king and conquerour, of hie majestie ! 24,415  
 " King Alarud rycht gudlie gretis the.  
 " Lattand the wit, O thow Gregour ! " he said,  
 " Of thi weillfair he is rycht blyth and glaid ;  
 " And bad me sa, als far as he hes feill,  
 " Of Constantyne the deid thow hes quit weill. 24,420  
 " Rycht grittiuslie also he thankis the  
 " Of supportatioun, help and grit supple,  
 " Thow hes maid him agane his mortall fo,  
 " Heirdunt that Dayne, and mony vther mo,  
 " Victoriusslie he[s] wyn thame all in feild, 24,425  
 " And mony thousand of thair men hes keild :  
 " Thair wes no travell that mycht gar the tyre.  
 " Quhairfoir," he said, " this is his most desyre,  
 " With the to mak ane colleg and ane band,  
 " In vnitie and concord for to stand 24,430  
 " Into all tyme, with glaid myndis and hart,  
 " And euerilkone for to tak vtheris part  
 " Aganis the Danis ar oure commoun fo.  
 " Gif plesis the," he said, " for to do so,  
 " Northumberland and als Westmaria, 24,435  
 " In peax and rest, and also Cumbria,  
 " In heretage for euir to be thi awin,  
 " But ony clame of ony vnouirthrawin."  
 This king Gregour, the quhilk wald nocht deny,  
 To his desyre consentit suddantly, 24,440

Syne maid that band with letters selit braid.  
 With thir conditionis than that band wes maid :  
 In heretage than that this ilk Gregoir  
 Suld bruik that land, as said is of befoir ;  
 And gif the Daynis cum into Ingland, 84,445  
 This ilk Gregour withoutin moir demand,  
 With all the power he mycht gudlie be,  
 This Alarud suld cum for to supplie.  
 And Alarud suld do siclike agane ;  
 With all his power for to cum rycht plane 84,450  
 In[to] Scotland, quhen mister wer to be,  
 Agane the Danis for to mak supplie.  
 The last conditioun, quhilk wes thrid in ordour,  
 Gif thift or reif wes maid vpon the bordour,  
 Suld be na caus thair bandis for to brek, 84,455  
 Bot tak the theuis and hang thame be the nek.  
 This king Gregour, of quhome befoir I spak,  
 In purpois wes for to seig Eborack :  
 So had he done than, schortlie to conclude, Col. 2.  
 War nocht this herald come fra Alarud, 84,460  
 So freindfullie that maid with him this band.  
 For that same caus, as ze ma wnderstand,  
 In that mater he wald proceid no moir,  
 Bot left the purpois he wes in befoir.  
 This beand done, as I haif said but leis, 84,465  
 All Albione wes in gude rest and peice ;  
 Bot[h] Scot and Brit, and Inglismen also,  
 Quhair that tha list at thair plesour till go ;  
 Ilkone to vther for to cum and gang.  
 With king Gregour this lest[it] nocht rycht 84,470  
 lang.  
 Syne efter that, as my author did sa,  
 Out of Ireland thair come in Gallowa  
 Ane grit navin that tyme attour the flude,  
 And cruelly than baith with fyre and blude,  
 Rycht grit distructione maid ouir all that land ; 84,475  
 And for quhat caus I can nocht wnderstand,

Bot gif it wes, as I can weill beleve,  
 The hand of God and for thair awin mischeif,  
 And to extoll this ilk Gregour betuene.  
 Sone efter syne as it wes rycht weill sene, 34,480  
 The maner how syne efter of this thing,  
 Quhen it wes schawin to gude Gregour the king,  
 Rycht suddantlie, withoutin ony baid,  
 In Galloway with grit power tha raid,  
 Of bernis bald that stalwart wer as steill. 34,485  
 The Ireland men that knew thair cuming weill,  
 Into that land na langar wald remane,  
 But with grit spulze passit hame agane.  
 Quhen that tha saw it nicht na better be,  
 With all his power passit to the se, 34,490  
 With barge and bark, and mony gay galay,  
 To Yrland syne he tuik the narrest way.  
 Syne at ane hevin, the narrest that tha fand,  
 At his plesour thair passit to the land;  
 Syne suddanelie with grit anger and yre, 34,495  
 Ouir all tha partis bayth with blude and fyre,  
 Throw crabitnes with grit crudelitie,  
 Greit slauchter maid that petie wes to se.  
 The Irland lordis quhen tha knew sic thing,  
 Tha dred rycht soir becaus Duncane<sup>1</sup> thair king 34,500  
 So young he was, and tender age that tyde,  
 That he douch[t] nother for to gang nor ryde.  
 And mairattour, rycht weill that tyme tha wist  
 That tha docht nocht this Gregour to resist,  
 Victour had bene in mony feild befoir 34,505  
 Agane far grittar, and had wyn sic gloir.  
 And for that causs, of all thing mair [or] les,  
 Tha thoct agane to him to mak redres  
 Of all injure wes done befoir him till,  
 And put the doaris ilkane in his will. 34,510  
 In that counsall wes mony lordis zing,  
 That be no way wald consent to that thing;

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Fergus*.

Into that tyme alledgand mony lawis,  
 For-quhy thair self of all that thing wes caus,  
 And wes begun be thair counsall and will, 34,516  
 And for that causs wald nocht consent thairtill.  
 And so that cuntrie in that tyme wes gydit;  
 The lordis all in tua parteis diuydit,  
 And euerilk part ane chiftane of thair awin,  
 Hes maid that tyme in sindrie partis drawin. 34,520  
 Ane hecht Corneill,<sup>1</sup> of greit honour and fame, Lib. 10, f. 174.<sup>2</sup>  
 Brenus the tother callit wes to name, Col. 1.  
 Thir tua that tyme betuix thame trewis hes tane,  
 Syne baith to feild aganis Gregoure ar gane.  
 Ane greit montane into that tyme thair stude, 34,525  
 Callit Futes, rycht neirhand Banus flude;  
 Betuix the mont and this ilk flude also,  
 The passage wes richt narrow for till go;  
 And vther passage neir that place wes nane,  
 For mont and mos, and myris mony ane. 34,530  
 The Irland men foirnent that passage lay  
 In tua greit oistis, for to keip that way,  
 That weill tha wist the Scottis be no gyn  
 That tha culd mak, that passage docht to wyn.  
 Betuix the montane and the water cost, 34,535  
 So narrow wes, ane rayit feild or oist  
 Rycht perrelous than wes to leid and gyde,  
 Seand thair fais on the tother syde.  
 In that beleif the Ireland men thair la,  
 Traistand king Gregour sould pas sone awa; 34,540  
 In falt of victuall nicht nocht tarie lang,  
 And for that caus the soner hame wald gang.  
 It wes nocht sua, thairof tha had no feill,  
 For fiftie dais tha war furneist rycht weill

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Cornall*.<sup>2</sup> This, and the next seven folios,  
misnumbered.



In meit and drink, and in all vther thing, 34,544  
 As wes commandit by Gregour thair king.  
 Thair vse wes than in oisting, quhilk wes gude,  
 To suffeis thame with litill sleip and fude,  
 Quhen mister wer, and in greit neid tha wald,  
 With litill meit and drink the water cald ; 34,550  
 Of soft sleiping tha tuik rycht litill cuir,  
 And doucht rycht weill grit travell to induir.  
 Thair still at laser so tha la ane quhile,  
 Quhill at the last this Gregour fand ane wyle,  
 With greit prattik thair passage for to wyn, 34,555  
 Withoutin straik to enter and pas in.  
 Tua thousand men, that waldin war andwycht,  
 Rycht quietlie that montane on the nycht  
 He gart ascend wnto the tother syde,  
 And all that nycht amang bussis thame hyde. 34,560  
 Syne on the morne, ane lytill efter day,  
 Ane garneist battell gart the strenth assay  
 In gude ordour, at grit laser and lenth.  
 The Ireland men that keipand wes the strenth,  
 Vnder the fute of that grit mont tha stude 34,565  
 In gude ordour ane rycht grit multitude,  
 The Scottis than vpoun the hicht abone,  
 Tha schew thame all and come in sycht rycht sone.  
 Rycht mony craig and mony stone withall,  
 Aboue thair heid gart tummill and doun fall ; 34,570  
 With so greit force discendand fra the hicht,  
 Exceidand than all mannis strenth and micht,  
 That strangest wes to stand wnder thair straik,  
 Thocht he had bene als stark as ony aik.  
 Amang thair palzeonis with sic force tha fell, 34,575  
 That wonder wes to ony tounge to tell.  
 Ane thousand [than], without ony reskew,  
 Of Brenus men into that tyme tha slew ;  
 And all the laif tha war so soir adred,  
 Out of that feild withoutin straik tha fled, 34,580

And left thair tentis in the tyme alone  
 Standand thair still, and passit hame ilkone.  
 The Scottis follout on the chace rycht fast ;  
 This Corneill than rycht soir he wes agast,  
 Quhen that he saw thame follow on the chace ; 34,585  
 He left his tentis standand in that place,  
 With all the power in the tyme he had,  
 In gude ordour richt fast awa he fled.  
 The Scottis men that follout on the chace,  
 Vp and down in mony sindrie place, 34,590  
 Rycht mony tuik and few of thame wes slane,  
 And syne to Gregour brocht thame [hes] agane.  
 Quhen this wes done the nobill king Gregoure  
 Distribut hes the spulze, les and moir,  
 To euerie man as he wes worth to haif ; 34,595  
 Wes none exceptit be the leist ane knaif. Col. 2.  
 The captane Brenus in that samin steid,  
 Into his palzeone than wes fundin deid ;  
 Baith heid and hals wes hakkit all in schunder,  
 With crag and coist, and all the bonis wnder, 34,600  
 War brissit and brokin in pecis small ilkone,  
 All throw the straik than of ane mekle stone.  
 His men wes tane desyrit thame to haue  
 His deid bodie to burie into graue :  
 The quhilk the king hes grantit with gude will, 34,605  
 And he him self hes maid grit help thairtill.  
 This being done, king Gregour gaif command,  
 Bayth far and neir ouir all part of that land,  
 Bad tak and spulze haistelie with speid,  
 Quhairof that tyme tha had mister and neid ; 34,610  
 Fra fyre and blude he bad tha suld abstene ;  
 Wemen and barnis and agit men betuene,  
 To preist or clerk no violence to mak ;  
 All other men commandit for to tak,  
 Withoutin hurt other of lyth or lym, 34,615  
 That fensabill war and bring thame all to him.

And so tha did within ane litill space ;  
 Bot he agane so meik wes of his grace,  
 Quhome euir tha brocht, bot ony harme or ill,  
 He leit thame pas at plesour quhair tha will. 34,620

HOW THE MEN OF GUDE IN IRELAND COME TO  
 KING GREGOUR, AND HOW HE WAN TUA TOWNIS  
 THAIR AND WAS MERCIFULL TO KIRKMEN AND  
 COMMONIS.

The men of gude that duelt into that land,  
 Quhen that sic thing wes done thame wnderstand,  
 How Gregour wes so manesuetude and meik,  
 So courtas, laulie, and so gentill eik,  
 Into that tyme richt mony come him till, 34,625  
 Bayth gude and bad,<sup>1</sup> and pat all in his will.  
 Rycht curtaslie he did thame all ressaue,  
 And mony giftis in the tyme thame gaif;  
 Quhairthrow the strenthis that war in that land,  
 Richt mony war resignit in his hand ; 34,630  
 Mony of force and mony of frie will,  
 Bot ony tretie maid that tyme thame till.  
 Dongard and Pont, tua strang townis war than,  
 Seigit thame bayth and in the tyme thame wan.  
 Quhen tha war wyn and put into his will, 34,635  
 He wald thoill no man for to do thame ill,  
 In ony thing pertening skaith or lak;  
 Out of the toun no spulze wald let tak,  
 Exceptand mony, harnes, and sick geir,  
 For to diuyde amang his men of weir. 34,640  
 Wes none so pert, in pane than of his lyfe,  
 That durst defoull wedow, virgin or wyfe;  
 Preist nor clerk thair durst no man displeis;  
 Siclyke as thir tha leit thame leif in eis.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *land*.

HOW KING GREGOURE THOCHT TO SEIG DEBY-  
LEYN AND WAS STAYIT, AND HOW CORNEILL  
GATHERIT AGANIS HIM ANE GREIT ARMIE OFF  
IRELAND MEN.

Quhen this wes done he purposit for to pas 34,645  
 To Debyleyn within schort space, that was  
 The fairest citie and the grittest toun  
 In all Ireland, and most wes of renoun,  
 Of gold, and riches, and of all honour;  
 So is it zit wnto this samin hour. 34,650  
 Onto this toun ane seig he thocht to lay;  
 And as he wes so passand by the way,  
 Ane spy that time thair come to him and schew  
 Of captane Corneill, laillie of the new  
 Lieutennand maid wes than of all Ireland, 34,655  
 And with greit power cumand at his hand,  
 And mony bald men with greit bost and schoir, Lib.10, f.174b,  
 In so greit number saw tha neur befor. Col. 1.  
 Quhen this wes tald to gude Gregoure the king,  
 As he richt weill considder culd sic thing, 34,660  
 Thair he tuke purpois all nycht to remane,  
 And planetit palzeonis on ane plesand plane;  
 And all that nycht with mony watche and spy,  
 Still at thair rest quhill on the morne did ly.  
 Syne on the morne, be that the da wes licht, 34,665  
 The Irland men apperit all in sicht,  
 Diuydit war into thre battellis bald,  
 In ilk battell ten thousand men weill tald.  
 Siclike the Scottis on the vther syde,  
 In thre pairtis thair power did diuyde; 34,670  
 With mony standart streikit in the air,  
 And mony baner browdin wer full fair,  
 And mony pynsall of pictour rycht so proude,  
 And mony bugill blawand than full loude.

OFF THE BATTELL BETUIX KING GREGOUR AND  
CORNEILL, QUHA FLED AND TYNT THE FEILD,  
AND HOW THA ASKIT PEAX.

Be this the bowmen in the feild befor, 34,876  
With scharpe schutting maid mony sydis soir ;  
The speris syne, tha[t] war baith greit and lang,  
Tha enterit all into the grittest thrang.  
So thralie thair togidder that tha thrist,  
That scheildis raif and mony birny brist ; 34,880  
Helme and habrik schorne war all in schunder,  
And mony berne maid bludie that war wnder ;  
And mony schulder out-throw the scheild wes  
schorne,  
And mony bald man of his blonk wes borne.  
This Corneill<sup>1</sup> syne it hapnit vpone cace, 34,885  
For to luke vp with ane discoverit face,  
Into the feild for to behald and spy ;  
Or euir he wist, rycht sone and suddantly  
Ane fedderit flane that in the feild did fle,  
Smyt him so soir ane lytill by the ee, 34,890  
In to the face, with sic ane werkand wound,  
That force it wes out of the feild to found  
On ane grit hors neirby reddie he hed .  
Quhen that his men knew weill that he wes fled,  
So grevit wes thairof and so agast, 34,895  
Out of the feild tha follouit all rycht fast.  
The Scottis than that knew full weill that cace,  
Efter thame than tha maid a rycht lang chace,  
Heir and thair in mony sindrie sort,  
Of Debalyn quhill tha come to the port ; 34,900  
With dyntis dour dingand thame euir down,  
Quhill tha war all ressaui in the toun.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Cornall*.

Of Ireland men sa mony than wes slane,  
 Without beleif in tyme to cum agane  
 To haif power, or 3it for to pretend, 34,705  
 To gif thame feild or 3it mak ony defend.  
 This king Gregour syne on the secund day,  
 To Debalyn he tuik the narrest way,  
 And syne laid ane seige round about the toun,  
 Quhair mony lord and mony bald barroun, 34,710  
 And mony ladie semelie wes be sycht,  
 And mony wyfe and mony vther wycht,  
 And mony berne into the toun wes bred,  
 And mony freik out of the feild wes fled,  
 Within that toun, quhilk wallit wes with stone, 34,715  
 In to that tyme remanand wer ilkone.  
 This samin seig syne, as my author sais,  
 Indurit efter bot waill few dais,  
 So mony pepill wes within the toun,  
 Sic multitude in sic confusioun, 34,720  
 Quhair thair vittall grew bayth scars and skant,  
 Of meit and drink amang thame wes grit want;  
 In falt of fude sic stres thair haif tha tane,  
 Tha war in poynt to perische than ilkane.  
 And quhen tha saw it stude thame in sic neid, 34,725  
 To counsall all rycht suddanelie tha 3eid,  
 For to aduise quhat best wes to be done;  
 And sum thair wes that counsall gaif richt sone, Col. 2.  
 Agane Gregour with battell to contend,  
 And tak sic chance as God wald to thame 34,730  
 send,  
 And nocht to cum that tyme into his will.  
 And wysar men that thocht that counsall ill,  
 Tha said agane, tha wist full weill but dreid,  
 And tha did sua tha wald cum liddy speid;  
 To put that citie and that royall toun 34,735  
 In jeopardie of sic distructioun,  
 As God forbid, and so hapnit to fall,  
 But ony dout than war tha lossit all.

- " And be this toun now suir [is maid] but  
   skaith,  
 " Throw quhome our honour and our profit 34,740  
   bayth  
 " Will grow agane rycht sone als and restoir  
 " To als grit stait as euir it had befoir.  
 " Heirfoir," he said, " my counsall is bot leis,  
 " To preif with him gif that we can mak peice,  
 " And quhat condition lykis him to haif; 34,745  
 " Be he curtas, he will nocht our far craif."

HOW ANE MESSAGE WES SEND TO KING GRE-  
 GOURE, AND OF HIS ANSUER AGANE, AND HOW  
 THE KIRKMEN MET KING GREGOURE WITH  
 PROCESSION AND RANDERIT HIM THE TOUN  
 OF DEBALEYN, AND OF HIS DIUOT OFFERING,  
 AND HOW HE PUNEIST THE DEFOULLARIS OF  
 WEMEN.

- Efter this counsall wes euerie man content.  
 This ilk Cormak in message syne tha sent,  
 The counsall gaif, ane man of grit renoun,  
 Archibischop als wes of that samin toun. 34,750  
 This Cormacus rycht humill and benyng,  
 Quhen that he come befoir Gregoure the king,  
 Rycht laulie than befoir him on his kne,  
 Thir samin wordis in the tyme said he:  
 " O royall king, and his excellent prince! 34,755  
 " Sen we forthink the falt and grit offence,  
 " Offendand the that done wes of befoir,  
 " Throw quhome," he said " we puneist ar rycht  
   soir;  
 " And thow far moir als gottin hes thi will,  
 " Na euir thow trowit in ony tyme cum till; 34,760  
 " Sen gratius God, the gevar of all gloir,  
 " Hes grantit the of ws to be victoir.

" Thairfoir," he said, " it semis weill to the,  
 " Of vincust pepill for to haif pitie,  
 " Without defence lyand amang thi feit, 34,765  
 " In quhome," he said, " is nother pryde nor heit.  
 " Also oure king the quhilk is within age,  
 " Quhometo tha aucht be law of rycht lynage,  
 " Sen 3e ar baith of ane genelogie,  
 " His governour and protectour till be. 34,770  
 " And als," he said, " this nobill royall toun,  
 " No honour is to put to confusioun,  
 " The quhilk thow aucht [for] to defend of rycht.  
 " Thairfoir," he said, " sen thow art curtas knycht,  
 " And als in the sic lautie is but leis, 34,775  
 ' We the beseik of thi kyndnes and peace,  
 ' And tak ws all this tyme in [to] thi will,  
 " With quhat conditioun thow will put ws till."  
 Quhen this wes said befoir thame all in plane,  
 This wes the ansuer that he maid agane: 34,780  
 " Forsuith," he said, " as I ma rycht weill prove,  
 " I haif just caus this battell for to move,  
 " For 3e 3our self begouth in me sic thing.  
 " As for 3our toun, and 3young Duncane 3our king,  
 " In that mater gif I haif oucht ado, 34,785  
 " No ansuer now that I will mak 3ow to,  
 " Quhill tha be baith first put in to my will,  
 " Syne I wilbe aduysit thair intill,  
 " And thairefter 3e sall haif ansuer than ;  
 " And will 3e nocht, the best way that 3e can 34,790  
 " Defend 3our self als gudlie as 3e ma."  
 With this ansuer he passit hame his wa ;  
 Syne in the toun befoir the nobillis aw,  
 This Cormacus that same ansuer did schaw.  
 Suppois thair of tha war nocht weill content, 34,795  
 3it neuirtheles, with all thair hail consent,  
 Tha opynit than the portis of the toun,  
 Syne passsit furth all in processioun.

Lib.10, f.175.  
 Col. 1.



Baith preist and clerk thairin wes les and moir,  
 In that processoun formest come befoir; 84,800  
 Syne Cormacus come bairand in his hand  
 Ane crucifix of birnand gold schynand,  
 In quhome the image of our Saluour  
 Affixt wes with perfite portratour;  
 Syne all the nobillis come efter on breid, 84,805  
 Ilkone that tyme in thair awin ordour zeld.  
 This Gregour syne he met thame be the way;  
 That samyn tyme, as my author did say,  
 Commandit hes his men all for to stand  
 In gude ordour thair round about his hand. 84,810  
 Syne he him self descendit from his hors,  
 And on his kneis kissit hes that cors  
 Rycht reuerentlie, syne rais vpoun his feit,  
 Into the toun syne steppit furth the streit,  
 Among the lawe in that processoun, 84,815  
 Quhill that he wes ressaut in the toun;  
 And passit all syne baith on fit and hors,  
 Quhill that tha come onto the mercat croce.  
 Syne mony bald men into armour brycht,  
 In all that tyme that wes bayth wyss and 84,820  
 wycht,  
 This king Gregour into that place gart byde,  
 For aventure that efter nicht betyde.  
 Syne passit is withoutin ony tarie,  
 Onto the tempill of the Virgin Marie;  
 Diuotlie thair his offerand he maid, 84,825  
 Syne raikit on withoutin ony baid,  
 Till all the kirkis [that] war in the toun,  
 Of secular preistis and religioun,  
 Rycht reuerentlie thair kneilland on thair kne,  
 With grit deuotioun his offerand than maid 84,830  
 he.  
 Quhen this was done, with his lordis ilkone,  
 On to ane castell ar togidder gone,

Rycht strenthe wes into the toun that tyme,  
 That biggit wes of poleist stane and lyme;<sup>1</sup>  
 And thair intill tha tuke thair rest all nycht. 34,835  
 Ane grit armie than into basnetis brycht,  
 In sindrie partis vp and doun that streit,  
 All the nycht our stude walkand on thair feit,  
 With mony wache that nycht vpoun the wall,  
 For aventure that efter nicht befall. 34,840  
 That samyn nycht mony wemen or da  
 Defoullit war, as my author did sa,  
 Agane thair will be thame that woik that nycht:  
 Syne on the morne, quhen it wes fair da lycht,  
 Rycht soir complaynt thair wes maid to the 34,845  
 king,  
 Quhilk wes commouit rycht far at that thing.  
 Grit diligence thairfoir he hes gart mak  
 To seik and find, in handis syne gart tak  
 All thame that tyme wer doaris of that deid;  
 The widdie syne he gaif thame to thair meid. 34,850  
 Quhilk causit him the moir fauour to haif  
 Of Ireland men, lordis and all the laif.

HOW KING GREGOURE WAS MAID TUTOUR TO  
 DUNCANE, KING OF IRELAND, AND ALL HIS  
 STRENTIS GEVIN IN HIS HAND WITH PLEDGIS,  
 AND COME HAME IN SCOTLAND, AND OF HIS  
 NOBILNES AND DEID.

In that samyn tyme in that toun quhair he la,  
 The lordis all convenit on ane da,  
 Of Irland men than be the leist ane lord, 34,855  
 With king Gregour to mak peice and [con]cord.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *tyme*.

Efter lang auisment into mony thing,  
 Accordit wes betuix thame and the king  
 That young Duncane suld be thair king and prince,  
 Thame self also without fraude or offence, 34,860  
 Into thair keiping and thair cuir suld haif,  
 Col. 2. Quhair no disceptioun docht him to dissaue.  
 And king Gregour suld to him tutour be,  
 And judges mak of his auctoritie,  
 As plesit him all tyme, bayth ane and aw, 34,865  
 Ouir all Ireland to execute the law.  
 Syne all the strenthis that war in that land,  
 To be resignit ilkane in his hand.  
 No Brit nor Saxone that come be the se,  
 Within that land for to ressaute be; 34,870  
 Without his leif se tha resaut nane.  
 Syne sextie pledgis of thame he hes tane,  
 Into ane takin tha suld all trew be;  
 Syne with his armie passit to the se,  
 With all his lordis that tyme les and moir, 34,875  
 Come hame agane with grit honour and gloir.  
 This worthie, nobill, hie, excellent prince,  
 In all his tyme did neuir none offence;  
 No violence be him wes neuir wrocht,  
 Without rycht far on him that it war socht. 34,880  
 Syne all his tyme quhilk efter wes rycht lang,  
 In peax and rest, withoutin ony wrang,  
 With law and justice and greit equitie,  
 And luif also, his kinrik gydit he.  
 Of halie kirk protectour and defence 34,885  
 Fra opin wrang and frome all violence.  
 All febill folk at him gat ay refuge,  
 To riche and puir he wes ane equale judge,  
 At all power without partialitie,  
 So just he wes in his auctoritie. 34,890  
 Wes neuir one moir equale led his lawis,  
 And les detractit with ilk mannis sawis,

Or les invyit in his tyme nor he,  
 Quhilk had sic honour and auctoritie,  
 In all Europe had nother maik no peir. 34,895  
 Syne of his ring the tua and tuentie zeir,  
 And of oure Lord aucht hundreth wes compleit,  
 Nyntie and thre to mak the number meit,  
 With grit murning of euerie man and wyfe,  
 Departit hes out of this present lyfe. 34,900  
 In Iona Yle syne in Ecolumkill,  
 With all honour that mycht be done him till,  
 In gudlie wyiss tha put him in his grave,  
 With moir triumph nor ony of the lawe.  
 My pen wald tyre and als my self wald irk , 34,905  
 My rude ingyne wald bayth grow doll and dirk,  
 And occupie the maist part of my lyfe,  
 Gif I suld heir his worthines discryfe.  
 My wit also insufficient is thairto,  
 And I myself sa mekle hes till do, 34,910  
 That I ma nocht weill tarie in sic thing ;  
 Bot weill I wait, ane better prince or king  
 Wes neuir nane of all the nobillis nyne,  
 Nor lang befoir nor zit hes bene sensyne.  
 The Ireland men and Britis to also, 34,915  
 And Danis strangar no the tother tuo,  
 Thir thre nationis he maid thame till obey ;  
 The fourt als grit durst neuir mak him pley,  
 That is to say the wickit Saxonis blude,  
 In all his tyme of him sic aw tha stude. 34,920  
 And he had bene into Homerus tyme,  
 Quhilk maid in Grew sa mony vers and ryme,  
 And he him self also ane Greik had bene,  
 Rycht weill I wait, and nothing for to wene,  
 His name had spred ouir all the warld als 34,925  
 wyde  
 As Cesaris did for all his pomp and pryde.  
 Sen I am nocht expert for to discryve  
 His nobill deidis and his famous lyfe,

Quhairfoir ilk man tak 3e gude tent that reidis,  
 Quhen 3e haif hard and considderit his deidis, 34,990  
 Than mak 3e ruiss as 3e think maist avale,  
 For I will turne agane now to my taill.

HOW KING DONALD WAS CROWNIT EFTER THE  
 DECEIS OF KING GREGOURE, AND OF HIS  
 WORTHIE DEIDIS AND GUDE JUSTICE, AND  
 HIS DEPARTING.

Donald the fyft, the<sup>1</sup> sone of Constantyne,  
 Of quhome befoir I schew 3ow schort quhile syne,  
 Efter Gregour, with consent of ilkone, 34,995  
 In Scone wes crownit on the marbell stone.  
 In law and justice and [in] equitie,  
 No les no Gregour in his tyme wes he.  
 Ane man he wes that keipit ay gude peice,  
 Stoppit all wrang and gart all weiris ceis 34,990  
 In peax and rest and greit tranquillitie,  
 Fra his begynnnyng to his end<sup>2</sup> rang he;  
 And mony gude werk in his tyme he wrocht,  
 Honorand God in all thing that he mocht.  
 To kirkmen als he did grit reuerence, 34,995  
 Wes nane durst faill or do to thame grevance.  
 The name of God in sic honour held he,  
 Quhat euir he wes, of hie or law degrie,  
 The name of God blasphemit ony tyme,  
 And he war notit with sic falt or cryme, 34,990  
 With ane hett yrne wes brint vpone the mouth;  
 Fra that tyme furth sic aythis wes not couth.  
 War thair sic lawis vsit in thir dais,  
 Rycht weill I wait, in ernist and in plais,  
 Men wald be lownar in thair langage far, 34,995  
 And meikar als than now on dais tha ar.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *the fyft*.

<sup>2</sup> In MS. *ending*.

I pray to God, remeidar of all thing,  
 Gif I mycht se in my tyme sic ane king.  
 Bot weill I wait thir wordis ar in vane,  
 Thairfoir I will turne to my taill agane 34,960  
 Now at this tyme, and lat sic talking be,  
 Sen weill I wait it will nocht mend for me.  
 That samin tyme in my storie I fand,  
 How that ane man come fra Northumberland,  
 And schew the king of ane that hecht Gormond, 34,965  
 Ane<sup>1</sup> fellar freik<sup>1</sup> wes nane that mycht be fond,  
 Ane Dane he wes new cuming ouir the sand,  
 Arryuit had into Northumberland,  
 With greit power into that land he la,  
 To quhat purpos he culd nocht to him sa, 34,970  
 Bot in that land he left him liand still,  
 Without offence to ony man or ill.  
 This king Donald quhen he saw him sa so,  
 In gudlie haist he graithit him till go,  
 Withoutin stop that tyme or zit ganestand, 34,975  
 With greit power into Northumberland.  
 And as he wes syne passand be the way,  
 He met ane man, the quhilk to him did say  
 That this Gormond, but ony stop or cummer,  
 Than fourtie myle beyond the water of Humber, 34,980  
 Far south that tyme wes passit in Ingland.  
 This ilk Donald quhen he did wnderstand  
 His purpos wes, quhen it wes rycht to ken,  
 That tyme to pas agane the Inglismen,  
 Fyve thousand men that walit war rycht wycht, 34,985  
 In breist[plait], braser, and in birny bricht,  
 To Alarud, of Ingland king, he send,  
 Agane Gormond him to help and defend,  
 As the conditoun maid wes of befoir,  
 With Alarud and nobill king Gregoir. 34,990

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *In*.

Col. 2.	This Alarud syne efter that few dayis, With this Gormond, as that my author sayis, With mort battell tha met vpoun ane plane, Quhair mony thousand on ilk syde wes slane Into that feild of mony nobill man,	34,985
	Thocht Alarude the victorie thair wan. And thocht the Danis fled and left the place, That he durst nocht follow vpoun the chace, For-quhy his power parit wes to nocht, The victorie to him wes so deir boucht ;	35,000
	Rycht soir he dred be this Gormondus menis, Into Ingland that he sould bring ma Denis; Perfitlie als he knew thairwith and wist, And he did so, he micht him nocht resist, And for that caus with him he hes maid peice,	35,005
	Of this conditioun as I sall heir reheras. That this Gormond sall tak the faith of Christ, And all his men ilkone, and be baptist, Of halie kirk for to fulfill command, And vse sic law in Ingland as tha fand.	35,010
	And Alarude the kinrik sould diuyde, Tak him the tane, leve him the tother syde, In heretage for euirmoir to bruke ; Of this conditioun trewis than tha tuke. Than this Gormond and all his men ilkone	35,015
	Wes baptist syne, and him self Ethalstone Callit to name into the tyme wes he, And left the name [syne] of gentilitie. Quhen this wes done tha weiris than did ceis ; For all his tyme he leuit in gude peice.	35,020
	That samin tyme, as my author did sa, Betuix Rosmen and men than of Murra, For litill caus thair fell ane greit discord. Within schort quhile, gif that I richt record, Dalie in feild without armour or geir,	35,025
	Tua thousand men war slane into that weir.	

This king Donald of that quhen he hard tell,  
 With mony freik he fuir attour the fell,  
 Weill bodin war all into armour bricht,  
 Withoutin tarie other da or nycht, 35,030  
 In ony tyme than other mair or les,  
 Quhill he come to the toun of Inuernes.  
 Off euirilk syde that tyme the pairteis all,  
 Befoir him self in jugement than gart call ;  
 And sone tha fand the foundaris of that wrang, 35,035 .  
 And thame also manteinit it so lang ;  
 Syne sentence gaif, as seruit weill to be,  
 For that same falt ilkane of thame till de.  
 And so tha did ; syne on the secund da,  
 Quhen this wes done the king passit his wa, 35,040  
 Into quhat place that tyme plesit him best,  
 And left that land into gude peice and rest.  
 So wes it ay for terme of all his lyfe ;  
 In all Scotland wes nother man no wyfe  
 That maid ane falt, fra tyme that it war kend, 35,045  
 Bayth puneist war and compellit to mend.  
 In all his tyme so equallie he rang,  
 Wes neuir one durst do ane vther wrang ;  
 His fais als of him had ay greit dreid ;  
 Helplike he wes to euerie man in neid, 35,050  
 Full of largnes and liberalitie.  
 Syne all his tyme in greit tranquillitie,  
 In peax and rest, as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 Quhill of [his] ring quhilk wes the ellevint 3eir,  
 Departit hes and passit to the lave, 35,055  
 In Iona Yle quhair he wes put in grave ;  
 Of him that tyme grit travell that [thai] tuik.  
 Loving to God heir endis the tent buik.



Lib. 11.

HOW CONSTANTYNE WAS CROWNIT KING OF SCOTLAND  
 AFTER THIS KING DONALD, AND HOW  
 EDWARD, KING OF ENGLAND, SEND TO HIM  
 ANE HERALD, AND OF HIS ANSWER AGANE,  
 AND HOW KING EDWARD WAS CONSTRAINT TO  
 TAK PEAX.

Lib. 11, f. 176.  
 Col. 1.

Ane nobill man wes callit Constantyne,  
 Thrid of that name efter this Donald syne, 35,060  
 The sone he wes of Ethus Alapes,  
 He crownit wes into that tyme but les,  
 Quhilk louit peax above all vther thing.  
 That samin tyme Edward of Ingland king,  
 Efter his father Alarud wes deid, 35,065  
 Wes crownit king succeidand in his steid.  
 This ilk Edward ane herald sone hes send  
 To Constantyne with hartlie recommend,  
 Quhilk in that tyme hes done him wnderstand,  
 All Cumbria and als Northumberland, 35,070  
 Without agane that he did thame restoir,  
 The quhilk king Gregour reft fra thame befoir,  
 He schew to him than, schortlie to conclude,  
 He suld persew him bayth with fyre and blude.  
 This Constantyne sic ansuer maid him till, 35,075  
 " He salbe met, cum on quhen euir he will."  
 And bad him [sa] that he sould schortlie schaw  
 Of him he stude full litill dreid or aw;  
 Prayand to God that all the perrell lycht  
 Quhilk of thame tua, withoutin titill of rycht, 35,080  
 That presit first sic battell till persew.  
 The messinger 3eid hame agane and schew  
 Ilk word by word as I haif said 3ow heir.  
 Continiewalie the space syne of ane 3eir,  
 On euerilk syde with presoner and pra, 35,085  
 But mort battell, dalie wer doand sua.

The Inglismen fra that that weir began,  
 Ilk da be da tha tynt mair na tha wan,  
 And of thair purpois come rycht hulie speid,  
 And of the Danis war in to sic dreid, 35,090  
 Seand thair power conuales and stoir  
 Ilk da be da the langar ay the moir,  
 And for thir causis than tha war rycht fane  
 With Constantyne for to mak peax agane.  
 Syne to the Danis turnit hes thair ire, 35,095  
 And mony theif into the tyme did hyre  
 To steill and reif out of the Danis land,  
 To fynd ane caus, as 3e ma wnderstand,  
 To caus the peax betuix thame to be brokin,  
 With so greit wrang vpone thame to be 35,100  
 wrokin.

And so thai did richt oft quhill tha war tane,  
 And syne on ane gallous hangit than ilkane.  
 The Inglismen thair of thocht greit dispyte,  
 In Lundoun toun syne on ane tyme rycht tyte,  
 Rycht mony Dene that in the toun wes than 35,105  
 In merschandrice, tha slew thame euerie man.  
 Cithircus than of Danis that wes lord,  
 Of this greit wrang quhen he hard than record,  
 Syne on the morne or it wes houris ten,  
 Gart sla als mony of the Inglismen, 35,110  
 Brent<sup>1</sup> thair bigging and brocht awa thair gude.  
 Syne at the last with all thair multitude,  
 On euery syde quhar at the da wes set,  
 Vpone ane feild the parteis bayth thair met.  
 And had nocht bene the mediatioun 35,115  
 Of mony bischop, with intercessioun,  
 Rycht mony thousand that da had bene slane,  
 Quhilk causit thame for to concord agane,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Brocht*.

Syne handis schuke, and all thing wes gone by  
 Remittit wes without melancoly. 35,130  
 This king Edward that tyme he had na air,  
 Bot ane dochter rycht plesand and preclair,  
 Ane virgin clene and vnfyllit of fame,  
 Quhilk Beatrix wes callit to hir name,  
 To Cithircus<sup>1</sup> in mariage he gaif 35,135  
 Till be his wyfe; gif hapnit him to haif  
 Ane sone of hir, promittit wes that he  
 Of all Ingland the king and prince suld be.  
 Of that condition bund wes vp that band,  
 As traistit wes for euir moir sould stand 35,139  
 In greit fauour, for sic affinitie  
 As resson wald betuix thame tua suld be.  
 This king Edward, in storie I haif fund,  
 Ane bruther had that callit wes Edmund;  
 This Cithircus<sup>2</sup> rycht subtill[ie] he wrocht, 35,145  
 For to destroy this Edmond and he mocht.  
 Col. 2. And so he did sone efter, wait 3e how,  
 His bruder Edward he gart fermlie trow,  
 That he schupe him with poyssoun to distroy,  
 Quhilk causit him to tak thairof greit noy, 35,149  
 And for that caus in Flanderis he him send,  
 Into ane schip that mycht nocht weill defend,  
 Suppois the se wes neuir so soft and sound:  
 In that passage this ilk Edmund wes dround.  
 This king Edward that sonis than had none, 35,145  
 Bot ane bastard wes callit Ethalstone;  
 And quhen he knew how that his eme wes deid,  
 So soir he dred for thair falsheid and feid,  
 Rycht quietlie he passit on ane da  
 Out of Ingland into Armorica; 35,150  
 And thair he did ane weill lang quhile remane,  
 Quhill efterwart that he come hame agane.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Cithircum*.| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *Cirithircum*.

HOW CITHIRCUS<sup>1</sup> THOCHT TO HAIF SLANE KING  
EDWARD, AND HOW THIS CITHIRCUS<sup>1</sup> WYFE  
REVEILLIT THE TRESSOUN TO HIR FATHER,  
QUHA POYSONIT THE SAID CITHIRCUS FOR  
THAT CAUS.

This Cithircus,<sup>1</sup> quhen that he knew anone  
Edmund wes deid and Ethalstane wes gone,  
He traistit weill, and Edward<sup>1</sup> had bene deid, 35,155  
Of all Ingland withoutin ony pleid  
For to be king, and weild it at his will;  
Decretit syne, and he nicht cum thairtill,  
This king Edward that he suld put to deid,  
So secretlie that he sould haif no feid. 35,160  
Cithircus wyfe, fra scho this counsall kend,  
Rycht quietlie to hir father scho send  
Ane secret seruand schew him all the cace,  
Ilk word be word at lang lasar and space.  
Than king Edward quhen he his consall knew, 35,165  
How that it wes as this seruand him schew,  
For verry tene commouit with greit ire,  
And fulle of fume as hot as ony fyre,  
With atrie visage and with glowrand ene,  
Out of his mynd almaist that he had bene. 35,170  
And so it wes, as semit weill but lane,  
That samin tyme him awin self he had slane  
For verra tene, had nocht bene tha by stude,  
Quhilk stoppit him and wald nocht lat him dude.  
Syne efterwart, for that same caus and quhy, 35,175  
Hes awin dochter he hes gart preualy  
This Cithircus<sup>2</sup> with poyson put to deid;  
And so scho did and so endit his feid.  
The Saxonis feid wes neur leill na trew,  
As 3e ma knaw be this woman that slew 35,180

<sup>1</sup>In MS. *Cithircus*.| <sup>2</sup>In MS. *Cithircum*.

Hir awin husband, that hir sic credence gaif;  
 Beleif 3e weill siclike of all the laif.

HOW CITHIRCUS<sup>1</sup> TUA SONIS PAT HIS WYFFE TO  
 DEID, AND HOW THA MAID BATTELL AGANIS  
 KING EDWARD AND SLEW HIM IN FEILD.

This Cithircus<sup>2</sup> tua sonis had that tyde,  
 Ane Aweles, ane vther Godefryde.  
 Thir tua brethir efter thair fatheris deid, 35,185  
 Rycht equalie tha rang into his steid,  
 In governyng and haill auctoritie,  
 With haill consent so ordand wes to be,  
 Bayth of thame self and all thair multitude.  
 Quhen that wes done than, schortlie to con- 35,190  
 clude,

Greit diligence ilk da with greit desyre,  
 Thair fatheris deith to speir and to inquirye.  
 Quhill at the last richt cleirlye it wes schawin,  
 That samin tyme, be seruandis of his awin,  
 How that his wyfe, but ony caus or feid, 35,195  
 With hir awin handis had poysonit him to deid.  
 Quhairof tha thoct ane mendis for to haif,  
 And so tha did, quhilk wes nocht lang to craif.  
 Tua rostit eggis, het as ony fyre,  
 Wnder hir oxtaris in hir tender lyre, 35,200  
 Tha band thame thair, quhilk brint hir to the  
 deid.

Thus endit scho that first begouth that pleid.  
 Syne efter this the tua brether so bald,  
 And king Edward, of quhome befor I tald,  
 With baith thair poweris met vpone ane plane, 35,205  
 Quhair mony one on euerie syde wes slane,

Lib. 11, f. 176b.  
 Col. 1.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Cithircus*.

| . <sup>2</sup> In MS. *Cithircus*.

Of nobill men that waponis weill culd weild.  
 The Inglismen, suppois tha wan the feild,  
 It wes deir bocht, that dar I hardlie sa,  
 Edward thair king wes slane thair that same 35,210  
 da.

And thocht the Daynis fled out of the feild,  
 Fra tyme tha knew that king Edward wes keild,  
 Pronydit hes ane new power agane,  
 To gif thame feild becaus thair king wes slane;  
 Traistand thairfoir, withoutin ony dreid, 35,215  
 Of thair purpois for to cum better speid.

HOW AWELES PASSIT IN SCOTLAND TO KING CON-  
 STANTYNE AND PURCHEST TEN THOUSAND  
 MEN OF SCOTTIS FOR HIS SUPPLE AGANIS  
 INGLAND PURPOSING TO SUBDEW IT, AND OF  
 ETHALSTANE, BASTARD SONE TO EDWARD,  
 KING OF INGLAND, AND HIS DEIDIS.

This Aweles quhilk wes the eldest bruther,  
 Into that tyme decretit hes the tother,  
 The quhilk to name wes callit Godefryde,  
 The Danis all in Inland for to gyde. 35,220  
 This beand done him awin self passit syne  
 Vnto Scotland wnto king Constantyne.  
 With fair hechtis and mony greit reward,  
 Corruptit hes bayth king, lord and laird;  
 Quhilk causit thame but caus to brek the band 35,225  
 Wes maid befoir to kingis of Inland.  
 Ten thousand men that worthie war and wycht,  
 Of nobill blude, all into armour brycht,  
 With Aweles in Inland than tha send,  
 Quhilk efterwart that maid ane febill end. 35,230  
 Malcome, the sone of gude Donald the king,  
 Thir men that tyme had into governing.

Quhen Aweles come hame syne to his bruther,  
 With sic power as he culd than consider,  
 Of nobill men and in sic multitude, 35,235  
 And of sic strenth, as tha all wnderstude  
 No maistrie war but straik of sword or knyfe,  
 To subdew Ingland, man, barne and wyfe.  
 Syne with thair power put all into one,  
 Far furth in Ingland fordward ay ar gone; 35,240  
 With fyre and blude that wonder wes to se,  
 Full mony one ilk da tha maid till de.  
 Preist or clerk that tyme tha sparit nane;  
 Full mony one tha maid rycht will of wane.  
 Ane richt lang quhile so that thair will tha 35,245  
 wrocht,  
 That all Ingland had haill bene put to nocht,  
 For euirmoir also maid for to rew,  
 War nocht the sonar that tha gat resekew.  
 This king Edward, of quhome befor I tald,  
 Ane bastard had bayth bellicois and bald, 35,250  
 Of quhome befor schort quhile to 3ow I schew,  
 Wes crownit king bot laitlie of the new,  
 For lauchtfull childer that tyme had he none.  
 This king to name wes callit Ethalstone,  
 With mony man that waponis weill culd weild, 35,255  
 Onto ane place wes callit Brommynfeild,  
 Vpone ane mure tha met vther forgane,  
 And swapit on quhill mony ane wes slane  
 Col. 2. On euerie syde with grit rancour and tene.  
 The Inglismen that nicht nocht weill sustene 35,260  
 That multitude, the quhilk sic strenthis hed,  
 Out of the feild in gude ordour tha fled,  
 Onto ane strenth that wes neirhand besyde.  
 Bayth Scot and Dane richt suddantlie that tyde  
 Brak thair array, and all to spulze 3eid, 35,265  
 Of Inglismen tha had so litill dreid

Traistand agane that tha durst nocht persew  
 Battell no moir, for oucht efter of new  
 It mycht befall, and speciallie that tyde.  
 Tha war begyld for all thair heicht and pryde. 35,270  
 This Ethalstane quhen he beheld and saw  
 Baith vp and down as tha war scatterit aw,  
 Without ordour into the feild so wyde,  
 In gude array returnit in the tyde,  
 With all his power in the feild agane, 35,275  
 Quhair mony Scot and mony Dayne wes slane,  
 Without ordour war scatterit in the feild,  
 Richt cruellie but mercie than war keild.  
 The Scottis war of sic nobillitie,  
 Greit schame tha thocht for so few folk to fle, 35,280  
 Without ordour so lang faucht on that plane,  
 For the most part quhill tha war ilkone slane.  
 Malcome, thair captane as 3e hard befoir,  
 Into the feild than woundit wes so soir,  
 Out of the feild with greit danger he fled 35,285  
 That samin tyme; syne efterwart wes hed,  
 Betuix tua hors vpone [ane] litter borne,  
 Onto Scotland vpone the tother morne;  
 So soir woundit he wes into the tyde,  
 That he doucht nother for to gang nor ryde. 35,290  
 Sone efter syne this ilk king Ethelstone,  
 With all his power haistelie is gone  
 Ouir all the partis of Northumberland,  
 Withoutin stop, quhair ony thair he fand,  
 Subdewit hes, with litill sturt or pane, 35,295  
 Bayth land and liegis to his fayth agane;  
 With Cumbria sidlike and Westmurland,  
 Reskewit hes withoutin ony ganestand.



HOW KING CONSTANTYNE WAS GRITTUMELIE COM-  
MOUT OF THE TYSALL OF HIS LORDIS, AND  
RESIGNIT OUR HIS CROUN IN MALCOLMUS  
HAND, AND ȜEID AND DID PENNANCE AMANG  
THE KIRKMEIN IN SANCT ANDROIS THAIR ALL  
HIS DAYIS.

Quhen Constantyne quhilk wes of Scottis king,  
Quhen that he knew perfiltie all that thing, 35,300  
How of Scotland the nobillis war distroyit,  
Ilk da by da he studeit moir and noyit;  
Wittand so weill him self had all the wyte,  
That causit him moir furious to flyte  
With his awin self, quhen that he wnderstude 35,305  
Distroyit wes so mekle nobill blude,  
Throw auerice and throw na vther thing.  
The fourtie Ȝeir quhilk than wes of his ring,  
Kinrik and croun, but stop or Ȝit ganestand,  
Resignit hes in this Malcolmus hand. 35,310  
In Sanct Androis syne efter did remane,  
Into the kirk than metropolitane,  
Amang the kirkmen rycht contemplatyve,  
In greit pennance, the terme of all his lyfe.  
Syne finallie, as that my author sais, 35,315  
In peice and rest closit his latter dais.  
In Iona Yle syne graithit wes into grave,  
With greit honour siclike as wes the lave;  
Lib.11, f.177. Into his graue quhair he dois Ȝit remane.  
Col. 1. Now to my purpois turne I will agane. 35,320

HOW MALCOLME RESSAUT THE CROUN OF SCOT-  
LAND, AND OF HIS DEIDIS.

This ilk Malcolme, of quhome Ȝe hard befor,  
With hail consent of all man les and moir,

Fra Constantyne ressaut hes the croun.  
 Ane man all tyme he wes of gude fassoun,  
 And euerilk da hes done grit diligence, 35,325  
 Aganis his fais for to mak defence,  
 And wes content in pear to bruke his awin,  
 And full layth he wes also to be ourithrawin.  
 And for that caus with Ethelstone, but leis,  
 His purpois wes than for to tak peice, 35,330  
 Dewysit syne to Ethalstone to send.  
 And as tha war than reddie for to wend,  
 Ane faithfull man thair cum to him and schew,  
 How Ethelstone and Aweles of the new  
 Accordit war, and maid ane sicker band, 35,335  
 That Aweles alhaill Northumberland  
 Suld haif that tyme rycht frelie with his hart,  
 Aganis the Scottis for to tak his part.  
 Also he said, rycht sone he wnderstude,  
 Tha suld persew him bayth with fyre and 35,340  
 blude.  
 Quhairof this king that tyme wes nocht content,  
 3it neuirtheles rycht sone incontinent,  
 Quhen that he hard how thir kingis did mene,  
 His lordis all togidder did convene,  
 For till aduiss quhat best wes till be done. 35,345  
 Amang thame syne decretit hes rycht sone,  
 Or tha suld loiss thair libertie and landis,  
 For till debait it baldlie with thair handis,  
 Or tha war maid to be bondis and thrall.  
 Suppois that tyme thair power wes rycht small, 35,350  
 As fortoun wald, sic aventure to tak,  
 Or tha wald thoill so grit ane schame and lak,  
 Sen battell wes bot aventure and weir;  
 And how it hapnit efter 3e sall heir.

HOW ETHELSTANE AND AWELES, WITH BAYTH  
THAIR GREIT POWERIS, PURPOSIT IN SCOT-  
LAND AGANE KING MALCOLME, AND OF THE  
DISCORD THAT FELL AMANG THAME, QUHAIR-  
THROW MONY ANE WAS SLANE; AND HOW  
AWELES FLED.

This Ethelstane, of quhome befor I tald, 35,355  
And Aweles thir bernis that war bald,  
With thair poweris of greit multitude,  
Convenit hes togidder neir ane flude,  
Bayth in ane will as 3e sall wnderstand,  
In ferme purpois to cum into Scotland. 35,360  
Syne suddantlie, the quhilk culd nocht be smord,  
Than as God wald, ane grit stryfe and discord  
Betuix thame tua into the tyme thair fell;  
Quhat wes the caus I can nocht to 3ow tell.  
Quhilk causit thame in tua pairteis to draw, 35,365  
In battell syne, with mony bitter blaw,  
That freindschip endit with grit sturt and stryfe,  
Quhair mony thousand loissit hes the lyfe.  
The Danis all that da war put to nocht,  
And Ethilstone the victorie deir bocht, 35,370  
Sa mony nobill in the feild wes slane.  
This Aweles no langar mycht remane;  
Out of the feild with waill few folk is gone,  
Syne in ane boit fled to the Yle of Mone.  
Rycht litill fauour in that place he fand, 35,375  
Quhairfoir he sped him rycht sone in Ireland.

HOW KING MALCOLME CAUSIT THE KIRKMEIN TO  
PRA AND THANK GOD.

Quhen king Malcolme that vnderstude, and knew  
So greit mischeif wes fallin of the new,

Betuix the Danis and this Ethilstone,  
 Ouir all Scotland the kirkmen all ilkone, 35,380  
 Baith preist and prelat in the tyme to pra,  
 Thankand greit [God] to thame that had done sua.  
 Considderand als how all the mater stude,  
 Deliuierit thame without battell or blude  
 Out of the handis of thair mortall fa, 35,385  
 Quhome to tha dred sum tyme to haif bene pra.

Col. 2.

HOW PEAX WES MAID BETUIX MALCOLME, KING  
 OF SCOTTIS, AND ETHALSTANE, KING OF ING-  
 LAND.

Sone efter syne as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 Fra Ethilstone thair come ane messingeir  
 To king Malcolme and euerie Scottis lord,  
 Beseikand thame of gude peice and concord, 35,390  
 Sidlike in fayth as tha war wont to stand,  
 With all conditioun and with euerilk band.  
 Quhairof this Malcolme wes rycht weill content,  
 And all his lordis intill ane assent,  
 Renewit peax with lettres seillit braid, 35,395  
 With this conditioun peax this time wes maid :  
 Northumberland with Ingland suld remane,  
 And Cumbria and Westmurland agane  
 To king Malcolme tha suld agane restoir,  
 Als fre in peax as euir tha war befoir, 35,400  
 And fra that furth the princes land sould be  
 Of Scotland ay in heretage and fe ;  
 Quhairfoir he suld to kingis of Ingland  
 Obedience mak without ony demand,  
 Without [it] war in his awin defence, 35,405  
 Siclyke also of Scotland and his prence.  
 To euerie man, as nature hes maid kend,  
 Of thre thingis is lefull to defend ;

That is to say his kinrik and his croun,  
 And him awin self out of subjectioun. 35,410  
 Off this conditioun maid wes than this peice;  
 Fra that tyme furth the weiris all did ceis.

OFF ANE NOBILL MAN INDULPHUS, AND HOW  
 KING MALCOLME WAS MURDREIST AND SLANE.

Ane nobill man of grit honour and fame,  
 Indulphus than wes callit to his name,  
 Richt mekill gude into his tyme that did, 35,415  
 The sone he wes of Constantyne the thrid;  
 Of Cumbria and eik of Westmurland  
 He wes maid lord, and prince of all Scotland.  
 Fra that tyme furth this gude Malcome the king  
 In peax and rest did all his dais ring, 35,420  
 And equallie exercit hes his cuir,  
 Without complaynt other of riche or puir.  
 In Murra land it hapnit efter syne,  
 Into ane toun that callit wes Vlryne,  
 Becaus he wes of justice so extreme, 35,425  
 Freindis of quhome befoir that he did fleme,  
 Vpoun ane nycht tha murdreist him or da,  
 Richt quietlie in his bed quhair he la.  
 Thir deid-doaris, sone efter to regard,  
 War tane ilkone and hangit till reward. 35,430  
 The saxtene 3eir of this Malcolmus ring  
 So endit he that wes of Scotland king,  
 Becaus he wes so equale in his cuir.  
 Rycht semdill is that sic men ma be suir  
 Fra fals fortoun, and all the caus is quhy, 35,435  
 Sic fals tratouris at just men hes invy.  
 Syne efter that within ane lytill quhile,  
 Ingravit wes syne into Iona Yle.

HOW INDULPHUS WAS CROWNIT KING OF SCOTTIS  
 AFTER THE DECEIS OF KING MALCOLME, AND  
 HOW AWELES SEND FRA NORROWAY TO IN- Lib.11, f.177b.  
 DULPHUS FOR SUPPLE, AND HOW HE COME IN Col. 1.  
 NORTHUMBERLAND WITH GREIT POWER AGANIS  
 ENGLAND, AND OF INDULPHUS ANSUER TO  
 HIS HERALD, AND OF ELGARYN, LORD OF  
 NORTHUMBERLAND, AND HOW KING EDMOND  
 SEND ANE HERALD TO INDULPHUS FOR  
 SUPPLE AGANIS AWELES AND THE DANIS.

This Indulphus of quhome befor I spak,  
 As that my author did me mentioun mak, 35,440  
 With hail consent that tyme of ald and 3ing,  
 Was crownit than of Scotland to be king.  
 Ane man he wes without crudelitie,  
 Equale in justice but partialitie ;  
 With diligence exerceand ay his cuir, 35,445  
 And greit compassioun had also of the puir ;  
 With wisdom he gydit euirilk thing.  
 Syne efterwart, the fyft 3eir of his ring,  
 This Aweles of quhome befor I schew,  
 Fra Norroway send till him of the new, 35,450  
 Beseikand him of his help and supple,  
 Of the injuris to revengit be  
 In Brymmynfeild wes done than of befor.  
 For-quhy, he said, he trowit neur moir  
 Suld be for3et, as he culd wnderstand, 35,455  
 Quhill ony Scot war levand in Scotland.  
 King Ethilstone into the tyme wes deid,  
 His sone Edmond than rang into his steid,  
 And Malcolme als departit wes and gone ;  
 Quhairfoir, he said, betuix thir tua alone 35,460  
 The band wes maid, quhilk no langer suld lest  
 No[w] tha war deid, quhairfoir he held it best  
 That [he] that tyme suld tak on him greit cuir,  
 For to revenge sic harmes and injure.

And plesit him, he said, sic thing till do, 35,465  
 Traist weill he suld mak him grit help thairto ;  
 Sayand, this Edmond wes nocht worth ane fle,  
 Without wisdoms ane king or prince till be ;  
 Infectit als with euery vice and cryme,  
 And he culd neur get sa gude ane tyme. 35,470  
 This king Indulfe sic ansuer maid thairtill,  
 That force it wes the band for to fulfill,  
 The quhilk wes maid with tha kingis beforne,  
 Without he war bayth fals and als mensworne ;  
 Quhilk, and he did, it war bayth syn and 35,475  
 schame.  
 With this ansuer the herald passit hame  
 To Aweles into the tyme and schew.  
 This Aweles, quhen he his ansuer knew,  
 Rycht sone efter, without stop or ganestand,  
 Ane greit armie brocht in Northumberland 35,480  
 Fra Norrowa, with mony berne ful bald,  
 With thair captane quhilk callit wes Rannald.  
 Ane lord thair wes than in Northumberland,  
 Hecht Elgarn as ze sall vnderstand,  
 Ascryvand him to be of Danis blude, 35,485  
 And for that caus, now schortlie to conclude,  
 This Aweles he hes resaut than  
 At greit plesour with his armie ilkman :  
 Promittand him rycht glaidlie with his hart,  
 Agane Edmond ay for to tak his part ; 35,490  
 Syne all the strenthis that war in that land,  
 Resignit thame ilkone in till his hand.  
 This king Edmond thair of quhen he hard tell,  
 How Algarn agane him did rebell,  
 And Aweles had gottin but ganestand 35,495  
 The strenthis all war in Northumberland,  
 To Indulphus ane herald sone send he,  
 Requyrand him of his help and supple  
 Agane the Danis war thair commoun fo  
 His traist it wes Indulfus suld do so, 35,500

To keip the band that wes maid lang befoir.  
 This Indulfus withoutin ony moir,  
 Ten thousand men that tyme be taill weill tald,  
 In armour bricht, bayth bellicois and bald,  
 And gold and siluer with thame for to spend, 35,505  
 Into Ingland till king Edmond he send.  
 Of quhois come this nobill king Edmound,  
 As bird on breir wes blyth and letabund,  
 Or ony be that biggis into hyve,  
 Withoutin let than sped him on belyve 35,510  
 With greit power onto Northumberland.  
 This Aweles als on the tother hand,  
 With mony wy that worthie war and wycht,  
 Appeirit thair richt sone into his sycht;  
 Syne in that tyme ane herald sone he send 35,515  
 To king Edmond with hartlie recommend,  
 The quhilk herald than did him wnderstand,  
 Wald he lat him hald still Northumberland,  
 With all fredome as it wes wont till haif,  
 Siclike befoir as Ethelstane him gaif, 35,520  
 Betuix Scotland and Ingland for till be  
 Ane mid persone haifand auctoritie,  
 To stanche all stryfe and gar all weiris ceiss,  
 For euirmoir tha mycht leif in peice.  
 And mairattour he did him wnderstand, 35,525  
 Gif that thair come in Scotland or Ingland  
 Ony stranger to move battell or weir,  
 Into that tyme he offerit him to sweir,  
 Quhat euir tha war, rycht glaidlie with his hart  
 Agane all sic he sould ay tak thair part. 35,530  
 This king Edmond so weill his falsheid knew,  
 Traistand thairfoir that he culd noch be trew,  
 Maid ansuer sone that he wald noch do so.  
 With that responce the herald hyne did go  
 To Aweles, and schew him les and moir 35,535  
 All his responss as 3e haif hard befoir.



Than Aweles withoutin ony baid,  
 Amang his men gude ordour [than] hes maid.  
 This Elgaryn, as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 Aucht thousand men had of Northumberland 35,540  
 At his bidding into the feild that da.  
 Then king Edmond, with all the haist he ma,  
 With mony targe and mony glitterand scheild,  
 In gude ordour aganis him hes tane feild.  
 The men that tyme all of Northumberland, 35,545  
 Seand thair king agane thame thair cumand,  
 Quhome of that tyme tha war so soir adred,  
 Out of the feild in gude ordour tha fled.  
 Quhairof the Danis sic discomfort tuke,  
 That mony ane thair armour of thame schuke, 35,550  
 Out of the feild syne efter follout fast.  
 This Aweles thairof na thing agast,  
 And all his nobillis standand him about,  
 Into the feild tha enterit with ane schout,  
 And faucht ane quhile als lang as it mycht be, 35,555  
 Quhill force it wes efter the lawe to fle.  
 Rycht few war keillit in the fechting place,  
 Bot mony ane wer slane into the chace ;  
 And neur man wes of the Danis blude  
 Wes tane that da, other ill or gude ; 35,560  
 And also lang as tha had ony lycht,  
 Greit slauchter maid quhill twynnit thame the nycht.  
 Thus fortoun wald it hapnit vpone cace,  
 This Elgaryn wes tane into the chace,  
 Bayth fit and hand fast festnit syne and bund, 35,565  
 And presentit wes befor this ilk Edmond.  
 Quhilk efterwart, as justice wald and reessoun,  
 For his defalt, his falsheid, and his tressone,  
 In Eborak, efter that he wes schrevin,  
 With foure wyld hors in foure partis wes<sup>1</sup> revin. 35,570

Lib.11, f.178.  
 Col. 1.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. war.

The men of gude als in Northumberland,  
 Rycht mony than war hangit all fra hand ;  
 Siclike reward as tha seruit to haif,  
 Into that tyme it wes nocht for to craif.  
 This king Edmond the morne efter the feild, 35,575  
 Rycht equalie to euerie man and cheild  
 The hail spulze amang thame gart diuyde,  
 Bayth ill and gude that present wes that tyde ;  
 And speciallie that tyme, attour the lawe,  
 To Scottis men rycht greit rewardis gawe, 35,580  
 And thankit thame rycht hartlie with gude will,  
 In his supple that tyme that come him till.  
 Tha tuke thair leve quhen done wes all this thing,  
 And passit hame to gude Indulfe the king.

HOW AGONE AND ELRIK COME IN ALBIONE OUT  
OF NORROWAY.

Efter this tyme the space of neir four 3eir, 35,585  
 As hapnit syne tak tent and 3e sall heir.  
 Of Norrowa ane grit nobill of one,  
 The quhilk to name that callit wes Agone,  
 And of Denmark siclike thair wes ane vther,  
 Callit Elrik, in arnes wes his bruther. 35,590  
 With greit power thir tua hes tane the se,  
 In Albione for to revengit be  
 Of thair freindis that slane wes of befoir.  
 Syne into Forth, with mekill host and schoir,  
 Be adventure the wedder did thame dryve, 35,595  
 Vp in the firth quhair tha thocht till arryve,  
 In sindrie partis quhair tha schupe to land ;  
 And ay tha gat so greit stop and ganestand,  
 Throw men of weir that come to the cost syde,  
 In Forth that tyme tha wald na langar byde. 35,600  
 Syne with thair schippis efter on ane da,  
 Tha enterit all into the mouth of Ta.

So many folk into that place tha fand,  
 That in no pairt tha lute thame thair tak land.  
 Syne saillit furth into the north rycht far, 35,606  
 By Murra, Buchquhane, the Mernis als and Mar,  
 And fand na place quhair tha durst tak the  
 land,  
 So mekill stop tha had ay and ganestand.  
 Quhairfoir that tyme tha haif wrocht with ane  
 wyle,  
 How tha mycht best the Scottis to begyle, 35,610  
 And drew thair sailis to the top rycht hie,  
 And tuke thair courss rycht eist throw the  
 mane se,  
 In that beleif tha passit war awa.  
 Syne efterwart tha come on the fourt da  
 Into Boyne, ane land by Buchquhane cost, 35,616  
 And thair at lasar landit all thair oist.  
 Airlie at morne [syne] sone, or ony wist,  
 Tha landit thair at grit lasar and list.  
 The nychtbour men that duelt neirhand about,  
 Tha gatherit furth that tyme in mony route ; 35,630  
 Becaus thair power so litill wes and small,  
 Tha wald nocht be resistit for thame all,  
 Bot in that land thair tha remainit still,  
 With greit heirschip at thair plesour and will.  
 Quhill Indulfe sone efter on ane da, 35,636  
 Come thair him self, as my author did sa,  
 With bernis bald that waponis weill culd weild,  
 On fit and hors that tyme and gaif thame feild.  
 Vpone ane mure besyde ane mont tha met,  
 With brandis brycht ilkane on vther bet ; 35,639  
 Bald as ane bair tha bernis all did byde,  
 Without sunze that tyme in ony syde.  
 Into that stour ane lang quhile so tha stude,  
 Quhill mony berne had bled rycht mekill blude,  
 And mony grume la granand on the ground, 35,635  
 And mony ane buir deidlie werkand wound.

So at the last the lord than of Dumbar,  
And one hecht Gryme, quhilk cuming hed rycht  
far

Fra Loutheane supple thair for to mak,  
Come in that tyme behind the Danis bak, 35,640  
In rayit battell reddie for till june.

Col. 2.

The Danis than persauit that richt sone,  
In sindrie partis skailit heir and thair,  
In greit danger the langar ay the mair,  
Sum in moe and vther sum in myre, 35,645

In grit trubill quhilk causit thame to tyre,  
Into the tyme quhill tha war all ouirtane,  
Syne cruellie thair war tha slane ilkane.  
This nobill king so hapnit him to ryde,  
With ane armie in by ane montane syde, 38,650

Ouir all the feild mo Danis for to spy ;  
So in ane glen than liand wes thairby  
Ane wyng of Danis, as my author did sa,  
Quhilk in the feild had nocht fouchten that da,  
And suddanelie again tha gaif thame feild. 35,655

The Danis all ilkone that tyme wer keild,  
And gude Indulfe than with ane fedderit flane,  
Throw aventure in that same feild wes slane.  
As I haif said so hapnit all this thing  
Into the nynt 3eir of Indulfus ring, 35,660

And of oure Lord that tyme nyne hundreth 3eir,  
Saxtie and aucht, no moir to rekkin heir.  
Of gude Indulfe the bodie syne tha buir  
To Iona Yle with bissines and cuir,  
With all honour that sic ane prince suld haif, 35,665

In sepultuir syne put besyde the lawe.  
Syne efter that that all this thing wes done,  
The lordis all convenit into Scone.

HOW DUFFOIS, SONE OF KING MALCOLME, WAS  
CROWNIT KING EFTER INDULFUS, AND OF HIS  
DUCHTIE DEIDIS AND JUSTICE DONE IN THE  
YLIS.

Ane lustie man rycht plesand and benyng,  
 Duffois to name, sone wes of Malcolme king, 35,670  
 Quhome of 3e hard bot schort quhile of befoir,  
 With haill consent that tyme of les and moir,  
 In rob royall, with sword, sceptour and ring,  
 That samin tyme wes crownit to be king.  
 The eldest sone than of gude Indulfus, 35,675  
 The quhilk to name wes callit Culenus,  
 Declarit wes of Cumbria to be  
 The lord and prince, with haill auctoritie,  
 And to Duffois the successour and prince,  
 Be haill consent without fraude or offence. 35,680  
 This beand done as 3e haif hard me say,  
 He tuke his leif syne passit on his wa  
 To Cumbria, fra that place mony mylis.  
 The king also than passit in the Ylis,  
 For mekill sturt that tyme that wes on steir 35,685  
 Ouir all the Ylis than bayth far and neir.  
 The laborus men into the Ylis that war,  
 With ydill men oppressit war richt far;  
 Ilk da by da that tyme tha war ouirthrawin  
 Be gentill men that had nocht of thair awin. 35,690  
 In all thair tyme tha had no will to wirk,  
 Bot plukkit ay fra puir men and the kirk,  
 Tha comptit nocht, gat tha the gold to spend,  
 How it wes wyn or quhat suld be the end.  
 The king thairfoir into the samin quhile, 35,695  
 The lord and thane that wes of euery yle,  
 Befoir him self that tyme he gart compeir  
 In audience that tha mycht ilkane heir.

He said, and swoir be his rycht hand and croun,  
 Hard he oucht mair of sic oppressioun, 35,700 Lib.11, f.178b.  
 Tha suld haif all mair, magir to thair meid, Col. 1.  
 Na tha befoir war doaris of the deid.  
 Rycht weill he wist that sic thing culd nocht be,  
 Bot gif it war of thair auctoritie;  
 And that tha war manteinit weill thairin, 35,705  
 Quhilk war to thame so neir of blude and kin,  
 Relaxand thame withoutin law so large;  
 Do as tha list it sould ly on thair charge.  
 Rycht mony lord thair wes into that land,  
 Obeyit weill his edick and command; 35,710  
 With diligence and bissie cuir tha woik,  
 And mony trucour in the tyme tha tuik,  
 Part be force, and vther part throw slycht,  
 Syne on ane gallous hangit thame on hycht;  
 And all the laif that culd nocht be ouirtane, 35,715  
 Tha baneist thame in Ireland than ilkane.  
 And mony vther wes of nobill blude,  
 Throw greit requeist of sindrie men of gude,  
 Tha fand borowis<sup>1</sup> fra that furtht to be leill,  
 In all thair tyme no moir to reif or steill. 35,720  
 And so tha did in mony sindrie landis,  
 Wynnand thair leving dalie with thair handis;  
 The best craft and of the grittest blude,  
 To sober men maid seruice for thair fude.  
 Becaus tha war so euill teichit in thair youth, 35,725  
 Haiffand weillfair and wantones at fouth,  
 But disciplyne with sic vndantonit rage,  
 Quhilk causit thame haif powertie in age;  
 That force it wes in sic necessitie,  
 To reif or steill, or than of hungar de, 35,730  
 Or with thair handis dalie for to wirk,  
 Sic force it wes mycht nother tyre no irk.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *baronis*.

Quhairat thair freindis had richt greit invy,  
 Amang thame self complenit and said, fy  
 Vpoun thair king ! wes nother wyss no gude, 35,735  
 Maid sic destructioun of the nobill blude,  
 Quhilk thoillit thame sic vyle service to mak  
 To carlis blude with so grit schame and lak,  
 In vilipentioun of the nobill blude.  
 Quhairfoir tha said all, schortlie to conclud, 35,740  
 He ganit nocht to be ane king or prince,  
 So extreme wes alway in the defence  
 Of carle and kirkmen war bot of law birth,  
 That nobill blude at him gat no moir girth  
 Nor the leist knaif for taking of ane cow ; 35,745  
 Sic law tha said wes nothing to allow.  
 Quhat wes the end, quha lykis for to speir,  
 Tak tent to me and I sall tell 3ow heir.

HOW KING DUFFOIS WAS VEXIT WITH SOIR SEIK-  
 NES, AND IN THAT TYME OF GREIT OPPRES-  
 SION MAID BE MEN OF GUDE.

Sone efter this it hapnit for to be,  
 This king Duffus with greit infirmitie 35,750  
 Soir vexit wes, with bitter panis strang,  
 That he doucht nother for to ryde nor gang ;  
 But appetyte other of meit or drink,  
 And all the nycht he sleipit nocht ane wynk.  
 Richt oft he fell into ane glowand heit, 35,755  
 With sic abundance of exceidand sweit,  
 His cumlie cors, befoir wes corpulent,  
 Laithlie and lene wes maid, and macilent.  
 Grislie and grym lyke ony gaist he grew,  
 With paill visage discolorat wes of hew ; 35,760  
 Of medicine he wes out of beleif ;  
 For no prattik that men culd on him prewe

Tha culd nocht les him of his pane ane myte, In medicine thocht tha war rycht perfite. Disparit wes than of his lyfe ilkone, Micht no man help that tyme bot God alone. In this tyme now that ȝe heir me tell, In Murra land richt mony did rebell, And speciallie the grittest men of gude, Quhen that tha hard how with the king it stude.	35,765	Col. 2.
Richt mony one wes reft of his possessioun, And mony puir man spulzeit with oppressioun, And mony wyfe and wedow oft wes wrangit, And mony theif, that seruit to be hangit, Of meit and drink richt delicat wes fed, Quhen leill men oft wnsowpit ȝeid to bed. Richt closlie ȝit tha keipit all this thing, ȝit unreveillit to Duffus the king, Or it sould lat him for to conuales, And caus his cair the moir for to increas. And for that caus tha keipit it als cloiss, As men wald keip balme riche in ane boiss. Sone efter this, I can nocht tell ȝow how, Gif that my author thairof be till trow, Thair raiss ane word amang thame suddantlie, Sayand the king that tyme suld witchit be Be ane auld wyfe duelland in Forres toun, Rycht quyetlie amang thame lang did woun. Syne at the last it brak out with sic feir, Quhill that it come vnto the kingis eir. All seik men hes ane vse and consuetude, To seik all thing tha trow ma do thame gude, And euerie man of counsall to inquiryr, Of noveltie tha haif so greit desyre. That samin tyme so did Duffois the king: He ceissit nocht fra tyme he knew sic thing, To Forres toun quhill he send to exploir, Gif all wes suith wes said to him befoir.	35,775 35,780 35,785 35,790	



HOW KING DUFFOIS WAS WITCHIT BE ADUISE OF  
HIS LORDIS WITH ANE WITCHE CARLING  
THAT DUELT IN FORRES.

In Forres toun ane fair castell of one  
Thair stude that tyme, quhilk wes rycht strang 35,800  
of stone,  
The kingis castell lang wes of the auld;  
Ane nobill man, wes callit Donewald,  
Had it in cuir and keipar of that hous,  
Ane traist seruand wes to this king Duffus.  
This kingis men that secreitlie him schew, 35,805  
Knewand so weill that he wes verra trew,  
Desyrand als his counsall and supple,  
Off this ald wyfe to wit the veritie.  
This ald carling ane prenteis had that tyme,  
Knew weill the craft, and also of that cryme 35,810  
Wes particeps quhen thair wes oucht till do,  
Perfit scho wes and helpit weill thairto;  
In the castell thair wes ane fair young man,  
Hir peramouris quhilk in the tyme wes than.  
This Donewald he knew thair kyndnes weill, 35,815  
And traistit als scho wald to him reveill  
All kynd of thing that in hir mynd than la;  
Quhairfoir richt sone syne efter on ane da,  
He causit him at hir to speir all thing,  
Rycht tenderlie, of gude Duffois the king 35,820  
Quhat wes the caus of his infirmitie,  
His complexioun, also his qualitie?  
Or gif it wes that men mycht mak remeid,  
Quhat traistit scho than, quhiddel lyfe or deid?  
As women will, thair tounge gois so wyde, 35,825  
Fra thair luifaris nothing in erth can hyde.  
Lib.11, f.179. And so did scho the samyn tyme I trow,  
Col. 1. Ilk word be word tald him the maner how,  
Throw sorcerie and throw na vther thing,  
Distroyit wes so gude Duffus the king, 35,830

And how it wes all wrocht vpoun the nycht.  
 This ilk 3oung man quhen he considderit rycht  
 How all thing stude, thairof nothing he spak,  
 Dreidand thairof scho sould suspitioun tak,  
 And turnit hes thair talking fra the king, 35,355  
 To sport and pla and mony sindrie thing.  
 Syne tuke his leif and bad hir than gude nycht,  
 And to the castell raikit on full richt,  
 And tald to thame that tyme how he had sped.  
 That samin nicht, quhen all wes gone to bed, 35,360  
 The kingis seruandis furth with him he tuik  
 On to the hous of this ald wyfe to luik,  
 Gif tha culd spy that nycht gif oucht wes done.  
 So at the last ane hes persaut sone,  
 Out throw ane boir quhair he mycht rycht 35,365  
 weill se,  
 This ald carling vpone ane speit of tre,  
 Of walk ane image rostand at the fyre.  
 That ald trattas for turning wald nocht tyre,  
 And as scho turnit ay about scho sang,  
 Als on the image scho leit drop amang, 35,370  
 Out of ane pig, ane wounder fat licoir  
 Continuallie; than ordand wes thairfoir,  
 Quhen tha persaut how it wes, ilkone  
 Rycht quyetlie on to the dur ar gone,  
 And with ane dunt the dur sone vp tha dang. 35,375  
 Syne on the flure ben to the fyre did gang,  
 And tuik this carling and hir prenteis bayth  
 Reid-hand that tyme, thocht tha wer neur so  
 wrayth,  
 Evin as tha sat with euerie instrument,  
 Syne to the castell all with thame tha went. 35,380  
 This Donewald he did at thame inquire,  
 Of the image tha roistit at the fyre,  
 On to quhat thing that it suld signifie.  
 The ald carling than ansuerit suddantlie

Till him agane in to the samin thing, 35,865  
 Sayand, it wes the image of the king :  
 " Quhat wes the caus, tell me syne, I desyr,  
 " Thow rostit it so," he said, "at the fyre,  
 " Turnand sa oft vpoun zone speit of tre?"  
 " Forsuith," scho said, "that sall I, and nocht lie. 35,870  
 " To causs the walx to melt and [to] consume,  
 " Quhairthrow his bodie wox bayth lene and tume;  
 " Zond liquour als I zet vpone it syne,  
 " Fat as the oyle and cleir as ony wyne,  
 " It causit him continuallie to sweit 35,875  
 " In sic abundance, with exces of heit,  
 " That force it wes to him to walk as lang,  
 " Withoutin sleip, thir versis quhen I sang;  
 " And ay the langar of his bodie fail,  
 " Quhill that this image wer consumit haill; 35,880  
 " Quhen that wes done, without ony remeid,  
 " Than force it wes to him to suffer deid."  
 " Quha causit the," he said, "to do sic thing?"  
 " Greit men," scho said, "that louit nocht the  
 king."  
 " Quhat war tha men, fane wald I wnder- 35,885  
 stand?"  
 Scho said agane, "The nobillis of this land,  
 " Is none of thame for till except this tyme,  
 " Throw thair counsall committit wes this cryme,  
 " Quhilk causit me be gift and greit reward,  
 " Wes gevin me be mony lord and lard, 35,890  
 " For to commit this to the kingis grace,  
 " Quhairthrow tha mycht haif facultie and space  
 " Quhill that he wes in sic extremitie,  
 " And so soir vexit with infirmitie,  
 " To vse thair willis quhilk wes neur gude. 35,895  
 " This wes the caus now, schortlie to conclude."

HOW THE IMAGE OF WALX WAS BROKIN, AND IT  
AND THE WITCHE CARLINGE CASSIN AND  
BRINT IN THE FYRE, AND THE KING CONVA-  
LESCIT AND JUSTIFEIT THE CAUSARIS AND  
COUNSALLOWIS OF THAT CRYME. Col. 2.

This beand said withoutin ony dout,  
Commouit war ilkane that stude about,  
And brak the image into pecis small,  
Syne in the fyre flang and the wyfe with all; 35,900  
And held hir thair quhill scho wes brint in ass,  
Out of that place or tha wald farder pass.  
That samin hour that this same thing wes done,  
The king he alterit suddanelie and sone,  
And left his sueit that tyme, and tuke gud rest, 35,905  
Sleipand rycht sound quhill all the nycht wes  
past,

And on the morne, quhill it wes neir fuir-dais,  
Rycht soft and sound, as that my author sais,  
And walknit syne, and vp with that he rais;  
With greit blythnes gart put on all his clais, 35,910  
And fand himself that tyme als haill ane man,  
As euir he wes quhen his seiknes began.  
And in his persoun also weill disposit  
To eit and drink, als blyth and als rejosit,  
And in him self that tyme als crous and kant, 35,915  
Except he wes baith febill, lene and fant.  
Syne da be da to moir curage he drew,  
Quhill all his strenthis did agane renew,  
Quhairby he nicht, as he wes wont till do,  
Bayth ryde and gang quhair plesit him thairto, 35,920  
In ony part quhair that him list to found;  
And of all seiknes wes maid haill and sound,  
Without murmour in ony part to mene,  
As he had neur into sic seiknes bene.

With greit power syne efter on ane da, 35,925  
 This king Duffus passit into Murra.  
 Quhome of the nobillis war so soir adred,  
 Far furth in Buchquhane in the tyme tha fled;  
 In Catnes syne tha passit moir and les,  
 In woddis wyld and mony wildernes. 35,930  
 This king Duffus sone efter thame is gone,  
 With greit travell quhill tha war tane ilkone;  
 Syne brocht agane war ilkane mair and les,  
 Into the toun and castell of Forres,  
 Quhair that this king than with his lordis all, 35,935  
 Exercit justice in his tribunall.  
 Thair war tha maid, be his auctoritie,  
 Vpoun ane gallous euerie one till de.  
 That samin tyme wes sindrie men of gude,  
 Rycht fair and zounge, of Donewaldus blude, 35,940  
 Throw ill counsall of lordis in that land,  
 Rebellaris war all of that samin band.  
 This Donewald oft previt in that place,  
 With fair trettie for till obtene thame grace,  
 Bot all for nocht, that tyme it wald nocht be, 35,945  
 Without mercie tha war all hangit hie.  
 Quhairof that tyme consaut hes greit yre  
 Into his mynd hettar than ony fyre,  
 With appetite for to revengit be,  
 And euer he mocht, with greit crudelitie. 35,950  
 Dreidand to be suspectit of that cryme,  
 With plesand vult dissimulat that tyme,  
 At all power ay for to pleis the king,  
 As he had rakkit rycht litill sic thing.  
 This Donewald that tyme he had ane wyffe, 35,955  
 Quhilk tenderlie he louit as his lyfe,  
 Persaut weill hes be his said maneir,  
 His countenance, his sad and havie cheir,  
 That he wes warnit of his will that far,  
 The langar ay apperand to be war, 35,960

Dreidand at him displesit wes the king,  
 Rycht oft at him scho askit of sic thing.  
 This Donewald, as kyndlie is to be,  
 Onto his wyfe, so tender luif had he,  
 As leill luiffaris to vther sould be kynd, 35,965  
 He schew to hir the secreit of his mynd,  
 How that he wes commouit at the king ;  
 Content scho wes richt hartlie of that thing;  
 And he culd nocht his purpois weill cum till,  
 That causit him to want part of his will. 35,970  
 This wickit wyfe quhen scho hard him so tell,  
 Into hir mynd baith furius and fell,  
 Persaut weill his haitrent at the king ;  
 Content scho wes richt hartlie of that thing,  
 For-quhy hir self wes of the same intent. 35,975  
 For hir freindis the king that tyme had schent  
 For thair tressone, befoir as I haif tald,  
 This wickit wyffe, that bitter wes and bald,  
 Consaut hes with greit crudelitie  
 Ane wickit wyle for to revengit be. 35,980  
 And to hir husband in the tyme scho said,  
 " Blyn of 3our baill, se 3e be blyth and glaid,  
 " And slaik also of all 3our syte and sorrow :  
 " All salbe weill, I find 3ow God to borrow,  
 " To my counsall, and heir I tak on me, 35,985  
 " Of all injure thow sall revengit be.  
 " Consider now thow hes at thi command,  
 " Of all this castell ilk syre and seruand,  
 " Rycht bisselie for to obey the till,  
 " To satisfie all thi desyre and will, 35,990  
 " At thi plesour intill all gudlie haist.  
 " Hes thow nocht Duffus for to be thi gaist,  
 " Without beleif of tressoun in thi cuir,  
 " Quhilk hes the wrocht sic malice and injure ?  
 " Hes thow nocht seruandis also at thi will, 35,995  
 " All thi command at plesour to fulfill ?

" How can thow find," scho said, "ane better tyme  
 " To be revengit of this cruell cryme?  
 " Hes thow nocht now this Duffus in thi cuir,  
 " Hes done ws baith so greit harme and injure? 36,000  
 " Dreid nocht," scho said, "suppois he be ane king,  
 " Tak litill tent or terroure of sic thing,  
 " Sen mony ane with litill red full sone,  
 " Siclike befor to sic tirranis had done.  
 " Thairfor," scho said, "as all the cace now standis, 36,005  
 " And he vmschew at this tyme fra thi handis,  
 " In all thi lyfe, thocht thow wald neur so fane,  
 " Thow sall nocht get so gude ane tyme agane."  
 This Donewald quhen he hard hir sa so,  
 Oft in his mynd revoluand to and fro, 36,010  
 Syne at the last deliuerit hes rycht sone,  
 To tak his tyme sen it wes oportune,  
 Throw hir counsall quhilk causit hes sic ire  
 Into his breist, hettar no ony fyre.  
 Keipand full cloiss all thing withyn his spreit, 36,015  
 Zit neurtheles with dulce wordis and sweet,  
 Rycht jocundlie wald commoun with the king,  
 That he suld nocht suspect him of sic thing.  
 The king him louit also our the laif,  
 And in the tyme moir credence to him gaif 36,020  
 No ony vther, so courtes wes and heynd,  
 Col. 2. And held him ay for his maist afald freind.  
 Is none that better mai dissaue ane vther,  
 No he in quhome he traistis as his brother,  
 And of his lautie is nothing suspect, 36,025  
 Als of his mynd knawis the haille effect:  
 That is the man, traist weill, our all the laif,  
 Tha[t] eithast ma his creditour dissaue.  
 That samin tyme so wes this Donewald,  
 Most credence had befor as I haif tald, 36,030  
 Quhilk in his mynd deliuerit hes sic thing,  
 Rycht cruellie than for to sla the king.

Foure of his freindis that he kend wes trew,  
 Of all that thing his mynd to thame he schew,  
 And gaif thame gold, with grit riches and land, 36,035  
 For to mak help and tak sic thing on hand.  
 Gold is so glittis, as 3e knaw and ken,  
 Quhilk of befoir hes causit mony men  
 To tak on hand, and rycht pertlie persew,  
 The thing efter that maid thame for to rew. 36,040  
 So did thir seruandis in the samin tyme,  
 Consentit hes to sic ane cruell cryme,  
 The gold and land that tyme tha thocht so sweet;  
 Syne set ane terme thair purpois to compleit.

HOW KING DUFFUS VSIT TWYSS ON THE DAY TO  
 PRA IN HIS ORATOUR, AND OF DONWALDIS  
 DECEPTIOUN AND TRESSONE AGANIS KING  
 DUFFUS.

That samin nycht quhen sowpit had the king; 36,045  
 Baith evin and morne he vsit ay sic thing,  
 For to postpone all kynd of warldlie cuir,  
 And on his kneis in his oratour,  
 Diuotlie thair ane lang quhile for to pra;  
 That samin nycht this gude king hes done sua, 36,050  
 Quhair thair wes nane bot Donewald and he  
 Into that tyme and othir tua or thre,  
 Quhilk with the king all tyme wes best belude,  
 Of sindrie thingis talkand togidder stude.  
 This Donewald thair in his talking schew 36,055  
 How to the king that he had bene so trew,  
 And euir sould be other for weill or wo;  
 "It wes his part," he said, "for till do so,  
 "For-quhy he wes aboue all erthlie thing,  
 "So far addettit to that nobill king; 36,060  
 "Wes neuir none of hie or law degre,  
 "With sic ane prince so weill louit as he,



" Gettand of him so mony riche reward ;  
 " Wes neur one of all the kingis gard,  
 " Rewardit wes so weill amang thame all, 36,065  
 " Suppois," he said, "that my seruice be small."  
 Far mair nor this he said with greit effect,  
 That efterwart na man sould him suspect,  
 Gif hapnit so as he had tane on hand,  
 Traistand sic wordis sould be his warrand. 36,070  
 Syne efterwart, quhen that the king had done  
 His deuotioun, than vp he rais rycht sone,  
 This Donewald on to him he did call,  
 So kyndlie thair in presens of thame all,  
 With haille affectioun hartlie with his spreit, 36,075  
 He treittit him with plesand wordis syeit,  
 And schew to him into that samin thrall,  
 Far moir kyndnes nor ony of thame all  
 Lib. 11, f. 180. This Donewald than for ane subtill trane,  
 Col. 1. Hes thankit him moir hartlie than agane 36,080  
 No I can tell, or put this tyme in vers.  
 Our langsum war tha wordis to reheress,  
 The plesand langage and the countenance,  
 The fair flesching, with all the circumstance,  
 With so gude ordour into euerie thing, 36,085  
 This Donewald that he<sup>1</sup> schew to the king,  
 Quhairthrow of him he sould no ill suspect.  
 That samin nycht syne followit in effect,

HOW KING DUFFUS WAS MURDREIST IN HIS BED  
 BE THE TRATOUR DONEWALD AND HIS FALS  
 GAIRD.

Quhen that this king wes laid into his bed,  
 With all the seruantis in the tyme he hed, 36,090

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *the*.

That ordand war his chalmer for to keip,  
 Quhen tha war cloiss and all rycht sound on sleip,  
 This Donewald, quhilk had the place in cuir,  
 Knew weill the gyn of euerilk chalmer duir,  
 And opnit hes, with ane rycht subtill slycht, 36,005  
 The chalmer dur quhair the king la all nycht.  
 With his seruandis that stalwart war and suir,  
 Rycht quyetlie syne enterit on the fluir,  
 Syne raikit ben onto the kingis bed,  
 With drawin knyffis ilkane in hand tha hed; 36,100  
 Out-throw the corss thair sleipand quhair he lyis,  
 Ilkone of thame tha straik him tuyss or thryiss,  
 Quhill all the bed abundit so with blude,  
 Syne in the fluir quhair that the tratouris stude,  
 That blude royall quhilk ran amang thair feit, 36,105  
 Lyke ony loch maid all the fluir als weit.  
 O curst Cayin! O subtill Sathanis seid!  
 O ganzelon! how durst thow do that deid?  
 O fals Judas! quhat wes it that movit the,  
 Into thi mynd so cruell for to be? 36,110  
 O mad monstour! marrit out of thi mynd,  
 Onto thi king that wes to the so kynd!  
 Quhair wes thi wisdom, quhair wes thi prudence,  
 To faill so far and do so greit offence  
 Attour mesour, with sic crudelitie, 36,115  
 To thi awin prince quhilk faillit neuir to the?

HOW DONEWALD AND HIS FALLOWIS THAT NYCHT  
 BURYIT THE KINGIS BODIE, AND HOW HE  
 SLEW THE KINGIS CHALMER BOY, AND OF  
 HIS GREIT DISSIMULATION, OFF QUHOME THE  
 LORDIS TUK SUSPITIOUN.

This beand done as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 This Donewald and his fallouis in fair,

- At ane postrum quhairof rycht few tuke cuir,  
 The kingis cors rycht quyettlie tha buir. 36,120  
 Vpoun ane hors that ordand wes thairfoir,  
 Furth of that place ane myle that tyme and moir,  
 Tha had his bodie till ane water syde.  
 Vnder ane bra quhair tha thocht it to hyde,  
 Tha maid ane graif that wes bayth deip and 36,125  
 lang,  
 Syne suddantlie the deid corporis in tha flang;  
 And syne kest on the muldis on the clay,  
 The grene erd syne, and dycht the laif away,  
 Nane mycht persaeue than other les or moir,  
 That ony erd wes brokin thair befoir. 36,130  
 Quhen this wes done he passit hame full rycht,  
 Amang the men that walkit all the nycht,  
 Vpone his feit that nycht to end he stude,  
 Of this ilk king speikand so mekle gude,  
 Col. 2. And schew him thair so freindfull to the king, 36,135  
 As he had bene rycht saikles of that thing.  
 All that he did on to the same effect,  
 Of that ilk deid no man sou!d him suspect.  
 Syne on the morne, sone be the da wes lycht,  
 The child that la besyde the king all nycht, 36,140  
 Quhen he walknit sone efter it wes da,  
 Syne luikit vp and saw the king awa,  
 And fand his bed so bludie all begone,  
 God wait or nocht gif he wes will of wone!  
 With ane loud schout, and with ane cairfull 36,145  
 cry,  
 He walknit all the laif that la neirby,  
 Quhilk come rycht sone to wit quhat he wald.  
 Rycht piteouslie quhen he that cace had tald,  
 Tha weipit all with sic ane duilfull cheir,  
 And mony schout that all the place did heir. 36,150  
 The watchis all that walkand wer without,  
 Quhen that tha hard sa mony cry and schout,

Tha war affrayit of the suddane cry,  
 Syne in tha come rycht sone and suddanly.  
 This Donewald quhilk wes amang thame than, 36,165  
 Amang thame all he wes the formest man  
 Come to the dur quhair that he hard that dyn,  
 Syne suddantlie amang thame enterit in.  
 And quhen he saw the caus of all thair cair,  
 For verrie wo as he wald ryve his hair, 36,160  
 Dissimulat syne for to fall in swoun,  
 As he wer deid thair to the erth fell doun.  
 Sone efter syne quhen that he did retorn  
 Out of his swoun, he stude lang in ane horn;  
 Syne at the last ane lang knyfe out he drew, 36,165  
 Quhairwith rycht sone the chalmer child he slew,  
 And said, "Tratour! wa worth the for thi trane!  
 "It hes bene thow this nobill king hes slane."  
 Syne vp and doun, als lycht as leif of lynd,  
 He ran to se gif he his cors culd fynd, 36,170  
 Fra place to place quhair that it suld be hid,  
 With mony schout ay squeilland like a kid.  
 Than at the last, to mak my purpois schort,  
 He fand him self the postrum and bak port,  
 He knew rycht weill thair be his blude that 36,175  
 la,  
 Out at that port tha tursit him awa.  
 Syne come agane into the tyme full tyte,  
 And laid the pais thairof and all the wyit  
 On thame that nycht in keiping had the keyis,  
 Rycht lang with thame makand grit pleid and 36,180  
 pleyis.  
 The nobillis all thairof tha war so will,  
 Wittand no wane quhat suld be done thair till;  
 The king wes slane in his bed quhair he la,  
 His bodie stollin out of the place or da,  
 The quhilk tha reput for als grit ane blame 36,185  
 As his slauchter, and also far mair schame.

The lordis all that tyme for the most fect,  
 Amang thame self held Donewald suspect,  
 Becaus they saw him mak sic diligence,  
 Attour mesour doand so greit offence ; 36,190  
 Quhair of tha tuik suspitioun in the tyme,  
 It wes him self wes maist caus of that cryme,  
 And for to schaw that he wes innocent,  
 That causit him to be so diligent.  
 Zit neurtheles for dreid efter of war, 36,195  
 Becaus that tyme tha war fra hame so far,  
 Amang his freindis in ane vncouth land,  
 Without ane king to tak sic thing on hand,  
 Lib.11, f.180b. Tha thocht tha wald dissimull in that cace,  
 Col. 1. Quhill efterwart that tha saw tyme and place. 36,200  
 And so tha did into that tyme ilkone,  
 Skaillit the oist and hamewart all is gone.

OFF GREIT MARVELLIS AND TAKYNNIS SENE IN  
 THE AIR AT THAT TYME IN SCOTLAND.

This beand done as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 Ouir all Scotland, the space of half ane 3eir,  
 Vpone the da the sone it gaif no licht, 36,205  
 No 3it the mone, nor sternis on the nycht.  
 And all the lift<sup>1</sup> baith dirk and nubelus,  
 Perturbit wes with cloudis mervelus,  
 And mony blast als blawand in the air,  
 With felloun fyre als fleand ouir all quhair. 36,210  
 Quhilk causit all man that tyme to presume,  
 Rycht neirhand wes the dreidfull da of dome ;  
 That wounder wes so awfull to sustene,  
 Siclike befor wes neur hard nor sene.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *haill*.

HOW CULENUS, THE PRINCE OF CUMBRIA, WAS  
BROCHT TO SCONE TO BE CROWNIT, AND HOW  
HE REQUYRIT THE KIRKMEN OF THE TAKYNIS  
IN THE SKY, AND OF THAIR ANSUER, AND  
HOW CULENUS MAID HIS VOW.

Indulfus sone the prince of Cumbria, 36,215  
Culenus hecht, befoir as 3e hard sa,  
With haill consent of the lordis ilkone,  
Wes brocht that tyme fra Cumbria to Scone,  
Into that place, siclyik as did the laue,  
His croun and sceptour thair for to ressaue. 36,220  
This Culenus befoir the kirkmen all,  
Into that tyme wer present greit and small,  
Inquyrit hes the caus quhairfoir or quhy  
Sic perturbationoun wes into the sky,  
Ouir all the air with sic obscuritie, 36,225  
That horribill wes till ony man to se?  
And tha agane sic ansuer maid that tyme;  
Quhill puneist war the greit offence and cryme,  
And cruell deid of gude Duffus the king,  
Quhilk wes so just and gratius in all thing, 36,230  
That all Scotland, bayth be land and se,  
With that same plaig suld euirmoir puneist be.  
Without also it war remeidit sone,  
Tha wist rycht weill that gratius God abone,  
Ane sarar plaig sould sone amang thame send, 36,235  
With greit furor quhilk sould thame all offend.  
This Culenus befoir thame maid ane vow,  
Into the tyme and he war for to trow,  
The croun of gold sould neuir cum on his heid,  
Quhill that he had revengit Duffus deid. 36,240  
With all the power syne efter [that] he ma,  
Provydit hes to pas in to Murra,  
In Murra land quhen thir tydenis war tald,  
With so greit dreid this tratour Donewald

Fra wyfe and barnis passit on the nycht, 36,245  
 Out of Forres unwist of ony wicht.  
 Of euerie man he had so greit suspitioun,  
 Rycht weill he wist without ony remissioun,  
 And he war tane in ony toun or steid,  
 Thair wes no gold mycht saue him fra the deid. 36,250  
 Quhen this was kend that Donewald did fle,  
 Than euerie man wist weill that it wes he,  
 That fals tratour, committit had the tressoun,  
 Fyllit him self as it wes mekill ressonne.  
 This Culenus, of quhome I spak befor, 36,255  
 And all his lordis that tyme les and moir,  
 Col. 2. To Murra land and syne to Forres toun,  
 He come that nycht with mony bald barroun.  
 Syne in the castell enterit hes belyve,  
 Quhair he gart tak this Donewaldus wyve, 36,260  
 And thre dochteris war in that hous of stone;  
 Syne all the laif that war thairin ilkone,  
 Baith young and ald, but ony remeid,  
 Rycht cruellie gart put thame all to deid;  
 To caus all man for to detaist sic thing, 36,265  
 As to put handis in ane crownit king.  
 The castell also wes of stane and lyme,  
 Law to the ground gart cast it down that tyme,  
 For to revenge the cruell deid and pane,  
 Of gude Duffus saikles thairin wes slane. 36,270  
 Exeminit hes syne of this Donewald  
 The wickit wyfe, quhilk euerie word has tald  
 Fra end to end and all the process how,  
 Schort quhile befor as I schew heir to now.  
 And how scho wes the caus of all that thing, 36,275  
 That gart hir husband that tyme sla the king,  
 Ilk word be word scho schew than les and moir,  
 How that it wes, the caus quhy and quhairfoir;  
 And quhair he wes als erdit in the tyme,  
 Befor thame all confessit hes hir cryme. 36,280

Quhen this was said, the pepill that stude by,  
 At hir tha had sic malice and invy,  
 With greit fervour accressand to sic feid,  
 Doubtles that tyme tha had dung hir to deid,  
 Quhen tha hard hir confess hir cruell cryme, 36,285  
 And tha had nocht bene stoppit in the tyme  
 Be Culenus, diuysit hir to de  
 Ane scharpar deid with moir crudelitie.  
 That nycht he ordand ilk man to tak rest;  
 Syne on the morne to boun thame all thair best, 36,290  
 With reuerence all that dought to mak,  
 Gude Duffois cors out of that place to tak.  
 Syne on the morne as tha culd ken the da,  
 And reddie war ilk man to pas thair wa,  
 To Culenus thair come ane man and schew 36,295  
 How Donewaldus laitlie of the new,  
 Throw aduenture [and] tempest of the se,  
 Into ane schip quhair he hapnit to be,  
 Within foure myle wes brokin on ane sand;  
 Quhair he him self come levand to the land 36,300  
 Wes tane and bund be nychtbour men besyde,  
 The quhilk to him war bringand in the tyde:  
 Quhairof that tyme als blyth and glaid wes he,  
 As possibill wes to ony man to be.  
 Be this was said, within ane lytill quhile, 36,305  
 Ane messinger that had run mony myle,  
 Come furth of Ross to Culenus and tald  
 How the foure beirnis, that busteous war and bald,  
 That slew Duffus that tyme wer tane in Ross,  
 Syne harlit war ilkone efter ane hors, 36,310  
 Bringand to him but ony stop or stryfe;  
 He wist rycht weill tha wald be thair belyve.  
 As he hes said, so hes it hapnit sone,  
 Tha war brocht thair ilkane lang or none.  
 And Donewald rycht lang or tha come thair, 36,315  
 [Wes] brocht that tyme on harland be the hair;



To the tolbuith this Donewald wes hed,  
 His wyfe and dochteris also with him led,  
 With the foure feiris followand at his bak,  
 Into the tyme with mekle schame and lak. 36,320  
 Lib. 11, f. 181. Quhair that tha war condampnit of that cryme,  
 Col. 1. Syne with four hors war revin ilkane that tyme;  
 Thair bowellis syne war brint all in ane fyre,  
 In powlder small, the banis with the lyir.  
 To euerilk part ane pece that tyme wes send, 36,325  
 To all the warld to mak it knawin and kend,  
 Quhat perrell is to put handis in ane king,  
 In tyme to cum for to vmschew sic thing.  
 This Donewald quhilk fortoun hes nocht spaird,  
 As he seruit siclike he gat reward. 36,330  
 I pray to God the blissit Trinitie,  
 That all siclike get sic reward as he!

HOW CULENUS WITH GREIT HONOUR TUKE VP  
 THE CORPS OF KING DUFFUS, QUHAIR EFTER  
 ANE KIRK WES BIGGIT CALLIT KILFLOS AND  
 NOW KINLOS, SYNE HAD TO IONA YLE

Quhen this was done as I haif maid record,  
 This Culenus with mony knycht and lord,  
 And mony prelat that war present thair, 36,335  
 With all the pepill also les and mair,  
 In processioun with mony bell and buik,  
 Of gude Duffus the corps agane vp tuik.  
 That samin tyme quhilk was als fresche and fair,  
 Without corruptioun into hyde or hair, 36,340  
 Vnmaculat, and als haill of the skyn,  
 As the first hour quhen it wes new laid in.  
 The sone also, befor that kest no lycht,  
 Into that tyme it schane moir cleir and brycht  
 Ane hundreth fald no euir it did befor, 36,345  
 And flouris spreidand that tyme les and moir,

Of diuerss hew, with mony cullour cleir,  
 Quhilk wes agane the sessoun of the 3eir;  
 In Februar, quhen few flouris will spring,  
 In that same tyme so hapnit all this thing. 36,350  
 Quhair he wes erdit in that samin place,  
 Ane brig wes biggit efter ane lang space;  
 Ane kirk also, quhilk callit wes Kilfios,  
 Quhair standis now the abba of Kinloss.  
 Kilfios in Erische is als mekle to sa, 36,355  
 As the Flour Kirk in oure langage this da.  
 In lynnyng clayth, als quhit as ony milk,  
 Tha wand his cors and syne into reid silk,  
 Wnder ane carpet of ane cullour cleir,  
 To Iona Yle syne borne wes on ane beir; 36,360  
 Intumulat thair wes amang the lawe,  
 With all honour that sic ane prince sould haif.  
 Nyne hundreth 3eir and sevintie to record,  
 And tua also than efter that oure Lord  
 Wes borne in Bethlehem of the Virgin cleir, 36,365  
 And of his<sup>1</sup> ring quhilk than wes the fourt 3eir,  
 This ilk Duffus into his latter dais  
 Departit so, as that my author sais.

HOW CULENUS WAS CROWNIT KING IN SCONE, AND  
 THAIREFTER GREW IN NEGLIGENCE OF HIS  
 AUCTORITIE, AND OF THE LORDIS SUPPLICA-  
 TION TO HIM, AND HOW HE GAIF ANSWER  
 AGANE AND CONTINEWIT IN VYCE AND SYN,  
 AND OF HIS SLAUCHTER AND ENDING.

As 3e haif hard quhen all this thing wes done,  
 The lordis passit than [all] on till Scone, 36,370  
 Quhair tha convenit in the tyme ilkone.  
 Syne crownit hes vpon the marbell stone,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *the*.

	In rob royall, with diademe condung, This Culenus of Scotland to be king. Ane nobill prince trowand that he sould be, Becaus he vsit sic extremitie For Duffus deid into this Donewald,	36,375
Col. 2.	Beleit war than baith with 3young and ald. Of that beleif tha war begylit far : Sone efter syne he wox ay war and war, Sleipand in sleuth, with so greit negligence, Without punitioun of ony offence; Of murthure, slauchter and of [all] sic cryme, Wes nane accusit intill all his tyme. Than euerilk man had libertie and will, As plesit him other to gude or ill ; Was no man than restrenzit be the lawis, Quhilk gart the waikest oft ga to the wawis. And mony ane out of his awin hous chaist, And mony sted wnpleneist lyand waist, And mony barne als for to beg thair breid, And mony wedow maid full will of reid. Quhair of the lordis thocht rycht mekill ill, Seand the realme in sic ane poynt to spill. Befoir him all convenit on ane da, Syne ane of thame that ordand wes till sa Thair myndis all, as tha gaif in decreit, To him that tyme with sober wordis sweit : " Excellent prince, gif it plesit thi grace, " Thy lordis all heir present in this place, " Hartlie heseikis thi gratius excellence, " That thow wald tak moir cuir and diligence " In execution of justice and law, " And caus thi liegis for to stand moir aw, " Quhilk dalie now vsis but discretioun " Thift and reif, murthure and oppressioun ; " And all," he said, " is in the falt of the, " So negligent in thi auctoritie ;	36,380 36,385 36,390 36,395 36,400 36,405

" Throw ill counsall abusit is so far,  
 " Ilk da by da the langar ay the war ; 36,410  
 " Beseikand the rycht humelie heir this tyde,  
 " For sum remeid thairof thow wald provyde."  
 Quhen he had said and schawin him thair will,  
 This was the ansuer that he maid thairtill :  
 " Forsuith," he said, " wald 3e consider weill, 36,415  
 " And tak gude tent as I haif done ilk deill,  
 " 3e wald nocht sa thairof I war to wyit,  
 " Suppois with me 3e be now set to flyte.  
 " For-quhy," he said, " it war folie to me,  
 " In law or justice our extreme to be ; 36,420  
 " 3e knaw 3our self," he said, " better nor I,  
 " How gude Duffus bot laitlie now gane by,  
 " Becaus he wes in his auctoritie,  
 " So rigorous with sic extremitie,  
 " That gart him de rycht lang befor his day ; 36,425  
 " And gude Indulf," he said, " siclike alsway,  
 " And mony mo than I will rekkyn heir.  
 " Beleif 3e weill, my tender freindis deir,  
 " And I take nocht exempill be sic thing,  
 " I war not wyiss, na worthie to be king. 36,430  
 " I knaw myself best quhat I haif till do,  
 " And neidis nocht of thair counsall thairto.  
 " 3e ma weill sa at all tyme as 3e lest,  
 " Bot I will do as my self plesis best."  
 Quhen that thir lordis hard him [to] sa so, 36,435  
 Tha tuk thair leif and ilkane hame did go :  
 No langar thair that tyme tha wald remane,  
 And to the court come nocht that 3eir agane.  
 This Culenus, as he wes wont befor,  
 Moir vicious wes the langar ay the moir ; 36,440  
 Rycht lubricus with sic lust and delyte,  
 As brutell best takis his appetyte,  
 Without reassoun other or temperance,  
 That schame it war to schaw the circumstance.

- Lib. 11, f. 181b. For and I do this tyme 3e wald abhor ; 36,445  
 Col. 1. With sic langage, richt weill I wait, thairfoir  
 My will is nocht thairwith 3ow till offend ;  
 Tak tent and heir how that sic thing tuk end.  
 This Culenus, of quhome befor I schew,  
 So glittous was than into chalmer glew, 36,450  
 With sic exces takand sua large ane fill,  
 The seiknes hecht the gentill mannis ill,  
 Throw sic burding, it causit him tak bed,  
 That euerie man wes of his lyfe adred.  
 Rycht lang he la in that infirmitie, 36,455  
 Quhill he grew lene and laithlie for to se.  
 Ilk man abhorrit on him for to luke,  
 His skowdrit skyn wes blak as ony ruke ;  
 His visage lene and haw as ony leid,  
 His ene rycht how and suckin in his heid ; 36,460  
 And all his bodie fra the top to ta,  
 Without blude it was baith blak and bla ;  
 That sic ane monstour, sen that God wes borne,  
 Was neur sene into this warld beforne.  
 The lordis all fra tyme tha knew and kend, 36,465  
 Of his maneris he maid him nocht to mend,  
 To sic faltis affectit wes so far,  
 So that he wes the langar ay the war ;  
 Quhairfoir ane counsall haif tha set full sone,  
 Togidder [hes] convenit syne in Soone, 36,470  
 To that effect he sould depyv it be  
 Baith of his croun and his auctoritie ;  
 Tha thocht greit lak and schame of sic ane thing,  
 So vyle ane monstour to haif to thair king.  
 This Culenus that weill thair counsall knew, 36,475  
 As secreit seruandis of his awin him schew ;  
 And quhen he hard that tha pretendit so,  
 Vneselie thocht [that] he mycht ryde or go,  
 Dissimuland greit curage in his spreit,  
 Than vp he rais rycht fraklie on his feit, 36,480

As he had bene that tyme als hail and feir  
 As euir he was, than with dissimulat cheir,  
 With few freindis syne on the secund da,  
 To Scone that tyme he tuke the reddie wa;  
 To that effect, as my author did mene, 36,485  
 The lordis counsall gif he mycht prevene,  
 To meis thair mynd and satisfie thair will,  
 In all purpois that tha wald put him till  
 That samin tyme thair in ane quyet glen,  
 Quhen that he wes rydand by Methwen, 36,490  
 The thane thairof, with mekle bost and schoir,  
 For the revenge of his dochteris befoir,  
 Quhilk causit wes be his auctoritie  
 With mony mo defoullit for to be;  
 And for that caus, as my author me schew, 36,495  
 This Culenus rycht cruellie he slew.  
 Into the fyft 3eir of Culenus ring,  
 So endit he this ilk vnhappie king.  
 Thairof the lordis war content ilkone,  
 That for his falt so passit wes and gone; 36,500  
 3it neuirtheles into the tyme tha war  
 Of the fassoun displesit all richt far,  
 So cruellie as he wes maid to de,  
 Without justice or 3it auctoritie.  
 Syne efter that within ane lytill quhile 36,505  
 Tha buir his bodie onto Iona Yle;  
 Ingrauit was syne with honour and gloir,  
 As tha war wont to sic kingis befoir.

HOW KENETHUS WAS CROWNIT KING OF SCOTTIS  
 EFTER CULENUS DEPARTING, AND OF HIS  
 GUDE LYFE AND MANERIS, AND 3EILL OF  
 JUSTICE.

Ane nobill man wes callit Kenethus,  
 That bruther germane wes to gude Duffus, 36,510

And to king Malcome eldest sone and air,  
 Wes nane that tyme moir plesand and preclair,  
 Col. 2. That tyme in Scone vpone the marbell stone,  
 With haill consent of lordis all ilkone,  
 And all the laif quhilk blyth war of that      36,515  
     thing,  
 He wes crownit of Scotland to be king.  
 This Kenethus fra tyme he wnderstude  
 Sic vicis rang amang the men of gude,  
 With ill exempill alsua to the lawe,  
 Quhilk wes the caus quhairfoir that mony      36,520  
     knave,  
 And mony lad and mony idill loun,  
 Put all the kinrik to confusioun.  
 Quhilk wes the caus of vicis les and moir,  
 The ill exempill of the king befoir;  
 So hes the vse bene ay of ald and zing,      36,525  
 For to conforme thair fassoun to the king,  
 Quhat euir it be than, other ill or gude,  
 Traistand of him for to haif gratitude,  
 And rakkis nocht quhometo he do offence,  
 Quhat euir it be, and he ma pleis the prince.      36,530  
 In happie tyme he thinkis he wes borne,  
 Can pleis his prince other at evin or morne.  
 This Kenethus than rycht weill wnderstude,  
 That king or prince and euerie man of gude,  
 Or zit prelat that hes auctoritie,      36,535  
 Suld honorabill and of gude lyfe ay be.  
 With sick exempill all tyme to the lawe,  
 Quhairof tha micht richt gude occasioun haif,  
 Be sic exempill for to ken and knaw,  
 Vicis to leif and to all vertu draw.      36,540  
 It hes bene said, as mony men weill knaw,  
 The young cok leiris as the ald cok craw,  
 This Kenethus siclike that tyme did he.  
 Gentres, meiknes and liberalitie,

Law and justice, withoutin ony wrang, 36,545  
 And all vertew into his persone rang,  
 Of morall maneir maistres and mother,  
 With sic exempill that tyme till all uther,  
 So equall was in his auctoritie,  
 Of Albione he wes the apersie. 36,550  
 His houshald men and seruandis als ilkane,  
 So gude exempill at the king hes tane ;  
 And mony vther of the nobill blude,  
 Quhilk naturallie inclynit war to gude,  
 Within schort quhile tha war of his professioun, 36,555  
 So full of wisdom, gentres, and discretioun,  
 With fredome, faith, and greit stabilitie,  
 Greit plesour wes into that tyme to se.  
 Ȝit mony one that no way culd be trew,  
 For no exempill that Kenethus schew, 36,560  
 Or no monitioun he culd mak thame till,  
 Wald nocht forbeir thair wickitnes and will,  
 Quhair of so lang tha had sic consuetude,  
 And neir of kin war to the greit men of gude,  
 For that same caus, for nothing that mycht be, 36,565  
 Tha wald nocht leve thair greit iniquitie.  
 Kenethus than, that knew full weill the caus,  
 Deceittit hes to execute the lawis  
 Into Lanerk, quhair that tyme ordand he,  
 Of the lordis all conventioun to be. 36,570  
 Baith theif and revar also les and moir,  
 Arreistit war that tyme to cum thoir ;  
 And borrowis als of euerilk man wes tane,  
 Tha suld compeir thair to thoill law ilkane.  
 To men of gude tha war of kin richt neir, 36,575  
 The quhilk that tyme wald nocht lat thame  
 compeir,  
 Tha knew so weill for fauour no for feid,  
 And tha come thair, ilkane wald want thair  
 heid ;



Lib. 11, f. 166.  
Col. 1.

And for that caus tha gart thame fle ilkone,  
In sindrie pairtis quhill that air wes gone. 36,580  
In Lanark syne quhair that the place wes set,  
This nobill king and all his lordis met,  
And neur ane comperit in the tyme,  
That arreistit was to thoill law for his cryme,  
Than les or moir, other ill or gude. 36,585  
This Kenethus than rycht weill vnderstude  
Quhat was the caus, as quietlie was schawin  
To him that tyme be freindis of his awin.  
Quhairfoir he thocht it nocht expedient  
Into the tyme to schaw all his intent, 36,590  
Or lat thame wit that he sic thing knew,  
Dissimuland and fair langage than schew,  
Into that cace sen no better mycht be,  
Quhill efterwart that he his tyme mycht se,  
Skaillit the court syne efter the third da, 36,595  
Ilk lord tuke leve and passit hame his wa;  
Kenethus than, with few feiris alone,  
In pilgremage to Sanct Ninianis is gone.  
Thir freindis ay war to him traist and trew,  
To quhome that tyme his secreittis all he 36,600  
schew,  
And at that counsall askit in the cace,  
And hes devysit baith the da and place  
For to remeid so greit enormitie,  
Quhen that he had maist oportunitie.  
Quhill secreitlie into thair mynd tha buir, 36,605  
And to na leid thair counsall wald discuir,  
Continewalie the space all of ane zeir,  
Quhill efterwart hapnit as 3e sall heir.

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<sup>1</sup> Numbered erroneously *Lib.* 10, until fol. 182.

HOW KING KENETHUS CAUSIT CONVEENE ANE  
COUNSALL IN SCONE, AND HOW HE CAUSIT  
THE LORDIS TO BRING THAIR FREINDIS AND  
FALTOURIS TO THE COMMOUN WEILL TO  
THOILL THE LAW.

In Scone ane tyme ane counsall he gart call,  
For to convene thair with his lordis all, 36,610  
For sindrie thingis that he had till do,  
Quhen tha cum thair as he sall schaw thame to,  
The quhilk pertenit to the commoun weill.  
The lordis all gaif him sic traist ilk deill,  
Quhilk causit thame for to compeir anone, 36,615  
Befoir the king that tyme in Scone ilkone.  
The nycht befor the lordis did compeir,  
Ane multitude cled all in armour cleir,  
Of beirnis bald that worthie war and wycht,  
Rycht quyetlie the king gart byd all nycht, 36,620  
Into ane place quhair tha mycht ly unkend,  
Quhill on the morne that he did for thame  
send,  
Rycht haistelie than for to cum him till,  
Quhateuir it was his purpois to fulfill.  
Syne on the morne quhen that tha did com- 36,625  
peir,  
Befoir the king the lordis all in feir,  
Quhair that he sat vpon the marball stone,  
Befoir thame all wes present thair ilkone,  
Proclomit than thair with ane voce full cleir,  
The lordis all on to him sould draw neir, 36,630  
To heir quhat thing that he wald to thame sa,  
And all the lawe to pas rycht far awa,  
Into ane cirkill neir the king tha stude,  
The lordis all quhilk were men of gude,  
Into ane place quhair that tha mycht als neir, 36,635  
Quhat he wald sa into the tyme to heir,

Or euir tha wist, of armit men ane rout  
 In gude ordour hes circulit thame about,  
 Quhair of the lordis hes tane sic affray,  
 Wist nane of thame that tyme quhat he sould 36,645  
 say ;

Quhairfoir as than, but ony dyn or noy,  
 Rycht closlie than tha held thame all full quoy.  
 The quhilk Kenethus hes persauit weill,  
 Be thair fassoun, gif tha had ony feill  
 And countenance into the tyme tha hed, 36,645  
 It semit to him tha war rycht soir adred.  
 And for that caus tha suld presume na ill,  
 Rycht soberlie thus hes he said thame till :

Col. 2.

" My deir freindis, no farlie is to me,  
 " Of this aspect befor 3our face 3e se. 36,650  
 " Thocht 3e haif dreid, and in sum part stand aw,  
 " For weill I wait neuir ane of 3ow 3it saw  
 " Sic executioun of the law beforne,  
 " In ony tyme sen 3our fatheris wer borne,  
 " Na 3it befor in no storie 3e reid ; 36,655  
 " No farlie is thairfoir suppois 3e dreid.  
 " Bot and 3e knew perfitlie all my thocht,  
 " Rycht weill I wait that 3e wald dreid rycht nocht.  
 " For-quhy," he said, " my mynd, na 3it my will,  
 " Is nocht this tyme to do 3ow skaith or ill. 36,660  
 " Greit God forbid such schame suld me befall !  
 " Sa tratourlie for to betrais 3ow all,  
 " At my command sen 3e ar cuming heir,  
 " The quhilk to me so neidfull ar and deir,  
 " Till all Scotland and commoun weill also. 36,665  
 " How ma we leue and 3our supple forgo ?  
 " Dreid nocht," he said, " for no aduersitie ;  
 " All this is done als weill for 3ow as me,  
 " And for Scotland, and for the commoun weill.  
 " As I presume thair of 3e haif ane feill, 36,670  
 " Without correctioun, justice or 3it law,  
 " Rycht few thair is will dreid or 3it stand aw.

- " Also thair is in this kinrik 3e ken,  
 " Rycht mony ill this tyme asposit men,  
 " Dalie committand mony cruell cryme, 36,675  
 " The quhilk begouth into Culenus tyme,  
 " As 3e ma se 3it dalie still induir,  
 " With greit oppressioun bayth of riche and pur.  
 " The husband men full lytill now ar ment,  
 " Quhome be we ar vphaldin and sustent, 36,680  
 " Tha haif the laubour and the bissines,  
 " And we the rest, the eiss of ydilnes.  
 " Tha haif the pane and the penuritie,  
 " And we the plesour and the greit plentie.  
 " Tha suffer pane, and we get all the pelf; 36,685  
 " It is for ws and nocht for thair awin self,  
 " Tha mak greit laubour dalie with sic cuir,  
 " To mak ws riche, and syne we mak thame pur.  
 " We haif the honour, dignitie and gloir,  
 " And all the proffeit that tha laubour foir; 36,690  
 " And tha till ws subject ar maid and thrall,  
 " Their laubour greit and eik thair wynnyng small.  
 " Sen it is so, it semis weill to me  
 " We ar vnworthie thair maisteris to be,  
 " It that tha wyn at our plesour to spend, 36,695  
 " And syne dow nocht our vphalderis defend.  
 " Thir revand rukis, memberis of Mahoun,  
 " Puttand this kinrik to confusioun,  
 " With ws this da is haldin of moir pryss,  
 " Moir necessar, moir manlie, and moir wyiss, 36,700  
 " No gud leill men quhilk ar haldin lawborius,  
 " The haill vphaldar of ws and oure hous.  
 " Without tha laubour we can haif na rest,  
 " Quhilk dalie now ar puneist and opprest,  
 " Agane my will, 3e wait 3our self, full soir. 36,705  
 " Into Lanark bot schort quhile of befoir,  
 " Quhair that I thocht to execute the law,  
 " That tyme of me 3e stude bot litill aw,

- " Ȝe wait ȝour self, and neidis nocht to speir,  
 " Quhair ȝe wald nocht lat na faltour compeir, 36,710  
 " In greit contemptioun of me than with scoorne,  
 " And syne ȝe bad gar put thame to the horne.  
 " The quhilk I haif dissimulat quhill now,  
 " Quhair of the skaith redoundis all till ȝow  
 " Moir no to me, with all the lak and schame, 36,715  
 Lib. 11, f. 166b. " Wytyles thair of thocht I beir all the blame.  
 Col. 1. " Ȝit neuirtheles traist nocht this tyme of me,  
 " That I thairfoir crabit or cruell be,  
 " With sic desyre ane vengeance for to tak,  
 " The quhilk to me war our greit skayth and 36,720  
 lak,  
 " And greit distructioun to the realme for euir;  
 " Or I did so, doutles I had far levar  
 " Frelie resing the croun heir in this steid,  
 " Syne all my dais go and beg my breid.  
 " My will it is into this tyme for-thi, 36,725  
 " That euery man mak help als weill as I,  
 " Sen that the skayth pertenis to ws all,  
 " The quhilk this tyme that ȝe sould nocht gane-  
 call.  
 " This is the caus, gif ȝe wald at me speir,  
 " That I haif brocht thir bernis with me heir; 36,730  
 " For that same caus and for na vther thing,  
 " Gif me credence as I am leill trew king,  
 " Quhill this be endit that I now begin,  
 " With thir same men I think nocht for to twyn;  
 " And ȝe all so sall remane with me still, 36,735  
 " Quhill that ȝour freindis all this thing fulfill.  
 " Quhairfoir," he said, "now schaw ȝow siclike men,  
 " That all the warld ma haif gude caus to ken  
 " That ȝe ar saikles, innocent and clene,  
 " Of all the trubill in this tyme hes bene." 36,740  
 Quhen this was said as ȝe haif hard me tell,  
 The lordis all on kneis down tha fell,

That present war at that tyme les and moir,  
 Rycht reuerentlie the nobill king befoir;  
 And said to him, "O hie excellent prince! 36,745  
 " Quhair we haif faillit or hes maid offence,  
 " Agane thi grace in oncht suld the offend,  
 " We ar content at thi plesour to mend;  
 " Beseikand the all rancour at this tyde,  
 " And all malice out of thi mynd lat slyde, 36,750  
 " And tak ws now into thi gratius will,  
 " And heir with the we sall remane ay still,  
 " Wnder thi traist quhill tha tratouris be tane,  
 " Syne bund and brocht to thi presens ilkane.  
 " As plesis the quhen tha ar brocht the till, 36,755  
 " As plesis the 3ow ma wirk all thi will.  
 " It salbe knawin bayth with ald and 3ing,  
 " That we ar all rycht saikles of that thing."  
 Quhairof Kenethus held him weill content,  
 And skailit hes that tyme the parliament. 36,760  
 At Awmond mouth vpoun the water of Ta,  
 Thair stude ane toun that callit wes Birtha,  
 Into the tyme was weill wallit with stone;  
 Onto this toun the nobill king is gone,  
 With all his lordis thairfoir to remane. 36,765  
 This nobill toun stude on ane plesand plane,  
 With wall and water strenthit wes about,  
 Withoutin leif mycht nane wyn in na out.  
 This nobill king, as ressoun wald and rycht,  
 With the men of armes gart walk the toun all 36,770  
 nycht,  
 And all the da richt so vpoun the gait,  
 Closand the portis quhen that it wes lait;  
 So be no way, be ony wyle or gyn,  
 Withoutin leif mycht no man wyn thairin.  
 The lordis all within the toun that leindis, 36,775  
 Rycht tenderlie than wrait all to thair freindis,

Beseikand thame thair purpois for to speid,  
 And think on thame that la into sic dreid,  
 To pleis the king and for the commoun weill.  
 Thair freindis all quhilk had thairof ane feill, 36,780  
 Without the king war plesit in the tyme,  
 Tha wald be all accusit of that cryme,  
 And for that caus als bissie as ane bie,  
 Into all pairtis bayth be land and se,  
 C.1. 2. Tha haif ay socht quhill tha faltouris war found, 36,785  
 And syne to Bartha brocht thame ilk ane bund.  
 Within schort quhile, the quhilk wes than greit  
 wounder,  
 Of sic faltouris thair haif tha brocht fyve hunder,  
 The quhilk war condampnit ilkane for to de,  
 And syne on ane gallous hangit war full hie: 36,790  
 That euirilk man mycht exempill tak,  
 For to be just and no oppressioun mak,  
 And to keip lautie and all tyme be leill;  
 He knew his dome gif he wald reif or steill.  
 This nobill king than gaif rycht greit reward, 36,795  
 Into the tyme to euerie lord and lard;  
 Thair freindis als that tyme forzet he nocht,  
 Into the tyme that tha forfaltouris inbrocht  
 Sum he gaif gold and vther sum he gaif land,  
 And syne ilkone he hes tane be the hand, 36,800  
 And gaif thame leve for to pas hame ilkone;  
 Tha bad gude nycht and hame thair wa is gone.  
 Quhen this wes done, than bayth be land and se,  
 Ouir all Scotland wes greit tranquillitie,  
 With abundance of all plesour with peice; 36,805  
 In all Scotland thair wes no lord, but leis,  
 Into that tyme that durst his nychtbour noy,  
 Or zit do wrang to ony lad or boy.  
 Bot semdill is that ony man can se,  
 Without trubill in greit tranquillitie, 36,810

That ony stait into this erd ma stand,  
 At lang plesour other be se or land.  
 This Kenethus quhen he wes all his best,  
 At gude plesour into greit peax and rest,  
 Than fals Fortoun, withoutin caus or quhy, 36,815  
 Put him rycht sone into greit jeopardy.  
 Ȝit as God<sup>1</sup> wald he chaipit of the weir,  
 And how it wes tak tent and Ȝe sall heir.

HOW ANE GREIT POWER OF DAYNIS COME OUT  
 OF DENMARK INTO SCOTLAND, AND MAID  
 GREIT SLAUCHTER AND HEIRSCHIP.

Out of Denmark ane navin be the se,  
 In Albione for to revengit be 36,820  
 Of thair freindis war slane thairin befor,  
 Ane greit power, with mekill bost and schoir,  
 Off mony berne that wes full big and bald,  
 Quhilk threttie thousand war with taill weill tald,  
 Makand thair vow quhen tha set schip to sand, 36,825  
 In Albione quhair that tha first tuik land,  
 Tha sould nocht leif wnbrint and cassin doun  
 Citie nor strenth, castell or wallit toun;  
 Na suld nocht spair the barne no Ȝit the mother,  
 Nor leve ane levand for to greit for vther. 36,830  
 Ane strenthie toun, biggit of stane and lyme,  
 Quhilk callit wes Seluria in the tyme,  
 In till Angus standand vpon the se,  
 Wallit richt weill with stane and lyme richt he,  
 Ane prettie toun, as my author did sa, 36,835  
 Quhilk callit is Montros now at this da.  
 Into that place as Ȝe sall wnderstand,  
 Neirby that toun the Danis first tuke land;

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *gold*.



And plantit hes thair palzeonis on a plane,  
 Quhair tha tuke purpois all nycht to remane. 36,840  
 The nychtbour men that duelt about neirby,  
 Fra hand to hand tha fled rycht haistely  
 On to that toun rycht fast with all thair gude,  
 So strenthie wes than as tha wnderstude.  
 Syne on the morne, sone efter the sone rais, 36,845  
 The Danis all in gude ordour than gais  
 Onto the toun, and laid ane seig thairtill.  
 Rycht mony dart and ganze with gude will,  
 And braid arrow tha schot attour the wall;  
 And thai within greit craigis leit down fall, 36,850  
 Rycht manfullie, with greit power and mycht,  
 Maid sic defence quhill cuming was the nycht;  
 Keipand the toun for thre dais or four,  
 Quhill force it was than for to gif it our,  
 And cum that tyme into the Danis will, 36,855  
 The quhillk war sworne for to do thame no ill,  
 Bot lat thame pas quhair tha list vp and down  
 At thair fredome, for to gif our the toun.  
 Thir folk but fayth rycht sone tha war mensworne,  
 Brekand the ayth that tha had maid beforne. 36,860  
 Bayth 3oung and ald that war into the toun,  
 Slew thame ilkone and kest the wallis down;  
 Syne all the lave that wes within the wall,  
 That samin tyme brint into poulder small,  
 Quhillk semit syne within ane litill space, 36,865  
 As neur toun had bene into that place.  
 With sic furor out throw the land tha fuir,  
 Bayth gude and ill of quhome tha mycht haif cuir,  
 3oung or ald, other lad or las,  
 Tha slew ilk man and brint the townis in ass, 36,870  
 With fyre and blude ay ilkone da be day,  
 Quhill that tha come onto the water of Tay,  
 At Amound mouth, besyde Bartha that toun,  
 Vpoun ane plane tha set thair palzeonis down.

Lib.11, f.167.  
 Col. 1.

Oure nobill king into Striuling that da, 36,875  
 With his lordis thair at thair counsall la,  
 To quhat effect I can nocht tell 3ow now ;  
 Bot quhen he hard, as I haif said to 3ow,  
 How that the Danis waistit had his land,  
 That samin tyme without stop or ganestand, 36,880  
 Proclomit hes in all the haist tha ma,  
 All man be reddie at ane certane da,  
 With all prouisioun gudlie tha ma get,  
 For to convene quhair that the tryist wes set.  
 Sone efter that ane rycht greit multitude, 36,885  
 At Ernis mouth with mony men of gude,  
 Bayth<sup>1</sup> fit and hors, come furneist to the feild,  
 Of beirnis bald that waponis weill culd weild.  
 Ane suithfast man, that wes bayth leill and trew,  
 Come to the king that samin tyme and schew 36,890  
 The Danis all with greit power that da,  
 Seigand the toun about Bartha tha la.

HOW KING KENETHUS FAUCHT WITH THE DANIS  
 AT LONCARDIE, AND OF HIS EXHORTATIOUN  
 MAID TO THE SCOTTIS.

This nobill king no langar than wald ly,  
 To Bartha toun he sped him haistely.  
 Into ane place vpone ane strenthie ground, 36,895  
 Neir Loncardy ane litill aboue Amond,  
 Vpone ane plane besyde the water of Ta,  
 Into thair tentis all that nycht thair tha la.  
 Vpoun the morne quhen that the sone schynit  
 brycht,  
 Apeirit hes ilkane in otheris sicht, 36,900  
 Thir birnis bald, that waponis weill culd weild,  
 On euerie syde reddie for to gif feild.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Out*.

Gude Malcum Duff, the prince of Cumbria,  
 The vangard led into the feild that da ;  
 Duncane, the lord of Athoill in that tyde, 36,905  
 The tother wyng led on the farrar syde.  
 The nobill king with mony men of gude,  
 Betuix thame tua in the mid feild he stude ;  
 Commandand thame than with ane voce so cleir,  
 In audience quhair tha mycht ilkane heir, 36,910  
 That da in battell baldlie for to byde,  
 For ony chance that efter nicht betyde,  
 And in the feild erar with honour die,  
 Col. 2. With lak and schame for to vmschew and fle,  
 Syne efterwart tane with thair fais all 36,915  
 Hangit and drawin or than maid bond or thrall.  
 " Tak tent in tyme or 3e be put in thrist,  
 " Sone efter syne or 3e sa, had I wist  
 " So suld haue bene, I had far levar bene deid,  
 " Thairfoir bewar quhill 3e ma mak remeid. 36,920  
 " Quhat euir he be now, other gude or ill,  
 " Ane Danis heid this tyme bringis me till,  
 " Doutles of me he sall haif greit reward  
 " Of fynest gold, the quhilk sall nocht be spaird."  
 Throw that same langage that Kenethus spak, 36,925  
 Greit curage than the Scottis all did tak,  
 With gude beleif into the tyme for-thy,  
 Of greit rewaird and als of victory.  
 The Danis all, quhilk stude vpone ane hycht  
 In gude ordour with mony basnet brycht, 36,930  
 Traistand the Scottis vpwith to the hill,  
 Suld tyre ilkone than or tha come thame till.  
 The Scottis than arrayit on the plane,  
 At thame leit fle rycht mony fedderit flane,  
 And mony ganze in the tyme leit glyde, 36,935  
 Quhill that tha maid richt mony sowand syde,  
 Aganis quhome tha mycht nocht weill defend.  
 The Danis than, quhen that tha knew and kend

Without danger tha mycht nocht thair remane,  
In gude ordour discendit to the plane. 36,940

#### HOW THA ENTERIT IN THE FEILD.

Than with ane schout, and with ane felloun cry,  
Tha enterit all rycht sone and suddantly,  
With sic ane schow quhill all the schawis schuik ;  
Thair busteous beir reboundit fra the bruik.  
So dourlie thair togidder that tha dang, 36,945  
With sic ane reird quhill all the rochis rang,  
Thair speiris brak and scheildis raif in schunder,  
And mony stout man stickit that wes wnder;  
Richt mony freik wes fellit than throw force,  
And mony knycht was keillit throw the cors, 36,960  
Without confort la cald wnder his scheild,  
And mony berne wist nother of bute no beild ;  
And mony stout man stickit war that tyde,  
Bleidand full soir with mony woundis wyde.  
Tha Scottis all rycht bissellie tha go 36,955  
Tha Daynis heidis for to cut thame fro ;  
With sic dispyte wes neurir one tha spard,  
Traistand thairfoir to get thankis and reward ;  
Rycht mony hundreth hingand by the hair  
Of Danis heidis into thair handis bair. 36,960  
The quhilk ane Deyn into the tyme did spy,  
With ane loud voce he gaif ane schout and cry ;  
" Other," he said, " debait 3ow with 3our handis,  
" Now at sic tyme into sic neid it standis,  
" Or none of ws, traist weill, efter this da, 36,965  
" Fra Albione sall levand pas awa."  
The Danis all quhen that tha hard that cry,  
Tha grew in ire with sic melancoly,  
Into tha tyme quhen tha the perrell knew,  
Quhill all thair strenthis did agane renew ; 36,970

Quhair throw tha wox alss waldin and als wycht,  
 Into thair mycht ascendand to sic hycht.  
 And quhen tha knew thair strenthis did restoir,  
 Moir furius nor euir tha war befoir,  
 Witht all thair power pertlie on the plane 36,975  
 Renewit hes the battell than agane,  
 With all the force into the tyme tha hed.  
 Lib.11, f.167b. The Scottis men than in the vangard fled,  
 Col. 1. The quhilk na langar in the feild nicht byde:  
 The wyng also vpone the tother syde, 36,980  
 So lytill strenth into the tyme tha hed,  
 Out of the feild fast efter thame tha fled.  
 Than gude Kenethus in the middill feild,  
 With mony wicht man waponis weill culd weild,  
 Stone still tha faucht and thairof rakkit noch, 36,985  
 For all thair fleing wes no tyme in flocht.

HOW ANE HUSBANDMAN CALLIT HAY WITH HIS  
 SONIS TWAY FAUCHT CRWELLIE WITH 3OKKIS  
 IN THAIR HANDIS, AND KEIPIT THE PASSAGE  
 QUHAIR THE SCOTTIS FLED, AND MEKILL  
 DANIS BLUDE THAT DA HE SCHED, AND  
 RENEWIT THE BATTELL AND WAN THE  
 FEILD.

Ane husband man quhilk wes callit Hay,  
 Busteous and big thocht he wes nothing gay,  
 Tua sonis had that war bayth stout and sture;  
 Of husband lawbour doand was thair cure, 36,990  
 At pleuch and harrow neirby that samin hour;  
 Seand the king into sa strang ane stour,  
 And so thik fald war fleand than him fra,  
 For him that tyme his hart it wes richt wa.  
 With that he hint the 3ok into his hand 36,995  
 Out of ane pleuch, and syne he gaif command

To his tua sonis that tyme to do siclyik.  
 Betuix ane fousie and ane stalwart dyke  
 The passage wes quhair all the Scottis fled;  
 Than with the 3ok into his hand he hed, 37,000  
 This busteous berne that stalwart wes and stout,  
 Keipit that strenth that no man mycht get out.  
 The Danis als that follouit on the chace,  
 He slew richt mony in the samin place,  
 And sparit that tyme nother freind nor fa, 37,005  
 Out of that passage preissit for to ga.  
 With his sonis keipit the passage lang,  
 And neuir ane out by thame wald lat gang;  
 That all mycht heir, syne with ane schout and cry,  
 With ane loud voce he cryit mony fy! 37,010  
 "Cheis 3ow," he said, "sen force it is sic thing,  
 "With new power hes cumit to oure king,  
 "Now cowntlie heir with thame to be slane,  
 "No manfullie now for to turne agane,  
 "And victorie for till haif of 3our fo." 37,015  
 The Scottis aw quhen tha hard him sa so,  
 And Danis als, trowand that it war trew,  
 That cumand wes sic power of the new,  
 The Danis all rycht joyfull war and fane,  
 That maid the chace, to turne abak agane. 37,020  
 And tha that fled maid syne on thame ane chace,  
 Quhill that tha come to the fechtng place,  
 And thair agane the battell did renew.  
 Hay with his 3ok full mony Dayne he slew;  
 That forsie freik wes nother waik no lene, 37,025  
 At ilkane straik that da he slew ane Deyne.

HOW THE BATTELL RENEWIT, AND OF THE SCOTTIS  
 CURAGE, AND HOW THE DAYNIS FLED AND  
 TYNT CURAGE, AND HOW KENETHUS WAN THE  
 FEILD BE THE GREIT HELP OF THAT HAPPIE  
 HAY AND HIS SONIS TWAY.

This nobill king with mony man of gude,  
 Fechtand stone still zit in the feild tha stude,  
 Suppois it wes that tyme with mekill pane.  
 Col. 2. Quhen that he saw the feild renew agane, 37,030  
 So fair langage than to his men he spak,  
 Quhilk causit thame new curage for to tak,  
 That tha agane grew als ferie and wycht  
 As euir tha war, with far moir strenth and mycht,  
 And with greit force tha did the feild renew. 37,035  
 The Danis than trowand that all wes trew,  
 Sic new power was cuming thame forgane,  
 Into the feild no langar wald remane,  
 And sone tha fled rycht fast out of that place.  
 The Scottis follouit fastar on the chace, 37,040  
 Without mercie that tyme thair chapit nane  
 Tha[t] Danis war quhair euir tha war ouirtane.  
 So greit slauchter wes neuir sene befor,  
 Was maid that da of Danis les and moir.  
 Quhair that tha fled in mony moss and myre, 37,045  
 The Scottis wes fulfillit with sic yre,  
 And had sic thirst than of the Danis blude,  
 That neuir ane than, other ill or gude,  
 Gat girth that da quhair euir he wes our tane.  
 Fra morne airlie quhill all the da wes gane, 37,050  
 This foirsaid Hay and sonis with thair zokkis,  
 Vpone the Danis laid sa mony knokis,  
 With so greit force the wecht of thame leit feill,  
 That none of thame mycht efterwart do weill.

That samin nycht rycht lang or it wes da, 37,055  
 The Danis passit quhair [thair] schippis la,  
 Vpone ankeris was rydand on the se,  
 Neirby the place is callit now Dundie,  
 Quhilk war nocht than into comparesoun,  
 Scantlie the fourt part that tha brocht of toun. 37,060  
 Syne passit all on [to] the se that nycht,  
 And or the morne war saillit out of sycht;  
 And quhair awa that tyme I can nocht tell,  
 Bot weill I wait, as ze ma judge zour sell,  
 Thair wes greit blythnes at thair cuming hame, 37,065  
 Quhen euerie man wes missit be his name.  
 No moir of this now will I put in ryme,  
 Becaus it is so greit tarie of tyme;  
 Thairof as now I think to hald me still,  
 And to my purpois turne agane I will. 37,070  
 This Kenethus baid in the feild all nycht,  
 Syne on the morne quhen that the da wes lycht,  
 The Danis palzeonis with rycht mony tent,  
 Quhilk furneist war rycht riche and fertilent,  
 With gold and siluer and all vther geir, 37,075  
 And riche cleithing that ordand wes to weir,  
 With haill consent that tyme of all the lave,  
 Most pretious part on to this Hay he gave,  
 Of riche clething, gold and siluer bricht,  
 And his tua sonis that war bayth bald and 37,080  
 wycht.  
 Syne all the laif wes spulze of the feild,  
 To euerie man that wapin docht to weild,  
 Efter his deid as he wes worth to haue,  
 Rycht equallie he delt among the laue.



HOW KING KENETHUS PASSIT TO THE TOUN OF  
 BARTHA, AND THAIR MAID THIS HAY KNYCHT  
 AND GAIF HIM THE LANDIS OF ERROLL; AND  
 OF THE DISCORD AND STRYFE THAT FELL  
 BETUIX THE LORD OF ANGUS, CALLIT CRUTH-  
 LYNTUS, AND LORD OF THE MERNIS, CALLIT  
 ALSUA, AND HOW KENETHUS PUNEIST AND  
 PACIFEIT THAT FEID, AND HOW MALCUM DUFE  
 WAS PUT DOUN BE KENETHUS.

- Lib. 11, f. 168. Quhen this wes done, passit to Bartha toun 37,085  
 Col. 1. This nobill king with mony bald barroun.  
 With haill consent that tyme of euery wicht,  
 This foirsaid Hay thair hes he maid ane knycht,  
 For his support he maid him in sic perrell;  
 Syne gaif to him the landis all of Erroll, 37,090  
 Into the cars of Gowrie quhair tha la;  
 The quhilk his airis brukis zit this da.  
 Erll of that ilk is callit at this hour,  
 Quhilk is ane hous of greit fame and honour.  
 I pra to God that lang tyme so it be, 37,095  
 In sic honour all that genealogie.  
 This beand done, as ze haif hard me sa,  
 Gude Kenethus richt lang and mony da,  
 In peax and rest and greit honour he rang,  
 Quhill efter syne, I can nocht tell how lang, 37,100  
 Gif [it] be trew the storie tellis ws,  
 Ane lord of Angus, callit Cruthlynthus,  
 Ane dochter had wes callit Fenella,  
 Quhilk had ane sone Cruthlynthus hecht alsua,  
 Lord of the Mernis in the tyme wes he. 37,105  
 So hapnit him with his grandsire to be  
 In to the castell than of Dalbogy;  
 Quhat wes the caus I can nocht tell zow quhy,  
 Betuix his seruandis and men of the place,  
 Rycht greit discord fell of ane suddane cace, 37,110

Quhair in the tyme he had tua seruandis slane,  
 Quhair of he wes nothing content nor fane.  
 This Cruthlynthus that na langar mycht fenze,  
 To his grandsire he passit for to plenze;  
 Quhilk ansuer maid to him with grit dispyte, 37,115  
 Sayand, him self thairof had all the wyte,  
 Quhair of that tyme he sould na mendis haue;  
 And callit him bayth harlot, loun and knaue;  
 War nocht he wes his dochteris sone so neir,  
 He maid ane vow he sould haif bocht it deir. 37,120  
 Rycht fureous thus did he with him flyte,  
 Syne to the 3et gart put him for dispyte;  
 That [he] was fane, as my author did sa,  
 Out of that place to chaip levand awa.  
 This Cruthlynthus he tuke full hie in hart 37,125  
 The greit repulss that he gat in that part;  
 Wnto his mother callit Fenella,  
 To Fettercarne he passit on ane da,  
 And schew to hir the maner all and how,  
 Ilk word by word as I [haif] schawin 3ow, 37,130  
 How all wes done and in the samin sort,  
 And how hir father did him sic dischort.  
 This Fenella, throw the report he schew,  
 Rycht hie and het intill hir mynd scho grew,  
 Quhilk in hir breist the hiear ay ascendis, 37,135  
 Perswadand him rycht sone to tak ane mendis.  
 Sayand, scho suld rycht hartlie with gude will,  
 At all power mak greit supple thair till,  
 Commandand him for to mak no delay.  
 And so he did sone efter on ane day, 37,140  
 With all the power that tyme that he mycht,  
 Come to Dalbogy quietlie ane nycht,  
 And suddantlie the castell syne hes tone.  
 Bayth ill and gude that war thairin ilkone,  
 He slew thame all than be the leist ane knaif; 37,145  
 His grandsire gat no moir girth nor the laif.

The castell syne gart cast down to the ground,  
 And all the riches in that place wes fund,  
 Gold and siluer, and all other geir,  
 Distribut hes amang his men of weir. 37,150  
 Quhen this wes done syne fordwart furth he fundis,  
 Makand greit heirschip in Cruthlynthus boundis;  
 Col. 2. Syne in the Mernis hes all with him tane  
 Richt mony berne that mycht nocht thoill this blane.  
 Into Angus, qubilk wes of Cruthlynthus clan, 37,155  
 He gart convene togidder mony man,  
 Quhilk in the Mernis maid ane haistie raid,  
 And in the tyme greit spulze also maid.  
 The Mernis men was gatherit than foirgane,  
 Of aduenture<sup>1</sup> syne met vpone ane plane, 37,160  
 And straik ane feild the spulze to reskew,  
 On euerie syde richt mony ane tha slew.  
 Fra that da furth, as my author did sa,  
 With countereng and carmusche euerie da,  
 Tha previt vther oft syis on the plane, 37,165  
 On euerie syde quhair mony ane wes slane.  
 Had tha stand lang at sic abusoun,  
 The pairteis baith had gane to confusioun,  
 But ony dout, or endit war that pleid,  
 Had nocht Kenethus maid soner remeid. 37,170  
 Quhilk suddanelie ane herald send thame till,  
 And chargit thame at his command and will,  
 Tha suld compeir befor him all rycht sone,  
 The fyiftene da for to thoill law in Scone,  
 Vnder the pane of lyfe, land and gude, 37,175  
 Quhat euir he wes that this command ganestude.  
 This Cruthlynthus the law so soir adred,  
 With all his men rycht far awa he fled;  
 Befor the king that da wald nocht compeir:  
 How hapnit syne sone efter 3e sall heir. 37,180

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<sup>1</sup> In M.S. *Adventurne*.

This Kenethus on thame ilk da be da  
 Followit richt fast, syne in Lochquhabria  
 This Cruthlynthus and all the laif war tane,  
 And brocht agane to Dunsenen ilkane,  
 This kingis castell wes into the tyme, 37,185  
 Quhair tha war all accusit of that cryme.  
 The men of gude that had auctoritie,  
 With Cruthlynthus condampnit war to de,  
 For-quhy tha war the caus of all that thing.  
 Syne at command of Kenethus the king, 37,190  
 The commoun pepill quhilk war till excuiss,  
 Thair maisteris charge that durst nocht weill refuiss,  
 Quhen he considerit that tyme how it was,  
 For that same caus vnpuneist leit thame pas.  
 This beand done as I haif said 3ow than, 37,195  
 Richt tenderlie wes louit with all man  
 In all that tyme Kenethus the gude king,  
 So circumspect and just wes in all thing.  
 Louit he wes with euerilk man on lywe,  
 Als tenderlie as other barne or wywe: 37,200  
 So just he wes in his auctoritie,  
 To euerie man with sic equalitie,  
 And sic perfectioun, schortlie to conclude,  
 That men of him ma sa nathing bot gude.  
 Quhill efterwart the tua and tuentie 3eir 37,205  
 Wes of his ring, as I sall scha'w 3ow heir,  
 His bruther sone as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 Gude Malcum Dufe, the prince of Cumberland,  
 King Duffus sone in storeis as we reid,  
 Quhilk efter him wes narrest to succaid. 37,210  
 This Kenethus than, as my author demit,  
 For to be trew richt weill also it semit,  
 On to his sone affectit so wes he,  
 Efter his tyme to haif auctoritie,  
 And bruke the croun withoutin ony pleid, 37,215  
 This Malcum Dufe with poysoun put to deid.

Lib.11, f.168b.  
Col. 1.

Into the tyme thocht it was nocht weill knawin,  
 The suith fastnes thair of rycht sone was schawin.  
 This Malcum Duffe that tyme in Cumberland,  
 Tuke sic seiknes that nane culd wnderstand 37,230  
 Quhat mycht him help, or mak him ony remeid,  
 It handlit him so hetlie to the deid.  
 Into the breist so stoppit was and bun,  
 And all his bodie swellit lyke ane tun,  
 Quhill that his cors all [to] brist and clawe, 37,235  
 And fra the bane the lyre bowdin and raue,  
 Throw strang poysoun, as euerie man wist weill,  
 Bot be quhat man wes none that had ane feill.  
 The men of gude that tyme for the most fect,  
 Of that ilk deid tha held the king suspect, 37,239  
 For the same caus befor that I ȝow tald;  
 Bot thair wes nane amang thame, ȝoung or ald,  
 Quhat euir he thocht, that durst reveill sic thing,  
 Sic aw that tyme tha stude than of thair king;  
 That mony als of men of gude that tyme, 37,243  
 Into thair mynd him clengit of that cryme,  
 For mony vertewis into him tha saw,  
 So just he wes to execute the law,  
 Without rigour, full of benignitie,  
 So equale ay in his auctoritie, 37,246  
 Bayth word and werk wes ay to gude effect;  
 And for that caus tha held him nocht suspect.  
 Ane vther caus how that tha knew sic thing,  
 Quhen that his deid was schawin to the king,  
 So greit displesour in the tyme he tuik, 37,249  
 But meit or sleip rycht lang fastit and woik.  
 So mony teir come tringland fra his ene;  
 Sa oft wald sob and sich full soir betuene,  
 Into his mynd so dolorus and dirk;  
 So greit suffrage also in halie kirk, 37,252  
 Ouir all Scotland he hes gart sing and sa,  
 In euirilk kirk onto the auchtane da,

For gude Malcome the prince of Cumberland.  
 Quhairby that tyme tha mycht weill wnderstand,  
 And knaw perfittlie als in thair intent, 37,265  
 Of Malcolmis deid the king wes innocent ;  
 And for that tyme than all the nobill blude  
 Left suspitioun and traistit nocht bot gude.

HOW ANE MESSINGER WAS SEND OUT OF INGLAND  
 TO KING KENETHUS, AND OF HIS ANSUEER  
 AGANE QUHA SOULD BE PRINCE OF CUMBER-  
 LAND.

That samin tyme, sone efter all this thing,  
 Fra gude Edward that wes of Ingland king, 37,260  
 Wes marterit efter with his awin step mother,  
 Becaus hir sone, quhilk wes king Edwardis bruther,  
 Efter his deid was narrest to succed,  
 Thair come that tyme, in storie as we reid,  
 Ane messinger to Kenethus the king, 37,265  
 Beseikand him rycht hartlie of that thing,  
 That he wald cheis the prince of Cumberland,  
 As mediatour betuix thame for to stand,  
 For peax and rest and greit tranquillitie ;  
 And to thame bayth rycht leill and trew till 37,270  
 be,  
 Without tressone als traist as ony steill,  
 To baith the kinrikis for the commoun weill.  
 This Kenethus sic ansuer maid agane,  
 " Forsuith," he said, " thairof I am rycht fane,  
 " And als content his plesour to fulfill 37,275  
 " In all poyntis that 3e haif put me till ;  
 " Now wait I weill, that ay befor I weynd  
 " This nobill king hes euir bene my freind ;  
 " And for his saik, als haistie as I ma,  
 Of 3our ansuer I sall gar set ane da." 37,280

In Scone that tyme, as my author did mene,  
 The da wes set quhair tha suld all convene,  
 Baith king and lordis in the tyme ilkone ;  
 Syne gude Kenethus on the marbell stone,  
 As president thair sittand in his chair ; 37,285  
 Of eloquence he wes nocht for to lair,  
 Quhilk in the tyme, as 3e ma richt weill trow,  
 He said to thame as I sall sa to 3ow.  
 " My lordis all, 3e knaw richt weill ilkone,  
 " So lang befor richt mony 3eir agone, 37,290  
 " How gude Fergus, the foundar of this ring,  
 " Sic lawis maid in chesing of thair king ;  
 " That is to say, efter ane kingis deid,  
 " Gif that his sone suld succeid in his steid,  
 " Without perfectioun that tyme war ane child, 37,295  
 " The narrest man quhilk war of lauchfull eild  
 " Onto the hous, sould that tyme crownit be,  
 " For all his tyme bruik that auctoritie,  
 " Syne efterwart to succeid in his steid,  
 " The lauchfull air efter that king wes deid. 37,300  
 " Thus euir mair the king sould be ane man,  
 " And for sick caus the lawis first began ;  
 " Bot weill I wait, quha that rycht wnderstude,  
 " That wes the caus of far moir ill na gude ;  
 " And causit oft richt greit aduersitie, 37,305  
 " And mekle trubill in the realme to be.  
 " Witnes," he said, "first of king Feretar,  
 " And Ferlegus quhilk wes king Fergus air,  
 " The richteous prince and of the royall blude ;  
 " Throw sic lawis, now schortlie to conclude, 31,310  
 " Tha war the first that sic trubill began,  
 " And Ferlegus that wes ane nobill man,  
 " Wes maid exull and baneist for to be,  
 " In vther land with greit miseritie,  
 " The quhilk to Scotland wes lak and offence, 37,315  
 " So schamefullie suld be thair king and prince,

" Wes bond and thrall so lang to carllis blude,  
 " Makand thame seruice for his lyvis fude.  
 " Witnes also," he said, "of Nothatus,  
 " And 3oung Rewthar, causit be Dowalus; 37,320  
 " And of Novans Ferquhard the quhilk wes lord,  
 " Betuix thame tua that kendlit sic discord.  
 " For that same caus, now schortlie to conclusioun,  
 " Quhilk brocht Scotland to vter confusioun,  
 " And Pechtland als siclyke, for to conclude, 37,325  
 " Betuix thame baith of all the nobill blude  
 " Wes noch ane left, as it wes rycht weill kend,  
 " To gyde the laif and fra thair fo defend.  
 " Quhairthrow the Scottis and the Pechtis all,  
 " Onto the Britis was maid bond and thrall, 37,330  
 " Or all to fle without ony remeid,  
 " In vther landis for to beg thair breid.  
 " Than threttene 3eir without auctoritie,  
 " So lang tha war in sic miseritie,  
 " Lang efter that siclike with Romacus, 37,335  
 " And Ethalmac, the storie tellis thus,  
 " And Angustiane bruther senis all thrie,  
 " Throw thair discord for sick auctoritie,  
 " Scotland, that tyme quhilk wes into greit rest,  
 " With Romanis soir wes puneist and opprest; 37,340  
 " Syne finallie out of Scotland to fle,  
 " And fourtie 3eir maid exull for to be.  
 " Now ma 3e ken, heir schortlie to conclude,  
 " Thairof the ill exceidis far the gude."  
 Also he said, "Now for the samin quhy, 37,345  
 " Bot laitlie now in tymis<sup>1</sup> ar gane by,  
 " How mony men war of the royall blude  
 " Feinzeit rycht far as tha had bene rycht gude,

Lib. 11, f. 169.  
 Col. 1.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *tyme*.



- " Withoutin vice, of greit vertu to be,  
 " Haiffand respect to sic autoritie; 37,350  
 " Sone efter syne, God wait and nocht rycht  
     lang,  
 " Fra tyme tha gat the thing quhairfoir tha sang,  
 " Tha changit sone into ane vther man,  
 " Levand the way in quhome tha first began;  
 " Vsand ill lyfe and sic vice and abusoun, 37,355  
 " Quhilk brocht this kinrik richt oft to confusioun.  
 " And for that caus my counsall is thairfoir,  
 " To abrogat, and vse that law no moir,  
 " And vse conforme wnto the commoun law  
 " In vther landis vsit is our aw. 37,360  
 " The kingis sone, thought he be neur so 3ing,  
 " Efter his fader in his sted to ring,  
 " Quhat euer tha be, madin or man chyld,  
 " Withoutin ee to wisdom or to eild,  
 " As God plesis to send into the tyde, 37,365  
 " Is none as he so weill that can prowde;  
 " I hald it best in sic ane doutsam cace,  
 " To put our traist ay into Godis grace.  
 " Becaus," he said, " of all 3our cuming heir,  
 " Now in this place that I gart 3ow compeir, 37,370  
 " Mest speciall is, as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 " To cheis the lord and prince of Cumberland,  
 " Quhilk ordand is betuix king and king,  
 " For to keip peax and gar reforme all thing  
 " That is done wrang be Scotland and Ingland, 37,375  
 " Ony to vther, be vertu of the band,  
 " The quhilk wes maid be our progenitoir,  
 " 3e knaw 3our self, in all tymes befoir;  
 " The quhilk also is lauchtfull to succed  
 " To this kinrik, quhen tyme beis or neid. 37,380  
 " In this mater, but ony circumstance,  
 " Rycht sone I wald heir 3our deliuerance."

Tua nobillis than, war grittest men of gude  
 Of all Scotland and of the royall blude,  
 Ane Constantyne, the sone of Culenus 37,385  
 That last wes king, the tother hecht Gremus,  
 The bruther sone of gude Duffus the king ;  
 Thir tua that tyme that knew full weill all  
 thing  
 Imaginat into the kingis mynd,  
 The circumstance, the ordour and the kynd, 37,390  
 How all wes said, and als to quhat effect ;  
 Suppois thame selffis thair till had ane aspect  
 On to the croun be thair awin writtin law,  
 3it neurtheles that tyme tha stude sic aw  
 Of Kenethus that wes thair prince and king, 37,395  
 To contray him or crab in ony thing ;  
 And thocht that tyme tha wald sa na thairtill,  
 Rycht weill tha wist that he wald haif his will,  
 And of his purpois alway cum gude speid.  
 And syne tha haif, bot magir to thair meid, 37,400  
 For that same caus consentit baith thairtill,  
 And put it all into the kingis will,  
 And war the first that tyme of all the laif,  
 Onto the king that sic ane ansuer gaif,  
 As plesit him that tyme, at his command, 37,405  
 Quhome that he wald mak prince of Cumberland,  
 And abrogat tha lawis les and moir,  
 Wes maid in chesing of the kingis befor,  
 And keep the law wes maid into the tyme :  
 Sic ansuer gaif bayth Constantyne and Gryme. 37,410  
 Quhen tha had said, than all the multitude,  
 All in ane voce than, schortlie to conclude,  
 " Malcolme," tha said, " without ony demand,  
 " Kenethus sone, mak prince of Cumberland."  
 And so he wes, with haill auctoritie, 37,415  
 Of Cumberland promovit prince to be ;

Col. 2.

And tuke his leif than bayth at gude and ill,  
 And with the herald than wes send thairtill,  
 Quhilk in the tyme that come for the same  
 thing,

Fra gude Edward that wes of Ingland king. 37,420  
 This beand done but ony violence,  
 Kenethus knew weill be experience,  
 And be the law quhome to tha gaif consent,  
 Quhilk than wes maid without impediment,  
 For euirmoir that his posteritie 37,425  
 Suld ay succed to his auctoritie.  
 And for to haue thair fauour in sic thing,  
 Waill tenderlie he treittit ald and zing;  
 To euerie lord and als to mony lard,  
 Into his tyme gaif mony greit reward; 37,430  
 With diligence exercit ay his cuir,  
 At all power to pleis baith riche and puir.  
 Rycht equallie he held him till all man,  
 With puir and riche weill louit wes he than,  
 And with all leid that leuand wes on lyve, 37,435  
 Moir tenderlie than other barne or wyve;  
 That thair wes no man, schortlie to conclude,  
 That said or thoct of him all tyme bot gude.

OFF THE VISION THAT APPERIT TO KENETHUS  
 THE KING ON THE NYCHT IN HIS SLEIP,  
 AND OF HIS CONFESSIOUN, PENNANCE, ALMOUS  
 DEID, AND DEVOTIOUN, AND OFF THE WICKIT  
 WYFFE FENELLA.

So hapnit [it] syne efter on ane nycht,  
 In his sleip be ane visioun and sycht 37,440  
 Him thoct that tyme he hard ane voce apeir,  
 Quhilk said to him with ane loud voce and cleir;

" O Kenethus! tak tent heir to my sawis.  
 " Thow<sup>1</sup> trowis God thi cruell cryme misknawis,  
 " That thow committit with sic violence, 37,445  
 " Quhen thow gart poyssoun Malcum Dufe the prince  
 " Of Cumbria, quhilk air wes to Scotland.  
 " For caus," he said, " thow tuke sic thing on hand,  
 " Throw sic desire that thi prosperitie  
 " Suld bruke the croun with haill auctoritie. 37,450  
 " Quhairfor," he said, " the God omnipotent  
 " Decreittit hes be his rycht judgment,  
 " Rycht sone on the sic ane vengeance sould tak,  
 " Till all thi realme salbe greit skayth and lak;  
 " And to thi airis rycht lang efter the, 37,455  
 " Rycht greit trubill without tranquillitie."  
 Quhen this wes said the voce vaneist awa.  
 This Kenethus, in his bed quhair he la,  
 Sicht full soir with mony langsum thocht,  
 Fra that tyme furth that nycht he sleipit 37,460  
 nocht;  
 So greit terrour in his mynd he tuke,  
 That all that nycht he wolterit and he woik,  
 And thocht full lang quhill that he saw the lycht.  
 Than vp he rais and raikit in full rycht  
 To his chapell with humbill intercessioun, 37,465  
 In ferme purpois to mak his haill confessioun  
 Of all the synnis he had done beforne,  
 On to that tyme sen the hour he wes borne.  
 Ane halie bischop into Scotland wes than,  
 The quhilk to name wes callit Mouean; 37,470  
 Cunning he was all caissis for to knaw,  
 And richt expert into the canoun law,  
 For ony dout that men mycht at him speir;  
 In theologie also he wes perqueir,

Lib. 11, f. 169 b.  
 Col. 1.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS, *Throw*.

And in all vertew, schortlie to conclude, 37,475  
 He did exceid siclyke in sanctitude.  
 This Kenethus for this ilk Mouian  
 He send that tyme, quhilk sone come till him than ;  
 To quhome that tyme he hes maid his confessioun,  
 Ilk word be word in ordour, but degressioun; 37,480  
 And all his mynd and secreit to him schew,  
 Nothing obscure, als planelie as he knew,  
 And speciallie of Malcolme Duffus deid ;  
 Askand at him quhat mycht be best remeid.  
 This nobill man agane he said him till ; 37,485  
 " Sic ordinance is ay in Godis will,  
 " Nothing in erth vnpuneist to lat pas;  
 " Decretit hes for all vice and trespas,  
 " Ane cruell pane correspondand thairtill,  
 " For euirilk falt quhilk force is to fulfill. 37,490  
 " Quhilk pane," he said, " suppois it cruell be,  
 " He puttis all into oure libertie,  
 " And reddie ay thair of to gif remissioun,  
 " Thair of perfittlie and we haif contritioun,  
 " With perfite purpois to forbair and mend, 37,495  
 " And neur agane his majestie offend.  
 " And we do so into all tyme and place,  
 " Traist weill of him to haif mercie and grace.  
 " Mercie him causit ane mortall man to be,  
 " Syne thole grit pane and naturalie to de. 37,500  
 " The propheet sais, that we Sanct David call,  
 " His mercie is aboue his werkis all ;  
 " The quhilk to him is ay sic propertie,  
 " Without mercie God can nocht rycht weill be.  
 " Haif in 3our mynd gude consolatioun ; 37,505  
 " Tak nocht this tyme sic desperatioun ;  
 " Traist weill sic thing cumis no way perforce,  
 " Sen gratius God quhilk is misericors,  
 " Is reddear to gif mercie and grace,  
 " No for to puneis for the grittest cace 37,510

" Quhilk is committit be ane mortall man."  
 Than throw the counsall of this Mouian  
 He tuke confort and put awa all cair.  
 With greit deuotioun ilk da mair and mair,  
 In orisoun baith for to heir and reid, 37,515  
 Diuoit he wes with mony almous deid ;  
 To kirk and kirkmen dalie with grit cuir,  
 Rycht helplike was, and also to the puir.  
 In pilgramage passit to mony place,  
 Beseikand sanctis to obtene him grace 37,520  
 At gratius God, in his hie majestie,  
 Sen tha with him war better hard nor he.  
 In pilgramage syne to Palladius,  
 Into the Mernis, my author sais thus,  
 In Fordwy quhair that his banis lyis, 37,525  
 As he befor wes wont to do oft syis,  
 With greit diuotioun to that halie Santt,  
 Beseikand God thair of his grace to grant  
 Fre indulgens of all thing les and moir,  
 Aganis him committit wes befor. 37,530  
 This beand done as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 Than passit hes with mony gudlie feir  
 By Fettercarne into ane place to hunt, .  
 With men of gude befor as he wes wont,  
 And houndis als that war baith gude and fyne ; 37,535  
 Tak tent and heir how efter hapnit syne.  
 This Fenella, of quhome befor I tald, Col. 2.  
 That wickit wyfe baith bellicois and bald  
 Causit hir sone hir awin father to sla,  
 Schort quhile befor 3e micht heir me say sa, 37,540  
 The quhilk Cruthlynthus callit wes to name ;  
 Quhairfor efter he thoillit lak and schame,  
 For that same deid than wes he maid to de,  
 As ressoun wald for his iniquitie.  
 His deid rycht hie scho buir into hir mynd, 37,545  
 So is the nature of all women kynd ;

Without knowledge, full of crudelitie,  
 Desyrand ay revengit for to be,  
 Suppois the falt be baith litill and lycht,  
 So full tha ar of malice and of hycht. 37,550  
 So wes this wyfe than for the samin caus,  
 The quhilk wes done be just decreit and lawis;  
 Zit neuirtheles that scho considerit nocht.  
 Bayth da and nycht that wes ay in hir thocht,  
 This nobill king how scho mycht put to deid, 37,555  
 Withoutin caus scho had at him sic feid.  
 Syne in hir breist consauit hes ane trane;  
 Tak tent and heir, and I sall schaw 3ow plane  
 In forme and effect, and all the fassoun how  
 My authour sais as I sall sa to 3ow. 37,560

HOW FENELLA BIGGIT ANE NEW WORK IN FET-  
 TERCARNE, AND HOW KING KENETHUS COME  
 TO VIESIE IT, AND THAIR SUDDANTLIE SLANE.

In Fettercarne, quhilk wes hir duelling place,  
 Scho had gart big befoir ane lytill space  
 Ane prettie tour, bot of small quantitie,  
 Rycht curious and plesand for to se,  
 Proper perfite, quhilk wes of poleist stone, 37,565  
 In Albione sic semdill wes or none.  
 Rycht clene thickit was than all this tour,  
 Weill gilt with gold, quhairon rycht mony flour  
 Depanetit war with mony bird on breir,  
 And mony rachis rynnand at the deir. 37,570  
 The craft richt far the mater did excell  
 Of all this tour, the treuth gif I suld tell,  
 So curiouslie as it wes cled within.  
 And at the tapetis first I will begin,  
 Of fynest silk of mony diuerss hew, 37,575  
 Burneist with gold, purpure and asur blew,

Depanetit all with greit plesance and joy,  
 The ald storie of Thebes and of Troy.  
 The sylar als wes of the sypar tre,  
 Porterit perfite that plesand wes to se; 37,580  
 Richt curious carvit with mony ane knot,  
 Wnmaculat, withoutin ony filth or spot;  
 As ony lanterne castand ane hevynlie lycht  
 Of purpur, asur, and of siluer bricht.  
 Greit corce bowis, that war bayth strang and 37,585  
 stout,

Within the wall wes rayit round about,  
 Fast to the knok war buklit vp in bend,  
 With ganzeis scharpe reddie fra thame to send.  
 Off bras ane pillar in the fluir thair stude,  
 Vpone the heid of plesand pulchritude 37,590

Ane copper image of small quantitie,  
 Quhilk proper wes and plesand for to se.  
 This lytill image buir into the hand, Lib. 11, f. 170.  
 Of gold ane apill as the sone schynand, Col. 1.  
 Quhilk plantit wes with mony pretius stone, 37,595  
 As jesp, jasink, and margaretis mony one;  
 With turcas, topas, and with amerandis brycht,  
 With rubeis reid, and diamontis wes dicht;  
 With amates that courtlie war and cleir,  
 And mony mo than I will reckin heir. 37,600

This work quhilk wes als subtill wrocht as reche,  
 With sic diuyss gif ony man wald tuiche  
 The goldin apill that the image buir,  
 The bent bowis that war bayth strang and stuir,  
 Ilkone of thame richt haistelie but ho, 37,605

Out of the nok ane ganze wald lat go,  
 Schot at him, without ony ganestand,  
 Tuichit the apill in the image hand.  
 This fals Fenalla knew rycht weill perfite,  
 This nobill king greit plesance and delyte, 37,610



And greit desyre had alway for to se  
 Sic coistlie werk of curiositie;  
 Thinkand agane and he come thair till hunt,  
 Neirby that place befoir as he wes wont,  
 He wald desyre sone for to cum and se 37,616  
 Sic plesand werk of greit speciositie.  
 This samin tyme than hes it hapnit so,  
 This nobill king on fra the hunting go  
 To Fettercarne, to visie that new werk,  
 And left the laif still huntand in the park. 37,620  
 With few seruandis he come thair forrow none,  
 Quhair that he wes ressaut than rycht sone  
 With Fenella and hir seruandis ilkane,  
 Rycht reuerentlie within that hous of stane,  
 With all seruice into the tyme thairto, 37,625  
 To his princeheid war plesand for to do.  
 At ganand tyme scho causit him to dyne;  
 With coistlie spycis and mony mychtie wyne,  
 Of diuerss cullouris into cowpis cleir,  
 Weill ma 3e wit scho maid him rycht gude 37,630  
 cheir;  
 Bot syne allace! scho gart him pa weill ford.  
 This gude Keneth, the nobill prince and lord,  
 So courtas wes, so lawlie and benyng,  
 Into the tyme held hir suspect nothing,  
 Efter the dennar quietlie is gone, 37,635  
 Bot he and scho rycht secreitlie alone,  
 Within the tour that plesand werk to se,  
 Wes so perfite with sic speciositie.  
 Of euerilk thing he speirit hes the quhy;  
 And scho agane rycht sone and suddantly, 37,640  
 As wemen hes ane haistie ansuer sone,  
 Schew him quhairfoir that euerie thing wes done.  
 The image als vpoun the pillar heid,  
 Quhilk buir the apill of the gold so reid,

Wes his image into the tyme scho schew, 37,645  
 To signifie that scho wes traist and trew,  
 And louit him at all power and mycht,  
 Thairfoir his image present in hir sicht,  
 Scho thought so plesand to behald and se.  
 The apill als of sic speciositie, 37,650  
 Quhilk pleneist wes with mony pretious stone,  
 Scho ordand hes for his hienes alone,  
 Into the self quhilk wes so riche ane thing,  
 That it micht be ane reward for ane king.  
 Beseikand him of his excellent grace, 37,655  
 He wald ressaue the apill in that place,  
 At his plesour out of the image hand.  
 This nobill king, the quhilk wald noch ganestand,  
 The goldin apill in his hand he tuik :  
 With that the pillar and the image schuik, 37,660  
 And all the hous begouth also to rok,  
 And all the stringis slippit out of nok  
 Of ilk corss bow, the quhilk befoir wes bend,  
 Syne throw his cors ilkane ane ganze send ;  
 That suddantlie without help or remeid, 37,665  
 Doun on the fluir this nobill king fell deid.

Col. 2.

HOW FENALLA FLED AWAY EFTER THE KING WAS  
 SLANE, AND HOW HIS SERUANDIS WAITTIT  
 LANG ON HIS OUT CUMING, AND AT LANG  
 TAREING COME TO THE DUR QUHAIR HE WAS,  
 AND THAIR FAND HIM SLANE, AND OF HIS  
 BUREALL.

This wickit wyfe seand that it was so,  
 Out at ane postrum of the tour did go ;  
 Syne in ane forrest that wes neir besyde,  
 Among the rammell quhair scho did hir hyde ; 37,670  
 Syne on ane hors that ordand wes thairto,  
 Nane bot ane seruand in that tyme and scho,

Fre fra all perrell passit our the fell,  
 And quhair awa I can nocht rycht weill tell.  
 The kingis seruandis bydand on his grace, 37,675  
 Quhill neir hand evin tha farleit on that cace,  
 Quhat wes the caus he baid so lang thairin ;  
 Syne at the dur, wes closit witht ane gyn,  
 Softlie did knock, trowand that he suld heir,  
 Bot thair wes nane wald ansuer mak, or speir 37,680  
 Than quha wes that that callit at the duir,  
 So oft but ansuer knokit with sic cuir.  
 Quhill at the last, thocht it wes stark and strang,  
 All with ane dunt the dur sone vp tha dang ;  
 The nobill king with bludie woundis reid, 37,685  
 Vpoun the fluir thair tha fand liand deid.  
 Ze ma weill wit that tha war rycht wnfane  
 To se the king befor thair face ly slane,  
 Quhilk treittit thame sa tenderlie and weill.  
 Suppois ane hart had bene all of hard steill, 37,690  
 Or also stark as ony marbell stone,  
 It wald haif brist to heir thair piteous mone.  
 Rycht weill ilkone into the tyme tha knew,  
 It wes Fenella that thair maister slew,  
 For to revenge Cruthlynt hir sonis deid ; 37,695  
 Quhair scho wes fled, into what place or steid,  
 With diligence ilk da richt lang wes soucht  
 Fra place to place, bot zit tha fand hir nocht.  
 The commoun voce wes than for the most fect,  
 This Constantyne, the quhilk tha held suspect, 37,700  
 Quhome of befor schort quhile to zow I schew,  
 Greit malice had at Kenethus ze knew,  
 For his sone Malcum, as ze wnderstande,  
 Declarit wes the prince of Cumberland,  
 To bruke the croun efter to that effect, 37,705  
 Quhome to himself than had so greit respect,  
 To him wes said into the tyme [scho] fled,  
 Syne efterwart onto Ireland wes led,

Quhair all hir dayis thair scho did remane ;  
 I hard nocht tell that scho come hame agane. 37,710  
 The lordis all syne efter with greit cuir,  
 The kingis corps to Iona Yle tha buir,  
 Off the same vse as wont wes of befoir,  
 Intumula[t] with greit honour and gloir,  
 Than of his ring the fyve and threttie zeir, 37,715  
 And of oure Lord quha lykis for to heir,  
 Ane thousand compleitlie war ago,  
 Into that tyme withoutin ony mo.

Lib. 11. f. 170b.  
 Col. 1.

HOW CONSTANTYNE WAS CROWNIT EFTER KING  
 KENETHUS BE CERTANE LORDIS THAT WAR  
 HIS FREINDIS AGANIS MALCOLME, KING  
 KENETHIS SONE.

This Constantyne of quhome befoir I schew,  
 Als suddantlie than as he hard and knew 37,720  
 This nobill king Kenethus so wes deid,  
 He raid about fra euerie steid to steid  
 To his freindis, requyrand thame sic thing,  
 Into that tyme to cheis him prince and king,  
 Quhilk had the rycht as tha knew weill ilkone 37,725  
 Be the auld law wes maid richt lang agone ;  
 Thocht tha consentit to Kenethus law  
 Quhilk in the tyme wes moir for dreid and aw,  
 No of the kinrik for the commoun weill.  
 Thairfoir he said, alss far as he had feill, 37,730  
 Sick law as that sould nocht obeyit be,  
 The quhilk wes maid be sic auctoritie.  
 His freindis than quhilk that tyme war nocht few,  
 Be sick ressonne into that tyme he schew,  
 So neir of kin also tha war him till, 37,735  
 Consentit all and gaif him thair gud will.  
 Syne into Scone with thair consent ilkone,  
 Tha crownit him vpoun the marbell stone ;

The tuelt day efter gude Kenethus deid,  
The goldin croun wes set vpoun his heid. 37,740

How MALCOLME THE 3OUNG PRINCE COME TO  
LOUTHEANE WITH ANE GREIT POWER TO  
RESIST CONSTANTYNE, AND SYNE SKAILLIT  
HIS OIST FOR FEIR.

Had nocht Kenethus wes his bastard bruther,  
That louit him than best of ony vther,  
With greit power at Striuiling brig he la,  
This Constantyne thair warnit of the way,  
Quhilk at that brig wald nocht lat him our 37,745  
gang,

With 3oung Malcolme it wald haif bene all wrang.  
This Kenethus, quhilk at the brig did byde,  
And maid him tarie so lang in the tyde,  
Quhill all his victuall waistit wes and gone,  
'That force it wes for to pas hame ilkone. 37,750

This Constantins, thocht he wes layth thairtill,  
Skaillit his ost that tyme agane his will.  
In sic diuisioun lang and mony da  
This kinrik wes diuydit into tua; 37,755

This Constantyne had all into the north;  
And 3oung Malcolme besouth the water of Forth  
Into the tyme tha tuke his part ilkone;  
And in the north richt mony wes anone  
That louit him rycht afald with thair hart,  
Thocht tha so planelie durst nocht tak his part. 37,760  
Lang thus tha war in sic diuersitie,  
That<sup>1</sup> da be da with grit crudelitie,  
Ather did vther cruellie invaid,  
Quhair rycht greit slauchter and heirschip wes maid,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Thay*.

That Scotland hail wes to confusioun brocht; 37,765  
 The commoun weill was waistit all to nocht; Col. 2.  
 The pur pepill war haillelie distroyit;  
 Wedowis and wyffis wrangit war and noyit;  
 And mony virgin that wes of honest fame,  
 Deflorit wes, and loissit hir gude name. 37,770  
 The kirk and kirkmen wer distroyit hail;  
 The best of thame durst skantlie tell his tail  
 To the leist loun that wes in all the land,  
 Bot gif he held his heid into his hand,  
 And call him schir, bekkand with bayth his 37,775  
 kneis.  
 This is rycht suith, or than my author leia.

HOW 3OUNG MALCOLME, PRINCE OF CUMBIRLAND,  
 COME IN SUPPLE OF EDWARD, KING OF ING-  
 LAND, AND HOW HE AND THE DANIS AGREIT.

This samin tyme as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 This gude Edward, that king wes of England,  
 Ilk da be da, the langar ay the moir,  
 Than with the Danis vexit wes richt soir, 37,780  
 That force it wes than schort quhile efter syne,  
 All on ane da other to wyn or tyne.  
 This 3oung Malcolme, of quhome I spak befor,  
 With rycht greit power that same da come thoir  
 In the supple of gude Edward the king, 37,785  
 Quha wes richt blyth and joyfull of that thing.  
 Quhairof the Danis richt greit terrour tuke,  
 To fecht that da, as sum man said, forsuik;  
 And wes content for to agre and cord,  
 At the requeist of mony gude kirk lord. 37,790  
 And so thai war with bayth thair hail consent;  
 So that the Danis suld hald thame content  
 In peax and rest to bruke alhaill the landis,  
 Possessit war that tyme into thair handis.

Moir to desyr tha sould nocht ask nor craue; 37,795  
 Ane sowme of gold als in the tyme to haif,  
 And neuir on ane vther to invaid.  
 Of this conditioun peax that tyme wes maid.

HOW YOUNG MALCOLMIS BRUTHER, CALLIT KE-  
 NETHUS, MET CONSTANTYNE AT CRAWMOUND,  
 QUHAIR THE TANE SLEW THE TOTHER HAND  
 FOR HAND.

This samin tyme now that 3e heir me sa,  
 That Malcolme wes out of the land awa 37,800  
 Into Ingland with power les and moir.  
 This Constantyne, of quhome I spak befor,  
 Trowand his tyme was than maist oportune,  
 Quhairfoir that tyme with greit power rycht sone,  
 Tuentie thousand he brocht out of the north, 37,805  
 Quhome with he passit ouir the water of Forth,  
 For to subdew tha landis all him till.  
 Kenethus than with egir mynd and will,  
 Malcolmus bruther befor as I tald,  
 With mony berne that wes bayth big and bald, 31,810  
 Than at the mouth he met him of Amond,  
 Quhair standis now the gude toun of Crawmond.  
 Thir bernis bald ilkone on vther bet,  
 Quhill all thair waponis in thair blude wes wet;  
 And dourlie than ilkane on vther drawe, 37,815  
 Quhill all thair helmis into pecis rawe.  
 Of wynd that tyme thair blew ane suddane blast  
 Out of the eist, quhilk draue the sand rycht fast  
 Into the ene of Constantins men,  
 And blindit thame that tha mycht scantlie ken 37,820  
 Quha wes thair freind or quha than wes thair fa,  
 That force it was thame bakwart for till ga,  
 Out of the feild than fled with all thair force.  
 That Constantyne come fordwart on ane horss,

And with Kenethus in the feild he met; 37,825  
 So scharplie than ilkane [on] other set,  
 And ran at vther with so rude ane reird,  
 Baith horss and men war drevin to the erd.  
 Syne start on fut and pullit out tua brandis,  
 And manfullie debaittit with thair handis, 37,830  
 Ay prevand other pertlie on that plane,  
 And sonzeit nocht quhill that tha war baith slane.  
 In the thrid 3eir of Constanti[n]us ring  
 Thus endit he wes bot intrusit king.

OFF GRYME AND HIS CROWNYNG OF MALCOLME,  
 AND HIS PERSEWING EFTER CONSTANTINE WAS  
 DEID; BETUIX THIR TUA FELL DEIDLIE  
 FEID.

Than Gremus syne, of quhome befor I schew, 37,835  
 Quhen he hard tell the veritie and knew  
 That Constantyne his consent wes so deid,  
 Kenethus als slane in the samin steid,  
 Malcolme the prince rycht so wes in Ingland,  
 Traistand to haif na stop nor ganestand; 37,840  
 To all the lordis that tyme les and moir,  
 This Constantyne that fauorit of befor,  
 Rewardit thame richt freindlie with his hart,  
 And treittit thame quhill that tha tuke his part.  
 As I haif said quhen that all thing wes done, 37,845  
 That samin tyme tha passit all to Scone,  
 And set him doun vpone the marbell stone,  
 And crownit him with thair consent ilkone.  
 This Malcum Keneth quhen he hard and knew  
 How all that thing wes hapnit of the new, 37,850  
 And how Grymus also wes crownit king,  
 Rycht far he wes commouit at that thing,  
 And thocht he wald him scharplie thame persew.  
 His freindis than, quhilk wnderstude and knew



That all his werke wald be of litill vaill, 37,865  
 And of his purpois he wald nocht prevaill,  
 Tha saw this Gryme into sic fauour stand  
 With mony lord that wes into that land,  
 With [giftis] fra him that turnit [hes] thair mynd,  
 And chereis thame to him for to be kynd, 37,866  
 Qubairthrow he mycht haif thair help and supple,  
 Or than, tha said, sic thing wald neuer be.  
 Throw thair counsall, quhilk wes rycht trew he kend,  
 Rycht secreitlie our all Scotland he send  
 Treittand the lordis for to tak his part, 37,865  
 Promittand thame rycht kyndlie with his hart  
 With all power to quyt thame weill thair meid,  
 Sua that tha wald supple him in his neid.  
 Rycht mony wes thairof that tyme content,  
 Baith da and nycht syne wes rycht diligent, 37,870  
 For to perswaid rycht glaidlie with thair hart  
 The laue sidlike for to tak Malcolmis part.  
 Rycht mony than so wickit was of will,  
 The seruandis all that Malcum send thame till,  
 Tha tuke and send to Grymus in the tyde, 37,875  
 Quhilk he in persone gart remane and byde.  
 This Malcolme syne, quhen he knew it wes so,  
 With mony grome he graithit him till go  
 At all power with possibilitie,  
 Of that injure for to revengit be. 37,880  
 Rycht mony wicht man that waponis weill culd weild,  
 The fyftene da he furneist to the feild;  
 On fit and hors furth with thame he fuir  
 Col. 2. To Loutheane our mony mos and muir.  
 Ane spy thair come and schew to him that 37,885  
 tyme,  
 How that this king, the quhilk wes callit Gryme,  
 With all the nobillis that war in the north,  
 Evin fra the Ylis to the watter of Forth,  
 Wes cumand than, as he rycht wnderstude,  
 With so greit power and sic multitude, 37,890

That all his power into thair respect,  
 Na vaill [wes] and bot of litill fecht.  
 Quhen this wes schawin in the ost that tyme,  
 With so greit power cumand wes this Gryme,  
 Rycht grit rumour our all the oist thair rais, 37,895  
 With [sic ane] terrour that tyme of thair fais,  
 And speciallie than of the merchand men,  
 The quhilk that tyme, that wes full eith to ken,  
 That wes nocht wont to vsit be in weir,  
 And in the tyme but waponis war and geir, 37,900  
 This 3oung Malcolme perswadit hes<sup>1</sup> in plane,  
 To skaill his oist and for to turne agane.  
 For caus that he wald nocht consent thairtill,  
 So schameles wes thocht nother lak no ill  
 To greit als fast and wringand bayth thair 37,905  
 handis,

As ony barnis that war dung with wandis.  
 Rycht mony than wes of the men of gude  
 Was present thair, knew weill and wnderstude  
 Into battell with sic men to proceid, 37,910  
 Of thair purpois to cum bot litill speid.  
 And for that caus tha haif decreittit than,  
 The commonis all for to pas hame ilk man;  
 Quhair of that tyme tha war content and fane.  
 The men of gude with Malcum suld remane,  
 And husband men to Stirling than ilkone 37,915  
 Suld pas and keip that stalwart brig of stone,  
 The furdis als, with ferrie and all the laif,  
 That Grymus ost na passage our mycht haif.  
 Ane halie man, Fothadus hecht to name,  
 Ane faithfull father and of greit fame, 37,920  
 Of Sanct Androis wes bischop in the tyme,  
 This halie man that passit to this Gryme  
 Into processoun with his clergie all,  
 Himself also in his pontificall,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *wes*.

And schew to him as lay in his intent, 37,925  
 Be naturall resson and be argument,  
 Perswaidand him that tyme with euerie lord,  
 For to mak freindschip, peax and gude concord,  
 With Malcum Keneth prince of Cumberland;  
 And in sic stryfe no langar for to stand, 37,930  
 For greit danger that efter mycht befall  
 To him, he said, and to his liegis all.  
 To quhome this Gryme sic ansuer hes maid than,  
 Declarand him, quhill he war levand man,  
 "Thought all," he said, "sould gang to confu- 37,935  
 sioun,  
 "This richt this tyme that I haif to the croun,  
 "For ill or gude, for weill or zit for wo,  
 "Into my tyme I think neur till forgo.  
 "Thocht Malcum Keneth be so diligent,  
 "I think rycht weill that he ma be content 37,940  
 "Of Cumbirland, as weill myself I knaw  
 "Suld be his awin now of the commoun law.  
 "Hald him content thairfor gif that he will,  
 "And will he nocht, heir I promit him till,  
 "He salbe suir of my malice and feid, 37,945  
 "Doutles but dreid quhill ony of ws be deid."  
 This Fothædus quhen he hard him sa so,  
 To Malcum Keneth dressit him till go,  
 Requyrand Grymus thairfor to remane  
 Quhill that he come with his ansuer agane. 37,950  
 To Malcum syne he passit hes fra Gryme,  
 And mony ressoun schew him in the tyme,  
 Quhat danger was into sic dalie weir,  
 Greit harme and skaith and of thair lyfe ane feir,  
 Thift and slauchter and all sic mischeif, 37,955  
 And fostering of mony commoun theif;  
 Beseikand him of gude concord and peice,  
 To caus sic weir and wrangis for to ceis.  
 This prince Malcome sic ansuer maid him till,  
 Sayand, he wald richt hartlie with gude will 37,960

To skaill his ost, and Gryme wald gif consent,  
 Of mediatouris quhome of tha war content,  
 Quhilk sould be sworne to tak sic thing on hand,  
 At thair deliuerance syne to byde and stand,  
 Vnreuocabill, withoutin fraude or gyle, 37,965  
 At thair plesour sic peax for to compyle.  
 With this ansuer he passit syne agane,  
 And, as he said, he schew him all in plane.  
 Rycht weill content [thairof] than wes this Gryme,  
 So wes the laue was with him in the tyme, 37,970  
 Syne skaillit hes, and passit hame ilkane,  
 Oft thankand him that sic travell hes tane.  
 This Fothadus, that litill rest than tuke,  
 Greit travell maid and mony nicht he woik,  
 And in the tyme wes nocht leithand nor lidder, 37,975  
 Quhill that he brocht the lordis all togidder  
 That chosin wes to tak sic thing on hand,  
 And gart thame sweir at thair decreit to stand,  
 Without fraude how euir tha wald haif done.  
 In this conventioun quhilk wes maid richt sone, 37,980  
 Deliuerit wes syne ryplie in that thing  
 That this Gremus for his tyme sould be king,  
 Becaus he wes possessit with the croun;  
 Thinkand it wes greit vilipensioun,  
 To put him down fra his auctoritie. 37,985  
 Syne efter that, dreidand that he sould be  
 At sic derisioun haldin and sic scorne,  
 That he had better for to haif bene vnborne,  
 Or efterwart for to be levand on lyve,  
 And for that caus tha wald him nocht depryve. 37,990  
 Syne efter him Malcolme and his offspring,  
 To bruke the croun of Scotland and be king,  
 In heretage for than and euirmoir,  
 And keip the law Kenethus maid befor.  
 And prince Malcolme, but stop or zit ganestand, 37,995  
 Fra Forth all south wnto Northumberland,

Fra Cumbria siclyke evin wnto Clyde,  
 Fra the west se on to the eist se syde,  
 For all his tyme in his gyding sould haue  
 In peax and rest ; and Gryme suld haif the 38,000  
 lawe  
 Of all the landis that la in the north,  
 Ylis, and all evin to the watter of Forth.  
 Quhairof wes content baith Malcolme and Gryme,  
 And gude peax maid betuix thame in the tyme.

HOW GRYMUS RANG ANE QUHILE IN PEAX AND  
 REST, AND SYNE FELL IN VICE AND VICIOUS  
 LEVING.

Syne efter this that 3e haif hard me sa, 38,006  
 This ilk Grymus richt lang and mony da  
 In peax and rest and greit tranquillitie,  
 He rang ane quhile without adversitie.  
 Syne efterwart into sic vices fell,  
 That I for schame this tyme dar skantlie tell ; 38,010  
 Off auerice and lichorie also,  
 And gluttony with mony vther mo ;  
 Richt full of slewth, and as ane sow als sweir,  
 Quhilk wald offend 3our eiris for to heir.  
 Col. 2. Thairfoir as now sic thing I will lat pas, 38,016  
 And tell 3ow furth the mater how it wea.  
 Quhairof the lordis was richt ill content,  
 Settand ane counsall with thair hail consent ;  
 Syne chosin hes the wysast in the tyme,  
 With thair counsall and send [on] to this Gryme ; 38,020  
 Quhilk said to him with greit humanitie,  
 Beseikand him of his auctoritie  
 Justice to keip, and execute the law,  
 And gar his liegis haif moir dreid and aw ;  
 The quhilk had wrocht so greit wrang and injure, 38,026  
 In falt of justice bayth to riche and puir ;

So mekill wrang ilk da be da wes wrocht,  
 All was, tha said, becaus he puneist nocht.  
 This ilk Gremus, quhat euir wes in his thoct,  
 At thair wordis he movit him richt nocht; 38,030  
 Bot said agane that he sould do gude will,  
 In all he micht thair plesour to fulfill.  
 Oft said he so with wordis richt benyng,  
 Bot in his thoct he had ane vther thing,  
 Thinkand thairof he sould revengit be 38,035  
 Of thair wordis so helie wes and he.  
 With fair wordis syne hes he maid thame fane,  
 Requeistand thame all nycht for to remane,  
 Quhill on the morne to byde with him, and dyne,  
 Quhair tha suld drink the michtie nobill wyne, 38,040  
 With Marche aill and also doubill beir,  
 And for thair saik he suld mak better cheir.  
 Ane vther dennar wes into his thought;  
 To thame that banquet had bene ouir deir coft.  
 So had bene said lang or the morne at none, 38,045  
 War nocht tha war thairof warnit rycht sone  
 Be thair freindis, quhilk gart thame fle that nycht  
 Rycht lang or da out of the kingis sycht,  
 Onto Bartha quhair the laue did remane,  
 Bydand his ansuer quhill tha come agane. 38,050  
 Syne quhen tha come and schew to thame sic thing,  
 Tha war commouit rycht far at the king,  
 And maid ane band agane him to rebell.  
 This ilk Gremus, thairof quhen he hard tell,  
 Bayth said and swoir he suld revengit be 38,055  
 Of thame ilkone, or<sup>1</sup> doutles he sould de.  
 With greit power syne efter on ane day,  
 To Lowtheane he tuke the narrest way;  
 Into his passage mony tour and toun  
 Law to the grund gart cast thame ilkane down; 38,060

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *out*.

And all the tounis in his gait that wes,  
 With corne and hay, he brint thame all in ass,  
 And mony saikles in the tyme he slew;  
 Fre fra his hand thair chaipit than rycht few.  
 Preist or clerk, nor zit religious men, 38,065  
 Gat no moir girth no vther guiss or hen.  
 The prince Malcome that samin tyme, we reid,  
 In Ingland wes than with the king Eldreid,  
 Edwardis bruther wes marterit of the new  
 Be his noverk, as I befoir 3ow schew, 38,070  
 For that same caus weill knawin wes that thing,  
 Eldred hir sone sould efter him be king.  
 And so it wes be hir tressoun and meanis,  
 This ilk Eldred that same tyme with the Deanis  
 Opressit wes, throw thair greit violence, 38,075  
 And for that caus gude Malcum the 3oung prince  
 Of Cumberland, in his help and supple,  
 Wes thair that tyme my author tellis me.

HOW ANE MESSINGER SCHEW TO 3OUNG MALCUM  
 HOW GRYME MAID GRIT TRUBILL AND DIS-  
 TRUCTION IN HIS LANDIS, AND OF HIS  
 CUMING IN LOUTHEANE, AND TUKE THE FEILD  
 AGANIS GRYME.

Lib. 11, f. 172.  
 Col. 1.

Till him thair come ane messinger that tyme,  
 And schew to him how that his cousing Gryme 38,080  
 Ilk da be da withoutin rest he raid,  
 And sick distruction in his landis maid,  
 Was none that tyme that mycht sustene his feid;  
 Without richt sone he come to mak remeid,  
 For ony way that efter can be wrocht, 38,085  
 Scotland for ay distroyit war to nocht.  
 This gude Malcum the prince of Cumberland,  
 Into the tyme without stop or ganestand,

He maid na tarie in the gait as than,  
 Quhill that he come rycht sone in Loutheane. 38,090  
 Of his cuming tha war rycht blyth and glaid,  
 Baith puir and riche all in the tyme and said,  
 " Welcum be 3ow, our scheild and oure defence,  
 " Oure governour, our rychtteous king and prince !  
 " Quhair hes 3ow bene fra ws awa sa lang ? 38,095  
 " Welcum be 3ow sould weir ws fra all wrang !"  
 The prince Malcum weill vnderstude and knew  
 Tha lordis all to him war leill and trew,  
 As he mycht knaw rycht weill be experiment,  
 And at this Grymus als at sic haitrent, 38,100  
 Traistand thairfoir tha sould him nocht begyle ;  
 Quhairfoir efter within ane lytill quhile,  
 With mony nobill that war traist and trew,  
 He tuke the feild this Grymus to persew.  
 This ilk Grymus quhairof quhen he hard tell 38,105  
 How his lordis agane him did rebell,  
 And in the tyme had tane Malcolmis part,  
 Wod as ane lyoun and furious in hart,  
 With euerie wicht that mycht ane wapin weild,  
 That he mycht furneis, passit to the feild, 38,110

OFF THE FEILD BETUIX PRINCE MALCOLME AND  
 GRYMUS, AND HOW PRINCE MALCOLME WAN  
 THE FEILD, AND GRYMUS TANE AND THAIR-  
 EFTER SONE DECKISSIT AND BUREIT WITH THE  
 LAIF IN IONA YLE, AND HOW MALCOLME  
 COME TO SCONE TO BE CROWNIT.

Withoutin tarie other da or nycht,  
 Quhill ather of vther cuming ar in sycht.  
 That samin da in battell tha contendit  
 That Christ Jesu onto the hevin ascendit :  
 This ilk Malcolme than thocht he wald retrak 38,115  
 Quhill on the morne, and hald the feild abak,



And keip that da solempnit in all thing.  
 So wald noch Gryme that tyme that wes the king.  
 Than forrow none, richt airlie of the da,  
 He gaif thame feild in thair camp quhair tha      38,120  
   la,  
 With all his power baith on fitt and hors.  
 This prince Malcolme with litell sturt or force,  
 Or zit grit skaith, that da the feild he wan,  
 Quhair this Gremus than loissit mony man.  
 Into the feild him self fechtand wes tane,      38,125  
 Of bayth his ene the sycht he hes forgane,  
 Throw ane greit hurt he gat into the heid,  
 The thrid day efter quhilk that wes his deid.  
 Than of his ring the nynt zeir wes also,  
 To Iona Yle tha maid his bodie go ;      38,130  
 In sepulture laid in besyde the laue,  
 With sic honour as he seruit to haue.  
 The fiftene da efter this wes done,  
 The lordis all convenit into Scone,  
 And speciallie the caus wes of that thing,      38,135  
 To croun this Malcolme for to be thair king.  
 And or he wald the croun that tyme ressaue,  
 With hail consent of lordis and the laue,  
 Bayth ill and gude wer obleist all and sworne  
 Col. 2. To keip the law his father maid beforne,      38,140  
 Into the crownyng alway of thair king,  
 The narrest air, thocht he be neuer so zing,  
 Man or woman quhateuir he be,  
 Suld ay succed to thair auctoritie.

HOW MALCOLME, KING KENETHUS SONE, WAS  
 CROWNIT KING IN SCONE, AND OF HIS WOR-  
 THIE DEIDIS.

Quhen this was done befor thame all ilkone,      38,145  
 Tha set him doun vpoun the marbell stone

In rob royall wes all of scarlat reid ;  
 Ane croun of gold syne set vpoun his heid ;  
 Ane schynand sword syne put into his hand,  
 In the tother the goldin sceptour wand ; 38,150  
 Prayand to God, makar of hevin and erd,  
 Send him gude fortoun, chance, and happie werd.  
 This gude Malcolme quhen he wes crownit king,  
 Richt diligent he was into all thing,  
 And specialle sa far as he had feill 38,155  
 The quhilk pertenit to the commoun weill.  
 And maist of all to put away discord,  
 Quhilk was that tyme betuix lord and lord,  
 For sindrie causis than baith les and moir,  
 And greit slauchter amang thame wes befor 38,160  
 Maid in the feild quhen this Grymus wes slane.  
 This gude Malcolme reformit all agane,  
 And als gude freindschip, as my author sais,  
 As euir thair wes in ony mannis dais,  
 Ouir all Scotland within schort quhile maid he, 38,165  
 Bayth peax and rest and greit tranquillitie.  
 So equallie he execute the law,  
 That euerie man him louit and stude aw  
 Him to displeis in ony kynd of thing,  
 So laulie wes, so courtas and benyng ; 38,170  
 So leill and trew, so stedfast and so stabill ;  
 To all his pepill als so profittabill ;  
 That he wes louit that tyme in all part,  
 Als tenderlie with ilk man as his hart.  
 Heir will I leif my self and hald me still 38,175  
 Of gude Malcolme, and tell 3ow now I will  
 Of the Danis, sen it is in memorie,  
 And of Ingland comixit to my storie,  
 That I can nocht the veritie 3ow schaw,  
 Without of thame the haill proces 3e knaw. 38,180  
 How that it wes, and 3e wald knaw rycht cleir,  
 Tak tent to me and I sall schaw 3ow heir.

OFF ANE WICKIT KING OF DENMARK, AND HOW  
HE WAS EXCLUDIT FRA HIS CROUN, AND COME  
IN SCOTLAND AND GAT SUPPLE, AND SYNE  
COME TO HIS AWIN AUCTORITIE, AND THAIR-  
EFTER CONTENDIT AGANIS INGLAND.

Ane king in Denmark wes into tha dais,  
Was callit Swein, as my author sais.  
Ane man he wes full of iniquitie, 38,185  
And distroyar wes of religiositie,  
And counfoundar wes of the fayth of Christ,  
And baneist all amang thame wes baptist  
Out of his realme without ony remissioun;  
And for that caus to superstitioun 38,190  
Richt mony turnit that tyme for his schoir,  
And left the faith that tha had tane befor.  
For sic faltis sone efterwart he fell  
In sic trubill war cairsum for to tell,  
Quhair of as now I will sa no moir heir,<sup>1</sup> 38,195  
Bot ane in mynd sen that I haif perqueir.  
Lib. 11, f. 172b. Thryis with his fa in mort battell wes tane,  
Col. 1. With ransoun ay redemit was agane;  
Syne finallie brocht to confusioun,  
Quhill that he was excludit fra his croun. 38,200  
With Olawes contemnit als wes he,  
With Norrowa seikand at him supple,  
And with Edward of Ingland king also;  
In Scotland syne he dressit him till go,  
Into the faith quhair that he wes instructit, 38,205  
Syne efterwart sa weill with him it lukkit,  
Throw help of Scottis that he than implorit,  
Onto his croun he wes agane restorit

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *hvil*.

In sic honour as he wes wont to be,  
 With peax and rest in his auctoritie. 38,210  
 Quhilk rais efter so hie vpoun the quheill,  
 Quhen that he wes at all his grittest weill,  
 Decreittit hes ane mendis for to tak  
 Of Ingland quhilk wald no supple him mak;  
 And of Eldred quhilk wes thair king also, 38,215  
 For greit injure bot laitlie than ago,  
 With so greit tressoun and with subtill meanis,  
 That he had done in Ingland to the Deanis.

HOW ANE GREIT MULTITUDE OF DANIS COME IN  
 ALBIONE AND LANDIT IN INGLAND, AND WAS  
 VICTOURE OF KING ELDRER.

Off Denmark, Suadrik, and of Norroway,  
 And of Goteland, as my author did say, 38,220  
 Ane mervelus exceidand multitude  
 He gart convene; syne schortlie to conclude,  
 With hors, harnes, and all vther geir,  
 And all waponis that neidfull war in weir,  
 He tuke the se, syne efterwart is gone 38,225  
 With all his power into Albione;  
 In Ingland syne arryuit at ane sand,  
 With all his power thair passit to the land.  
 Quhairof his purpois he come richt gude speid,  
 And victour wes of this king than Eldreid, 38,230  
 Quhilk flemit him into Northumberland.  
 Quhen he come thair ane greit power he fand  
 Of mony Scot, that worthie war and wicht,  
 For battell buskit all in armour bricht,  
 To him thair cumand for to mak supple, 38,235  
 Quhomeof he wox so haltand and so hie,  
 And of thair cuming wes so glaid and fane,  
 With greit curage returnit hes agane.

HOW KING ELFREID STRUKE BATTELL AGANE WITH  
THE DANIS AND TYNT THE FEILD, SYNE FLED  
IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

In Owsoun water, neirby Eborak,  
This ilk Eldred his ludging thair did tak, 38,240  
And plantit hes his palzeonis on ane plane;  
To Sueno syne gaif battell thair agane,  
And tynt the feild siclike as of befor.  
Syne in ane schip wes reddie at the schoir,  
In Owsone water neir the land did ly, 38,245  
Passit richt sone syne into Normandy.  
The nobill duke quhilk did him weill ressaue,  
With all honour that sic ane prince sould haif,  
The duke, the quhilk Richardus hecht to name,  
Treittit him weill thocht he wes far fra hame, 38,250  
Quhair he remanit lang and mony 3eir,  
Quhome of as now I will sa no moir heir,  
Quhill efterwart, bot lat him evin alane.  
Now to this Sueno turne I will agane.

HOW THE DANIS SUBDEWIT INGLAND, AND OF THAIR  
GREIT OBEDIENCE AND COURTASIE GEVIN TO  
THAME.

Col. 2. This ilk Sueno, quhen he perfitlie knew 38,255  
Eldred was fled, and in Ingland wes few  
Agane his power durst mak ony pley,  
Traistand that blude sould neuir weill obey,  
Als lang on lyfe levand as thair wes one  
Of Inglis blude left into Albione; 38,260  
Thairfoir he hes decreittit for conclusioun,  
The Inglis blude to put all to confusioun,  
Be slicht or richt, or 3it be way of deid;  
He rakkit nocht quhat way he mycht proceed.

The Inglis lordis that his counsall knew, 38,265  
 Levand on lyve the quhilk war verra few,  
 Befoir him all, or than my author leis,  
 Richt humlie than tha sat doun on thair kneis  
 Law at his [feit] for pitie in that place,  
 With mony teir greittand on him for grace. 38,270  
 Beseikand him than of his excellence,  
 As he that wes thair protectour and prince,  
 And had of thame the haill auctoritie,  
 To vse mercie and noch[t] crudelitie;  
 And gif thame leif to leve into England, 38,275  
 Ay in all cace to be at his command,  
 But heretage, but castell, toun or tour,  
 But libertie, but riches or honour,  
 And saue thame selffs, thair barnis and thair  
 wyvis,  
 In seruitude ay for to leid thair lyvis. 38,280  
 At thair requeist, thocht he wes proude and  
 hie,  
 He slaikit hes of his crudelitie,  
 And grantit thame but libertie thair lyvis,  
 In seruitude with barnis and with wyvis;  
 And gif fra thame all armour and sic geir, 38,285  
 And all waponis that ordand war for weir,  
 All gold and siluer that tha had in pois.  
 Than force it wes, tha had no vther chois,  
 Without office in England or honour,  
 But land or lordschip, castell, toun or tour, 38,290  
 With thair awin handis for to wyn thair meit,  
 In dailie laubour with greit travell and sweit.  
 In ilkane hous he gart thame hald ane Dene,  
 To heir and se gif that tha wald complene,  
 Or gif tha maid agane him to rebell; 38,295  
 Giff it war so that he nicht ken and tell,  
 That tha suld haif nother place nor tyme,  
 Wnwist of him for to commit sic cryme.

- So ilkman had ane Dene into his hous,  
 That none durst be so hardie and so crous 38,300  
 To speik of him all tyme, I wnderstand,  
 Without he had his heid into his hand,  
 Bekkand to him and calland him schir lord ;  
 Did he nocht sua he wald rycht sone discord.  
 Thairfoir ilkane callit him the lord and Dayne, 38,305  
 With sic ane vse that tha culd nocht refrayne,  
 That 3it sensyne quhair tha se ane Dane man,  
 For greit dispyte tha call him ane Lurdan,  
 The quhilk suld be mair proper ane lord Dene.  
 Thus war tha maid with so grit caus to plene, 38,310  
 But king or prince, or lord of thair awin blude,  
 Subdewit war in sic vile seruitude.  
 The Inglis men, sum tyme of greit renoun,  
 Than loissit hes thair kinrik and thair croun,  
 Thair land, thair law, and als thair libertie ; 38,315  
 Of quhome Sweno had haill auctoritie,  
 And callit wes of Ingland king also,  
 Ouir all Ewrop quhair that the word do go.  
 That samin tyme, as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 He send to Malcolme king wes of Scotland, 38,320  
 With him that tyme desyrand to confidder,  
 Baith in ane band than to be bund togidder,  
 Ather to vther with gude will and hart,  
 Agane all vther for to tak thair part.  
 Quhairtill Malcolme and siclike all his lordis, 38,325  
 Wald nocht consent, as my author recordis,  
 And gaif to him ane ansuer negatiue ;  
 With that ansuer he passit hame belyue.  
 Quhen Sueno hard sic ansuer as he gat,  
 Richt far that tyme displesit wes thairat ; 38,330  
 To Olawes syne send in Norrowa,  
 And in Denmark to Enetus alsua,  
 Commandand thame richt suddanelie, but baid,  
 At thair power the Scottis to invaid.

And so tha did with caruell,<sup>1</sup> bark and barge, 38,335  
 Of mony schip ane greit naving full large,  
 Fra Denmark brocht, and out of Norrowa,  
 In Speyis mouth syne landit on ane da  
 With all thair power into Murraland,  
 Quhair that tha gat na stop nor zit ganestand. 38,340  
 The cuntremen, quhilk for thair danger dred,  
 Richt far awa into the tyme tha fled,  
 With wyffe and barnis, and with thair gude also,  
 That ganand wes that tyme with thame till go.  
 Tha mad monstouris without humanitie, 38,345  
 Quhilk usit hes so greit crudelitie,  
 With greit furor bayth with fyre and blude,  
 In 3oung and ald, in ill and als in gude,  
 That kirk or kirkmen<sup>2</sup> gat of thame no girth,  
 Moir nor the fox that rynnis in the firth. 38,350  
 Ane strang castell biggit of stane and lyme,  
 The quhilk Narmyn wes callit in the tyme,  
 That Danbu[r]g now is callit to the name,  
 So wes it callit that tyme efter thame,  
 With all thair power rycht lang thair tha la, 38,355  
 Seigand that hous; quhill efter on ane da,  
 Ane schew to thame king Malcolme wes rycht neir,  
 With mony knycht all into armour cleir.  
 Quhairof the Danis wes richt weill content,  
 Desyrand feild, battell and tournament, 38,360  
 Tha left the seig and come fordwart on feit,  
 In gude ordour the Scottis for to meit.  
 The Scottis than that cuming war full clois,  
 Vpone ane feild that wes richt neir Kinloss,  
 That samin nycht thair in thair tentis la, 38,365  
 With greit desir, quhill on the morne wes da,  
 With greit curage than bayth of man and cheild,  
 And sic desyre of battell and of feild,

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *cruell*.

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| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *kirkmen or kirk*.

P P



That all the nycht ane wynk tha sleipit nocht  
 For greit desyre that wes into thair thocht. 38,370  
 This king Malcolme the nycht befor he send  
 To the Danis withoutin recommend,  
 Speirand the caus at thame quhairfoir or quhy,  
 To him thair freind, quhilk oft did fortify  
 Sueno thair king quhen that he wes rycht pur, 38,375  
 To wirk on him sic malice and injure.  
 The messinger the Danis tuke full tyte,  
 And hangit him that tyme for greit despyte.  
 That wes the caus, as I haif said befor,  
 All nycht the Scottis maid sic bost and schoir, 38,380  
 So cruell war that tyme to wndertak,  
 For to revenge that greit injure and lak.  
 Syne on the morne quhen that the da wes lycht,  
 Seand the Danis all into thair sicht,  
 In sick ordour as tha war les and moir, 38,385  
 With sick power as tha saw neur befor,  
 Of thair attyre so greit terrour tha tuke,  
 To fecht that da the Scottis all forsuik;  
 Trowand that tyme to cum bot hulie speid,  
 Becaus the Danis did rycht far exceid 38,390  
 That tyme the Scottis into multitude.  
 And for that caus, than schortlie to conclude,  
 Col. 2. The king Malcum that all the fassoun knew,  
 So gude ressoun to thame that tyme he schew,  
 And sic persuasioun that tyme maid thame till, 38,395  
 Quhilk changit hes thair myndis than and will;  
 And causit thame of greit curage to be,  
 With sic desire and animositie,  
 Evin as ane lyoun lowsit out of band,  
 Without ordour or zit ony command, 38,400  
 Vpone the Danis ran into ane race.  
 The Danis than that knew full weill that cace,  
 Thair of that tyme rycht litill aw tha stude,  
 Baid all togidder intill ordour gude.

HOW THE SCOTTIS AND DANIS ENTERIT IN THE  
FEILD, AND HOW THE SCOTTIS TYNT, AND  
HOW THE DANIS PASSIT TO THE SEIG OF  
NORMYN AND WAN IT.

So cruell counter in the tyme tha maid, 38,405  
 Quhill basnetis bricht and mony scheildis braid  
 Raue all in raggis, throw greit strenth and force,  
 And mony knicht wes killit throw the cors;  
 And mony breist rycht bludie maid and bla,  
 And mony heid hackit the bodie fra. 38,410  
 Into that stour ane lang quhile so tha stude,  
 The Danis war than of sic multitude,  
 Ane new power out of ane buss thair brak,  
 In gude ordour behind the Scottis bak,  
 And than the feild agane tha did renew, 38,415  
 At that counter richt mony Scot tha slew.  
 The cruell Scottis pertlie on that plane,  
 Ane rycht lang quhile debaittit hes agane,  
 Quhill king Malcolme into the heid wes hurt,  
 Quhilk in the tyme did him sic noy and sturt, 38,420  
 Agane his will, throw strang hand and force,  
 Out of the feild tha careit him on hors.  
 His helme of steill wes dung so in his heid,  
 That rycht mony suspectit him of deid,  
 Into the tyme that standand war about, 38,425  
 With sic danger or tha nicht draw it out.  
 Out of the feild quhen that tha saw him ryde,  
 The Scottis than na langer thair wald byde;  
 Of his ganging so greitlie wes agast,  
 Out of the feild tha follouit all richt fast, 38,430  
 And thocht that da tha tynt the victorie,  
 That tyme the Danis follouit nocht, for-thi  
 Into that feild loissit sa mony men;  
 Also that tyme it wes richt ill to ken,

To thame quhilk wes into ane vncouth land, 38,435  
 How sone the Scottis mycht haif help at hand.  
 And for that caus the spulze of the feild  
 Tha tuke to thame, syne euerie man and cheild,  
 With all thair power passit hes rycht plane  
 Vnto Nermyn to seige that house agane. 38,440  
 The souledeouris quhen that tha hard and knew  
 Of all the feild the fortoun, as men schew,  
 Gaif ouir the hous that tyme to saif thair lyvis,  
 And all thair gude, thair barnis and thair wyvis,  
 The quhilk the Danis war obleist thairtill. 38,445  
 Syne quhen tha gat the hous into thair will,  
 In raipis rude richt heich attour the wall,  
 Without petie tha hangit thame thair all.  
 Tha faithles folkis for that same darg and deid,  
 Wes quit rycht weill sone efter to thair meid. 38,450  
 Tua strang houssis biggit of stone and lyme,  
 Elgin and Forres, quhilk keipit wes that tyme  
 With greit defence out of the Danis handis,  
 Syne quhen tha knew how all the mater standis  
 Into Nermyn, as tha had hard befor, 38,455  
 Gaif ouir the houssis without bost or schoir,  
 Syne fled ilkone to gude Malcum the king,  
 Quhilk causit thame quhill grene levis did spring  
 Still to remane, as 3e sall efter heir,  
 Quhill the begynnyng of the secund 3eir. 38,460  
 The Danis than, as my author did sa,  
 Ouir all the partis of Morauia,  
 At thair plesour hes passit vp and down,  
 And euirilk strenth with castell, tour and toun,  
 Withoutin sturt or ony stop hes tone, 38,465  
 And stuffit thame into the tyme ilkone,  
 Syne efter that, as my author did sa,  
 Send in Denmark and als in Norrowa,  
 For wyfe and barnis, this is trew I tell,  
 Perpetuallie thair to remane and dwell. 38,470

Lib. 11, f. 173b.  
 Col. 1.

HOW KING MALCOLME AND THE DANIS FEILDIT  
 AGANE, QUHAIR MONY NOBILL SCOT WAR  
 SLANE; AND HOW THE SCOTTIS FLED, AND  
 OF KING MALCOLMIS PRAYAR, AND HOW HE  
 RENEWIT THE FEILD AGANE AND FAUCHT.

Off thair tydenis quhen king Malcolme did heir,  
 In the begynnyng of the secund zeir,  
 Or dreid tha sould get moir help and supple,  
 With all the power that he doucht to be,  
 Syne at Murthtloch thir tua oistis thair met, 38,475  
 Ane toun in Mar quhair that the feild wes set.  
 Quhen ather of vther cuming ar in sicht,  
 With baneris braid and mony basnet bricht,  
 With buglis blast and mony schalmis schill,  
 On euerie syde with egir mynd and will, 38,480  
 So dourlie than ilkone at other drave,  
 Quhill schawis schuke and all the craigis clawe.  
 So doggitlie ilkone at vther dang,  
 Quhill all the rochis round about thame rang,  
 And mony one buir woundis that war wyde, 38,485  
 Sum in the breist, sum in bayth bak and syde,  
 Sum in the halss, and sum into the heid,  
 That mony thousand in the feildis la deid.  
 Thre nobill chiftanis in the samin da,  
 Kenethus ane, that lord wes of Yla, 38,490  
 The secund Gryme, the quhilk wes nothing war,  
 Lord of Stratherne, and Patrik of Dumbar,  
 Lord of that ilk and best of all the thre,  
 The haill vangaird with thir tua gydit he.  
 In the first feild this Patrik of Dumbar, 38,495  
 Gryme and Keneth, quhilk preissit ouir far,  
 Into the feild fechtand agane thair fo,  
 Seand sic chance and fortoun with thame go,  
 As tha suld haif, without ony ganestand,  
 The victorie all haill into thair hand; 38,500

Or euir tha wist tha war circulit about  
 With thair fais, that tha nicht nocht wyn out ;  
 And manfullie tha faucht ane rycht lang space,  
 Quhill tha war slane all thre into that place.  
 The haill vangard quhen that tha saw thame 38,505  
 de,

For feirdnes all out of the feild did fle ;  
 The Danis efter maid ane suddane chace,  
 With greit slauchter into the samin place.  
 This king Malcolme that in the tyme beheild,  
 And saw sa fast tha fled out of the feild, 38,510  
 Fast efter thame he prickit our the plane,  
 With greit tretie to gar thame turne agane,  
 And left his men still fechtand in the feild.

Col. 2.

Ane passage wes that tyme quhair he nicht heild,  
 Richt narrow wes quhair that tha fled all out, 38,515  
 This king Malcolme that stalwart wes and stout,  
 In the passage with drawin sword in hand,  
 Still thair he stude, and maid thame sic demand,  
 Neuir ane of thame he wald lat furth by,  
 Exhortand thame with mony schout and cry 38,520  
 To tak curage, and for to turne agane.

Of Sanct Moloc ane chapell on that plane  
 Neirby him stude, biggit of stane and lyme ;  
 Quhome to this Malcolme luikit in this tyme,  
 And held his handis to the hevin on hicht, 38,525  
 Beseikand God of his greit grace and nicht,  
 And Marie myld, the virgin clene and puir,  
 Of hir bosum qubilk Jesu Christ that buir,  
 And Sanct Moloc his mediator to be,  
 To caus his men no forder for to fle, 38,530  
 Bot turne agane with hartlie mynd and will,  
 And in the tyme sic curage send thame till,  
 Agane thair fais for to mak defence,  
 To halie kirk wirkar of sic violence ;  
 " And heir I vow, as I am leill trew knycht, 38,535  
 " To Sanct Moloc, will thow defend my richt,

" And keip my honour this tyme haill and sound,  
 " Into thi honour ane bishop I sall found,  
 " And big ane kirk of greit auctoritie,  
 " And thow thi self thairof patrone sall be." 38,540  
 Be this wes said he gaif ane cry and schout,  
 " O, ze," he said, "my knychtis bald and stout,  
 " Turne 3ow agane for to debait 3our lyvis,  
 " 3our land, 3our law, 3our barnis, and 3our wyvis;  
 " And ze do so, traist weill as it standis, 38,545  
 " The victorie this da is in oure handis."  
 This beand said, ane rycht greit multitude,  
 Befoir his face into that passage stude,  
 Of stalwart men that war bayth stark and stout,  
 By him that tyme he wald nocht let pas out. 38,550  
 And mony mo war standand on the plane,  
 With greit curage he hes gart turne agane,  
 And maid the Danis for to be agast,  
 Quhilk efter thame that followand war so fast;  
 And suddanelie tha did the feild renew, 38,555  
 At that counter<sup>1</sup> richt mony Dene tha slew.

HOW KING MALCOLME VINCUST THE DANIS, AND  
 SLEW ENETUS THAIR CHIFTANE, AND PARTIT  
 THE SPULZE OF THE FEILD AT HIS PLESOUR.

Than Enetus thair capitane and thair lord,  
 Vpone ane hors, gif that I richt record,  
 With bair visage luikand him about,  
 Of victorie as he than had na dout, 38,560  
 This king Malcolme that wes bayth stout and stuir,  
 With ane bricht brand into his hand he buir,  
 Richt to the schulderis doun he claif his heid,  
 Doun of his hors syne to the grund fell deid.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *tha colister*.

Quhairof the Danis war so basit all, 38,565  
 Deid of his hors quhen that tha saw him fall ;  
 The Scottis als so pertlie turnit agane,  
 And faucht so fast quhill mony Dene war slane ;  
 3it still tha baid at thair defence rycht lang,  
 Quhill that the stour so stalwart wox and 38,570  
 strang,

Sa mony Deyne that da wer maid to de,  
 That force it wes to all the laif to fle.  
 Olawos alss out of the feild he fled,  
 And few feiris with him that tyme he hed ;  
 Syne with his gydis efterwart is gone 38,575  
 Lib. 11, f. 182. In Murralland with all the laif ilkone,  
 Col. 1. Quhilk scantlie war the thrid part of his ost.  
 The laue that da into the feild war lost,  
 Enetus als thair<sup>1</sup> chiftane wes and gyde ;  
 The laif that fled buir werkand woundis wyde. 38,580  
 This king Malcolme gart spy ouir all the plane,  
 And tuke the Scottis in the feild war slane,  
 To Crissin bereis in the tyme thame buir,  
 And put thame all ilkone in sepultuir.  
 Quhen that wes done, the spulze of the feild 38,585  
 Diuydit hes to euerie man and cheild,  
 Baith gude and ill efter his facultie,  
 Richt equallie diuidit than hes he.  
 Postponit syne ontill ane other da,  
 That tyme his passage in Moravia ; 38,590  
 And passit hes with mony bald barroun,  
 In Angus syne richt onto Forfar toun ;  
 And all the wynter thair he did remane  
 With mony lord, quhill symmer come agane.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *than*.

HOW SWENO, KING OF INGLAND AND DENMARK,  
CAUSIT CAMUS, HIS COUSING, CUM IN SCOT-  
LAND WITH ANE GREIT ARMIE AND NAVING  
OF SCHIPPIS, AND HOW KING MALCOLME COME  
TO BARRIE WITH HIS ARMIE, AND OF HIS  
EXHORTATIOUN MAID TO THAME.

This ilk Sueno, of quhome befor I schew, 38,595  
King of Ingland and Denmark, quhen he knew  
Of his armie in Scotland how had sped,  
Doutles that tyme he wes rycht soir adred,  
Or dreid he tynt his honour and his name.  
This king Malcolme wes haldin of greit fame, 38,600  
For greit honour in the feild he wan ;  
So wes the Scottis in that tyme ilk man.  
And to reskew the honour and the gloir,  
That he had tynt into the feild befor,  
Ane greit navin of mony loun full large, 38,605  
Of craik and coluin, of mony bark and barge,  
Furth of Denmark he furneist for till go.  
That samin tyme fra Tymes mouth also,  
Ane<sup>1</sup> other navin that moir large wes,  
To Scotland baith he maid that tyme to pas, 38,610  
For to revenge the greit lak and the schame  
That he had tane, and to reskew his fame.  
Camus his cousing, for most traist that tyde,  
This greit armie he gaif that tyme to gyde.  
Neirby Bamburch, quhair that the tryst wes 38,615  
set,  
Thir tua navingis togidder thair tha met ;  
Syne set thair coursis lustie in the north,  
Quhill that tha come onto the mouth of Forth,  
And saillit vp syne by Sanct Abbis heid.  
Ane hevyning place tha fand syne in that steid, 38,620

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *that*.



Quhair that tha purposit to pas to land ;  
 And thair tha gat sua greit stop and ganestand,  
 Of mony freik befor thame thair than wes,  
 Compellit thame agane bakwart to pas.  
 Tha saillit syne all vp into Inchekeith, 38,625  
 Set sail and raid on ankeris befor Leyth ;  
 And sindrie tymis quhair tha thocht to land,  
 Tha war stoppit than vpoun euerie hand.<sup>1</sup>  
 Out of that place tha saillit on the nycht  
 To the Reid Heid, or that the da wes lycht, 38,630  
 Into Angus without ony ganestand,  
 Neirby Arbroth passit all to land.  
 Syne our all Angus passit vp and down,  
 Bayth kirk and tempill, village and ilk toun,  
 Our all the land that tyme quhair tha did 38,635  
 pas,  
 Tha spulzeit fast, syne brint the toun in ass.  
 Baith preist and clerk, and men of religioun,  
 And 3oung and ald, without ony discretioun,  
 Col. 2. Moir none ane dog that tyme tha sparit nane,  
 In ony steid quhair euir tha war ouirtane. 38,640  
 To Brichin than, quhilk wes ane nobill toun,  
 Of honour, riches, and of greit renoun,  
 Tha passit syne with greit furor and yre,  
 Spulzeit the toun, syne brint it all in fyre ;  
 Except ane stepill quhilk that maid defence, 38,645  
 Baith kirk and queir with so greit violence,  
 And all the toun, tha brint in poulder small,  
 Syne to the ground tha kest down euerilk wall :  
 Except that stepill lute na thing remane  
 Of all that toun, the quhilk sensyne agane 38,650  
 Wes neur befor of sic honour and gloir,  
 Na sic fairnes as that it wes befor.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *heid*.

That samin tyme ane come to thame and tald,  
 With king Malcolme and mony berne full bald  
 Passit was Tay into that samin quhile, 38,655  
 And cumand wes that tyme within ten myle,  
 With far ma folk, and grittar bost and schoir,  
 No euir he had in ony tyme befoir.  
 This ilk Camus, traistand weill that wes trew,  
 Doun to the se neirhand his schippis drew; 38,660  
 Thair by ane toun that callit is Panbryde,  
 He tuke his ludging into the samin tyde.  
 This king Malcolme that wes bayth wyss and  
 wycht,  
 Rycht suddanelie he come that samin nycht,  
 On to ane toun into the samin tyde, 38,665  
 Callit Barrie, bot tua myle fra Panbryde,  
 And thair he maid his ludging all that nycht.  
 Quhill on the morne that it wes fair da lycht,  
 And all the air wes clengit fair and cleir,  
 And birdis singand with ane mirrie cheir, 38,670  
 This king Malcolme, gif I be for till trow,  
 Thir wordis said that I sall sa to 3ow:  
 "O 3e," he said, "my tender freindis deir,  
 "Now in this place ar present with me heir,  
 "I 3ow beseik, think on the laud and gloir 38,675  
 "3e wan with me in the last feild befoir.  
 "Traist weill," he said, "tha ar no better men,  
 "Be gude ressoun as 3e ma rycht weill ken,  
 "So wranguslie into all thing tha wirk,  
 "The ennimeis of God and halie kirk; 38,680  
 "Also to ws withoutin ony caus,  
 "But clame of richt or just titill of lawis,  
 "Waistand oure land of greit crudelitie.  
 "Thairfoir," he said, "traist weill this tyme that  
 we  
 "Hes als greit richt and power in this place, 38,685  
 "Help and supple siclike of Goddis grace,

" In all thing neidfull this tyme les and moir,  
 " As that we had into the feild befoir.  
 " My freindis deir, now traist 3e weill for-thi,  
 " To ws is promittit the victory 38,690  
 " Be gratius God, that knawis richt and wrang."  
 Quhen this wes said his lordis all amang,  
 Of that counsall so greit curage tha tuke,  
 And said ilkone, quhill he his lyfe nicht bruke,  
 He suld be fund rycht fraklie ay thairtill, 38,695  
 At all power richt hartlie with gude will.

HOW THE BATTELL JUNIT,  
 AND EUERIE SOUND SO TUNIT,  
 AND HOW GUDE MALCUM WAN THE FEILD,  
 AND CAMUS STRICKIN DOUN AND KEILD,  
 AND THE REST OF DANIS AT THE CHACE,  
 SLANE SICLIKE BUT ONY GRACE,  
 AND THA THAT WES LEFT VNSLANE,  
 MAID TO THAIR SCHIPPIS WITH ALL THAIR MANE.

Lib.11, f.182 b.  
 Col. 1.

Quhen this was said, the baneris browdin brycht  
 On euerie syde was raisit vpone hicht,  
 Into the air full hie aboue thair heid,  
 The rampand lyoun of ane cullour reid 38,700  
 Into ane feild of birneist gold so bricht,  
 That all the land illumnat with greit licht;  
 And mony standert of rycht staitlie hew,  
 Agane the schyning of the sone that schew.  
 The buglis blew with sic ane busteous beir, 38,705  
 And hornis hie, that hiddeous wes to heir;  
 The schalmis schouttit with so schill ane sound,  
 Quhill all the bruik tha gart agane rebound.  
 The Danis als vpoun the tother syde,  
 With greit power rycht pensit full of pryde; 37,710  
 Quhometo this Camus said with voce full hie,  
 " Other this da heir man we do or de.

" Thair is no help bot all in 3our awin handis,  
 " So far fra hame heir into vncouth landis,  
 " Without refuge or supple in this place, 38,716  
 " Amang the Scottis but mercie or grace."  
 Be this wes said, fra bowmen bald and wicht,  
 Of fedderit flanis flew ane felloun flicht  
 Amang the Danis with sic dyntis dour,  
 That mony ane tha maid full law to lour. 38,720  
 Ay flycht for flicht, als thik as ony snaw,  
 And scharpe as haill, lang in the feild tha flaw;  
 Throw all thair geir that glitterand wes ar gane,  
 Quhair euir tha hit tha bait thame to the bane.  
 Sone efter syne the speiris greit and lang, 38,735  
 Into the feild tha enterit with sic thrang,  
 That mony brak, and all in flenderis flew,  
 Vpone thair birneis that war bricht of hew.  
 With brandis bricht ilkane on vther drave,  
 Quhill breist plait brist and ribbis wnder rave. 37,730  
 Thair mulane melzeis mendit nocht ane myte,  
 Thair brandis brycht so bitterlie did byte.  
 Thir grumis gay in nothir syde agast,  
 Into the feild so lang tha faucht and fast,  
 Quhill all the reuer quhairby than tha stude, 38,735  
 Callit Lochy, it ran all of reid blude.  
 The Danis than for all thair pomp and pryde,  
 Tha had no strenth langar thair to byde;  
 Thair power than wes parit all to nocht  
 And fochin had als lang thair as tha mocht; 38,740  
 Of thame sa mony thair wes maid to de,  
 That force it wes to leif the feild and fle.  
 This ilk Camus out of the feild he fled,  
 The nobillis all with him that tyme he hed,  
 Onto ane montane neirby into sicht; 38,745  
 Bot gude Malcolme he rest him than the hycht,  
 Within tua myle thair wes he stricken down,  
 Into ane place that callit is Camustoun,

And all the laue that wes with him ilkane.  
 In that same place thair standis thair ane stane, 38,750  
 Quhilk baris witnes to that samin deid;  
 Thairon is written, quha lykis to reid,  
 This Camus name, quhilk wnder it dois ly,  
 That callit wes syne Camus-stane for-thi,  
 And langer efter than with the pepill all, 38,765  
 Quhill Camstoun now for moir schortnes tha call.  
 At Abirnyth into that samin quhile,  
 Ane toun fra Brichin standis bot four myle,  
 Quhair that the Danis siclike war ouirtane,  
 And slane also into the tyme ilkane, 38,760  
 Bayth 3oung and ald, but mercie or grace,  
 Siclike ane stane thair standis in that place;  
 Quhairon all man that lykis for to reid,  
 May, and tha will, thair names and thair deid.  
 Syne fordward furth, withoutin ony reskew, 38,765  
 Into that chace richt mony Dane tha slew,  
 Into sum tyme that war bayth bald and wucht,  
 And ceissit neur quhill twynnit thame the nycht.  
 That samin nycht the few Danis that fled,  
 With Scottis gydis in the tyme tha hed, 38,770  
 Quhometo tha gaif greit reward and fe,  
 Rycht secreitlie thame gydit to the se,  
 Into the place quhair that thair schippis la,  
 Syne passit in and tuke the se or da.  
 Vpoun the morne quhen that the day was licht, 38,775  
 And fair Phebus, with mony bemis bricht,  
 Rycht blythlie blenkit our ilk buss and breir,  
 This king Malcolme with mony chevilleir,  
 Into the feild he tuke the narrest way,  
 And all the corsis deid thairin that la, 38,780  
 Of Scottis men, out of the feild hes tane,  
 And bureit thame in kirkis all ilkane.  
 The Danis als, within ane litill space,  
 Gart burne thame all in[to] the samin place

Col. 2.

Quhair tha war slane, ilk ane bayth man and    38,785  
     cheild;  
 Syne all the spulze that wes in the feild,  
 Richt equallie amang thame gart diuyde.  
 Ane fair 3oung man wes callit Keyth that tyde,  
 The quhilk Camus with his awin handis slew,  
 And mony mo, and my author be trew,    38,790  
 So worthely he buir him in that da,  
 That king Malcolme, as my author did sa,  
 With gold and land rewardit him full rycht;  
 Him self also than hes he maid ane knycht.  
 Fra him sensyne ane surname is discendit,    38,795  
 Quhilk in thair tyme thair prince neuir offendit,  
 In sicker stait ay in all tyme tha stude,  
 Quhilk now in Scotland ar greit men of gude,  
 The Erle Merschell of heretage and fe;  
 I pray to God that rycht lang so he be.    38,800

HOW THE REST OF THE DANIS SUPPONIT TO SAILL  
 TO MURRALAND AND WAR DREVIN BE FORCE  
 OF CONTRARIE WYNDIS IN CATNES, AND HOW  
 THA WAR SLANE THAIR.

Syne the nixt morne the Danis that war fled,  
 Onto the se with all thair raipis red  
 Wand saill to top, and saillit syne fra hand  
 To Olawaus quhilk wes in Murraland.  
 Neptunus than the goddis of the se,    38,805  
 And Eolus quhilk blew his horne so hie,  
 That samin tyme within four dais or fyve,  
 In Catnes all tha maid thame till arryve  
 Vpoun ane cost quhilk wes to thame vncouth,  
 Without ane havin or 3it ane reuer mouth.    38,810  
 And had nocht bene sa mony buss and beuch,  
 Quhairby thair towis that war lang and teuch

Tha festnit fast, that grew neir hand the cost,  
 But ony lat tha had bene ilk ane lost.  
 For storme that tyme into the se that wes, 38,815  
 Out of that place ane lang tyme mycht nocht pas,  
 Quhill that thair victuall wer consumit haill,  
 And tha for falt wer like all for to faill.  
 Fyve hundreth men with bow, buklar and brand,  
 Furth haif tha send to fetche fra the west land 38,820  
 Nolt or scheip quhair that tha mycht be sene,  
 Or ony thing thair lyvis to sustene.  
 The cuntrie men that duelt that tyme neirby,  
 At thair cuming gaif mony schout and cry.  
 The lord of Catnes callit Mernacus, 38,825  
 With greit power, my storie tellis thus,  
 Richt suddantlie that tyme he come thame till,  
 And stoppit thame thair purpois to fulfill.  
 Hago that tyme thair chiftane chevalrus,  
 Most principall the quhilk wes next Camus, 38,830  
 Quhen that he saw the Scottis cumand sua,  
 Rycht fast he fled and gart thame leif the pra.  
 On to ane hill ascendit vp ilkane,  
 Quhair that thair stude ane mekle carne of stane;  
 And thair tha stude rycht lang at thair defence, 38,835  
 Castand greit stonis with sic violence,  
 That mony Scot tha hurt that tyme and slew.  
 This Mernacus seand tha war so few,  
 His men that tyme rycht soir that he hes blamit,  
 And cryand, fy! sayand tha war all schamit, 38,840  
 To lat sa few mak sic defence so lang,  
 And thoill of thame so greit injure and wrang.  
 At his wordis, als het as ony fyre,  
 The Scottis grew in sic anger and yre,  
 All vp the hill ascendit with ane schout, 38,845  
 And circulit hes the Danis round about,  
 Than peltit on thair powis ane lang space,  
 Quhill tha war slane ilkone in that same place.

Lib. 11, f. 183,  
 Col. 1.

Syne all the laue vpone the se that la;  
 To thame thair come into that samin da 38,850  
 Ane man, and schew how all the laue had sped;  
 Quhairof that tyme tha war so soir adred,  
 Without tarie or ony moir demand  
 Tha passit all syne into Murraland  
 To Olawus into the tyme, and schew 38,855  
 Sic aventure wes hapnit of the new,  
 And of thair fortoun also in the feild,  
 Sa mony men thairin as tha had keild,  
 Vpone ane sand liggand be the se cost,  
 And gude Camus thair chiftane thair wes lost. 38,860

HOW THAIR COME ANE NEW POWER OF DANIS  
 AGANE IN SCOTLAND, SEND BE SUENO THAN  
 KING OF INGLAND.

Quhen this Olawus knew sic thing and kend,  
 Ilk word be word to Sueno sone he send  
 Into Ingland, and schew to him than how,  
 Baith les and moir as I haif schawin 3ow.  
 This ilk Sueno, baith furius and fell, 38,865  
 Quhen he thir tydenis in the tyme hard tell,  
 Out of his wit neir wod as he wald go,  
 Into his mynd revolwand to and fro  
 To be revengit thair of and he mocht.  
 Syne at the last he slaikit hes his thocht, 38,870  
 And in Denmark hes send agane full sone  
 On to Canutus and schew how all wes done,  
 His bruther germane in the tyme that wes,  
 Commandand him rycht sone that he suld pas  
 With all his power that tyme to the se, 38,875  
 Into Scotland for to revengit be  
 Of his deir cousing, hecht Camus, thair wes slane,  
 And mony thousand come neur hame agane.



This ilk Canutus quhilk keipit his command,  
 Fra Norrowa, Denmark, and als Gotland, 33,880  
 In bark and barg, and mony ballingar,  
 Tha tuke the se with anker, saill and air.  
 Baith da and nycht befor the wynd is gone,  
 Quhill that tha come in Scotland syne ilkone,  
 Into Buchane quhill that tha all tuke land 33,885  
 By the se cost vpoun ane richt far sand.  
 Syne round about our all the land tha zeid,  
 With fyre and blude tha landis all on breid;  
 Bayth tour and toun tha landis tha come to,  
 Tha waistit all as tha war wont to do. 33,890

HOW KING MALCOLME AND THE NEW POWER OF  
 DANIS MET AGANE, AND GREIT SLAUCHTER ON  
 EUERIE SYDE, AND HOW THE DANIS FLED  
 AND SEND FOR PEAX.

Col. 2. And king Malcolme quhen he thair cuming  
 knew,  
 Into the tyme as suith men to him schew,  
 He maid no tarie nother nycht nor da,  
 Quhill that he come quhair that the Danis la.  
 Becaus he thocht, as semit to be trew, 33,895  
 Greit perrell wes with hail power [to] persew  
 Into the feild with mort battell agane,  
 Sua mony men befor of his wes slane.  
 And for that caus ane lang quhile thair he la,  
 With greit scrymmyng and carmusche euerie da, 33,900  
 Quhill that his men war gatherit all him till.  
 Syne on ane da, all in ane mynd and will,  
 Richt furebund, than bayth on fit and hors  
 Tha tuke the feild thir freikis with grit force,  
 With all thair power pertlie on the plane, 33,905  
 And suappit on quhill mony ane wes slane.

Tha bernis big sa baldlie all tha baid,  
 On euerilk syde so greit slauchter wes maid,  
 That pitie wes other to heir or se  
 On euerilk syde sa mony nobill de. 38,910  
 Quha had bene thair that tyme tha mycht haif sene  
 Thair blude like burnis rynnand on the grene,  
 That all the strandis neirby quhair tha stude,  
 Lyke ony burne abundit all with blude.  
 The Kent men, that war baith stiff and cald, 38,915  
 La deid als thik as euir la scheip in fald.  
 Syne at the last the stour it wox so strang,  
 This Canutus, quhilk fouchin had so lang,  
 And of his folk levand war than so few,  
 Seand his fa sa pertlie him persew, 38,920  
 With the small power in the tyme he hed,  
 Turnit his bak out of the feild and fled.  
 The Scottis than, quhilk war neirby confoundit,  
 Mony war slane and mony rycht ill woundit,  
 And fouchin had so lang into that place, 38,925  
 Forder on fit nicht noch[t] follow on the chace;  
 And in the tyme had bled so mekle blude,  
 Into that place thairfoir stane still tha stude.  
 The Danis all that fled out of the feild,  
 So werie war that waponis mycht nocht weild; 38,930  
 Als in the tyme tha war so farlie few,  
 Dreidand the Scottis suld thame sone persew,  
 On to ane forrest that wes neir besyde  
 Tha bownit thame all nycht thairin to hyde.  
 And thair tha la with greit dolour and dreid, 38,935  
 With bludie woundis opnit out on breid,  
 Quhill on the morne that tha mycht ken the da;  
 And quhen tha saw tha mycht not wyn awa,  
 Bot gif it war debaittit with thair handis,  
 Seand that tyme in sic danger it standis, 38,940  
 This Canutus foroutin ony leis,  
 Send to the king beseikand him for peice,

With quhat conditioun plesit him to haue ;  
 Except his lyfe and honour for to saue,  
 He countit nocht for gold or other geir, 38,945  
 To mak an end of all that stryfe and weir.  
 Quhairof king Malcolme wes rycht weill content,  
 So wes the laue with all thair haill consent,  
 For till be quyte of all thair wrak and wrang,  
 And greit injure hes wrocht on thame so lang, 38,950  
 In tyme to cum for spilling of moir blude ;  
 Als in the tyme rycht weill he wnderstude,  
 So many men war loissit in that weir,  
 And greit riches of gold and vther geir,  
 In tyme to cum tha mycht nocht weill defend 38,955  
 For falt of men and money for to spend,  
 And for that caus rycht weill content wes he  
 For to mak peax and lat all weiris be.

Lib. 11, f. 183b.  
 Col. 1.

HOW PEAX WAS MAID BETWIX THE SCOTTIS AND  
 THE DANIS.

Off this fassoun as 3e sall heir but leis,  
 Betwix thame tua that tyme thair wes maid 38,960  
 peice ;  
 That all the Danis into Murra land,  
 And Buchane als, withoutin ony ganestand,  
 Sall pass thair wa and leve that land als fre,  
 Befoir that tyme as it wes wont to be,  
 And neuir agane the Scottis to invaid. 38,965  
 Siclike to thame the Scottis also maid  
 Ane obleissing, the quhilk be than richt trew,  
 With mort battell tha sould neuir thame persew ;  
 In tyme to cum thair gude freindis to be,  
 Aganis thame make no help nor supple 38,970  
 With no natioun, to do thame lak or skayth :  
 Of this conditioun content than war tha bayth.

The second was, that all the place and plane,  
 Into the feild quhair all the Danis war slane,  
 That king Malcolme of his auctoritie, 38,975  
 Suld caus that place all dedicat to be,  
 And big ane kirk, and feft preistis to pray  
 For all thair soullis ay quhill Dumisday:  
 For-quhy the Danis all, baith les and moir,  
 Had tane the faith bot laitlie of befor: 38,980  
 Off this conditioun than tha haif maid pece.  
 The Danis all syne tuke thair leve but leis,  
 And ilkane yther hes tane be the hand;  
 Syne with the laue that wes in Murraland,  
 Vpoune ane da tha fuir all to the fame, 38,985  
 Befoir the wynd in Denmark syne past hame.  
 This wes the end of gude Malcolmus weir;  
 Fra that tyme furth tha did him no moir deir.

HOW KING MALCOLME FOUNDIT ANE KIRK  
 QUHAIR THE DANIS THAT WAR SLANE WAR  
 BUREIT; AND HOW HE CAUSIT THE KIRKMEN  
 AND CLERGIE CONVENE ANE COUNSALL FOR  
 REFORMATION OF ALL FALTIS, AND GUDE  
 ORDOUR TO BE TANE THAIRIN.

Syne in the feild ane kirk he hes gart found,  
 And dedicat it into ane compas round, 38,990  
 About the kirk into ane cirkill braid;  
 Olawus syne to thame patroun he maid  
 Of that same kirk quhair bureit war tha men,  
 Quhilk at this da is callit now Crowden:  
 That is to say in this langage perqueir, 38,995  
 The Danis slauchter, quha lykis to heir.  
 This beand done, withoutin ony moir,  
 The kirkis all distroyit war befor  
 Be the Danis, he hes gart big ilkane  
 Farar befar of lyme and poleist stane; 39,000

And euerie village, tour and toun also,  
 He hes gart big, and mony vther mo.  
 Syne to the clergie he gaif than command,  
 With all the prelattis that war in the land,  
 Into Bartha, of quhome befoir I spak, 39,006  
 Ane generall counsall in the tyme to mak;  
 To clenge the kirk of all vices and cryme,  
 And to reforme all faltis in the tyme,  
 For to fulfill the lawis les and moir,  
 Be halie faderis that war maid befoir; 39,010  
 And caus the kirkmen of sick lyfe to be,  
 Be gude exempill and auctoritie,  
 Siclike be ressoun as tha sucht to haue,  
 That tha ma be exempill to the laue;  
 Quhilk suld haif knowledge of ill and gude to 39,015  
 ken,  
 And teich the lawis to wnletterit men,  
 With gude exempill baith in word and werk,  
 Quhilk is the office of all preist and clerk.

HOW KING MALCOLME CONVENTIT ANE COUNSALL  
 IN SCONE, AND REWARDIT HIS LIEGIS  
 HONESTLIE; AND HOW THE LORDIS GRANTIT  
 THAIR WARDIS, RELEIFFIS, AND MARIAGIS TO  
 VPHALD AND HONOUR THE KING.

Quhen this was done and brocht all till effect,  
 This gude Malcolme that tyme wald nocht 39,020  
 neglect  
 His liegis all that tyme bayth les and moir,  
 Sa oft with him had bene in feild befoir,  
 And sufferit had greit travell, skayth and pane,  
 And tha also that had their freindis slane,  
 For thair reward he hes diuysit sone 39,026  
 Ane generall counsall for to hald in Scone,

For to diuyss with his auctoritie,  
 How euerie man rewardit than suld be.  
 And so he thoch[t] his pepill all to pleis,  
 So lang befoir had bene at grit vneis. 39,030  
 Syne into Scone, quhair that the tryist wes set,  
 With all his lordis in conventioun met,  
 Quhair that he gaif to euerie lord and laird,  
 As did effeir to haif for his reward;  
 And all vther efter his nobill deid, 39,035  
 His landis all that war of lenth and breid,  
 Except small rent his houshald to sustene,  
 To euerie man, as my author did mene,  
 Gaiff in reward, the quhilk wes nocht to crave,  
 To euerie man as he wes worth to haue. 39,040  
 And euerilk man ane barroun than he maid,  
 To quhome he gaif thairof his landis braid,  
 Without exceptione bayth to ane and aw,  
 With sic power to execute the law,  
 Be court and plane as vsit in thir dais; 39,045  
 And all siclike, as that my author sais,  
 Of priuiledge as barronis vsis now,  
 Wes maid that tyme as I haif said to 3ow.  
 Considerit than wes with the lordis all  
 The kingis rent our sober wes and small, 39,050  
 Vnsufficient ane king for to sustene  
 In sick honour befoir [that] tha haif bene;  
 And for that caus, sen he wes thair cheif,  
 Tha maid till him all wardis and releif  
 Of euerie land, as I haif said to 3ow, 39,055  
 And mariage as tha ar vsit now.  
 With wit, wisdom, thus, and liberalitie,  
 He maid ilkman rich[t] weill content [to] be.

OFF THE LAW, ORDINANCE, AND ORDOUR OF  
OFFICIARIS, THAIR REWARD AND FE.

That samin tyme, as that my author sais,  
He maid the law quhilk keipit is thir dais 39,080  
Of ordinance in houshold with the king,  
Ilk officiar and als all vther thing,  
Thair name, thair office and auctoritie;  
And for thair seruice thair reward and fe,  
Of euerilk office, baith in hall and bour, 39,065  
Quhilk keipit is vnchangit to this hour,  
In forme and effect siclike as tha war than,  
In nothing changit sen tha first began.

HOW KING MALCOLME FOUNDIT ANE KIRK IN  
WIRSCHIP OF SANCT MOLOC, AND DOITTIT TO  
IT MONY LANDIS, AND THAIREFTER LEVIT  
LANG IN PEICE AND REST.

Quhen all sic thing wes with sic wisdome wrocht,  
The vow he maid that tyme forzet he nocht 39,070  
To Sanct Moloc in sic necessitie,  
Lib.11, f.184. Befoir at Murthlocht maid him sic supple,  
Col. 1. Aganis the Danis laitlie as I schew.  
This gude Malcome thair foundit of the new  
Ane plesand kirk of poleist stane and lyme, 39,075  
Ane bischopis sait maid eft[er] in the tyme.  
And all the land betuix Die and Spey,  
He gaif thairtill withoutin ony pley,  
With mony kirk and mony barony,  
In that same land that lyis neirhand by. 39,080  
This ilk bischop, as that my author sais,  
Than Murthlesens was callit in tha dais;  
Sone efter syne, siclike as he did mene,  
He callit wes bischop of Abirdene.

The first bischop that euir wes of that seit,	39,085
Wes Beanus, als my storie dois treit ;	
Ane halie man, as now my author grantis,	
And numberit now in hevin amang the sanctis.	
In halie kirk we sing of him and sa,	
Ilk 3eir by 3eir vpone his offerand da.	39,090
All beand done as I haif said 3ow heir,	
This gude Malcome rycht lang and mony 3eir,	
At peax and rest with greit prosperitie,	
With his liegis in greit tranquillitie,	
His kinrik ay foroutin ony cryme,	39,095
Fra that tyme furth he gydit all his tyme,	
And als befoir, as it wes rycht weill kend,	
Fra the begynnyng to the latter end.	
Thocht sum man said, quhilk semis weill to be	
Of lytill fece or 3it auctoritie,	39,100
As I can nocht trow sic [ane] thing wes trew,	
In to his eild to sic auerice he drew,	
With sic horror that I can nocht rehers,	
No 3it with plesour put this tyme in vers.	
For-quhy I traist, as semis weill to me,	39,105
For puir invy that it sould fenzeit be,	
Becaus he wes of justice so extreme ;	
Be all ressonne I can na vther deme,	
So gude ane king as he wes in his dais,	
So godlie als, as that my author sais,	39,110
So just, so leill, so full of libertie,	
Wes neuir 3it nor neuir 3it salbe,	
To all this warld as it is rycht weill kend,	
So just ane man without ane blissit end.	
Semdill is sene, quhair euir men ryde or sail,	39,115
Ane lamb to haif ane fraudfull fox[is] tail,	
Quhilk salbe sene als sone, sa Christ me saue,	
As vertuous men ane wickit end to haue.	
Vnsemand is to wryt in ony storie,	
Quhilk sould remane ay efter in memorie,	39,120



For no relatioun other ald or new,  
 Without it be apperand to be trew,  
 Or dreid men sa it be for greit invie.  
 Of gude Malcome siclike this tyme trow I,  
 For caus sumtyme he wairnit thame thair will, 39,125  
 Thairfoir of him that gart thame speik sic ill;  
 As weill ma be, he that that storie drew  
 Louit him nocht, as I traist weill wes trew,  
 For sum displesour he had done befoir  
 To him or his, other les or moir; 39,130  
 Quhilk causit<sup>1</sup> him so far than for to fenze,  
 Suppois he had bot litill caus to plenze.  
 And how it wes, as my author said me,  
 Heir sall I tell, judge ze the veritie,  
 Bot I myself can nocht traist it be trew. 39,135  
 Into his age to sic auerice he drew,  
 That he forthocht in the tyme full soir  
 All the reward that he had giffin befoir,  
 Becaus he wes in his substance so<sup>2</sup> thyn,  
 Fenzeand ane caus quhair riches wes to wyn, 39,140  
 And rakkit nocht, suppois it wes nocht trew,  
 Col. 2. With colorit law rycht mony saikles slew,  
 And mony als put to perpetuall pane,  
 His land and riches to recouer agane.  
 Quhairfoir the lordis, my author did tell, 39,145  
 Conventioun maid and thocht for to rebell  
 Agane Malcome, that wes thair prince and king,  
 So vertuous wes in mony sindrie thing.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *tyme of*.

| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *to*.

HOW GUDE KING MALCOLME WAS SLANE, AND  
HOW THA THAT SLEW HIM ENDIT, AND OF HIS  
BURIALL IN IONA YLE.

That samin tyme in Glames on ane nycht,  
This ilk Malcolme lang or the da wes lycht, 89,150  
Freindis of thame be justice he had slane  
Into his chalmer enterit with ane trane  
Be his seruandis, as that my author schew,  
And in his bed this king Malcolme tha slew,  
Syne staw away quhen that the deid wes done. 89,155  
On fit and hors syne war tha socht full sone,  
Quhilk wes in wynter in ane kne deip snaw,  
Quhairfor the way wes wnreddie to knaw.  
Thir murderaris than for thair deid that dred,  
With so greit haist into the tyme tha fled, 89,160  
And tha that tyme war nocht rycht weill be-  
knawin,

The snaw also leit nocht the gait be schawin,  
Or euir tha wist on Forres loch tha ran,  
Wnder the ische syne drownit thair ilkman.  
Lang efter syne quhen that the ise wes fawin, 89,165  
Thir deid bodeis out of the loch wer drawin,  
And on ane gallous hangit syne rycht he,  
Ane weill lang tyme that mony man mycht se ;  
Syne of the gallous efter war tane doun  
And quarterit war, and send to euerie toun 89,170  
Of sum ane leg, and other sum ane arme,  
To represent the greit tressone and harme,  
Tha[t] tha had done with sic crudelitie,  
And till all vther exempill to be,  
In tyme to cum to wirk sic violence, 89,175  
As to put handis in ony king or prince.  
The 3eir of God ane thousand and fourtie,  
And of his ring als threttie wes gone by,  
With greit murnyng than bayth of riche and puir,  
In Iona Yle wes put in sepulture. 89,180

As for his deid I traist weill it wes trew,  
 Be sick tressoun as that the storie schew,  
 And for sick also rycht weill trow I,  
 He wes so just and for na vther quhy,  
 Sum of thair clan that of thair deid thocht 39,185  
     schame,  
 To clenge the laif of sic tressoun and blame,  
 Rycht subtile hes fenzeit sic ane caus,  
 Sayand it wes for breking of the lawis.  
 As mister is sum sonze to be hed,  
 Quhen that ane barne befillit hes the bed, 39,190  
 With so greit schame dar nother speik or luke.  
 Loving to God heir endis the elevint buik.

Lib. 12, f. 184b.  
 Col. 1.

HOW DUNCANE, OY TO GUDE KING MALCOLME,  
 WAS CROWNIT KING EFTER HIM, AND OF HIS  
 DEIDIS; AND HOW BANQUHO WAS SEND TO  
 MAKDOUALD WITH MAKCOBEY, AND OF THAIR  
 DEIDIS.

Efter the deith of gude Malcolme the king,  
 Duncane<sup>1</sup> his oy succedit to his ring,  
 His dochteris sone, be my author to trow, 39,195  
 Quhilk weddit wes with the Abthan of Dow,  
 That all the Ylis had also in cuir.  
 This ilk ladie Duncane to him scho buir,  
 Quhilk crownit wes vpoun the marbell stone,  
 With haill consent of euerie lord ilkone. 39,200  
 The secund dochter of gude Malcolme the king,  
 The Thane of Glames weddit with ane ring,  
 That Makcobey, quhilk wes bayth strang and  
     stuir,  
 This ilk ladie to that same lord scho buir;  
 Of quhome efter within ane litill space, 39,205  
 I<sup>2</sup> sall schaw zow quhen I haif tyme and place.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Donald*.

| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *And*.

This king Duncane so arch ane man wes he,  
 Meticulus without strenuetie,  
 So mercifull into justice and law,  
 That his liegis stude of him lytill aw. 39,210  
 To reif or steill tha sparit nocht that tyme,  
 Wes no punitioun for sic deid or cryme;  
 That euerie man, at his plesour and will,  
 Did as him list than vther gude or ill.  
 Ane man of gude, my author tellis so, 39,215  
 The quhilk to name wes callit than Banquho,  
 Off blude royall ane nobill man wes he,  
 So hapnit him in Lochquhaber to be,  
 Gatherand the kingis fermis and his maill,  
 That samin tyme withoutin ony fail, 39,220  
 To him tha did richt greit injure and wrang,  
 Reft him his geir and put him self in thrang;  
 Scant with his lyfe he chaipit than awa.  
 Quhen he come hame, as my author did sa,  
 Befoir the king and all the lordis schew 39,225  
 Ilk word by word as hapnit on the new.  
 The king, thairof the quhilk wes nocht content,  
 Richt suddantlie ane herald to thame sent,  
 Commandand thame to cum, bayth ane and aw,  
 Befoir the king thair for to thoill the law; 39,230  
 The quhilk herald, as that my author schew,  
 Rycht cruellie that samin tyme tha slew.  
 To be revengit of that lak and schame,  
 Ane nobill man, callit Malcolme to name,  
 The king hes send with haill auctoritie, 39,235  
 Of that injuris for to revengit be.  
 Of thir tratouris of quhome befor I tald,  
 Ane bellomye wes callit Makdouald,  
 With greit power into the samin quhile,  
 Of Lorne, Lochquhaber, and also of Argyle, 39,240  
 And of the Ylis in the samin tyme,  
 Quhilk counsallouris befor wes of that cryme,

And gaif this Malcolme battell on ane plane,  
 Quhair that the maist part of his men war slane;  
 Him self also wes tane into the steid, 39,245  
 Syne efterwart put cruellie to deid.  
 Quhen all the cace syne of this cruell cryme,  
 To king Duncane wes schawin in the tyme,  
 So full of dreid and dred [he] wes that da,  
 Scant[lie] he wist ane word than quhat to sa. 39,250  
 And suddantlie ane counsall he gart call,  
 Exponand syne the caus befor thame all,  
 And of thair counsall hes diuysit sone,  
 Into that cace quhat best is to be done;  
 And euerie man, ay as he vnderstude, 39,255  
 Gaif his counsall apperand to be gude.  
 This Makcobey, of quhome befor I tald,  
 Ane berne he wes richt bellicois and bald,  
 Befor the king that tyme he tuke on hand,  
 Plesit his grace for to resing that land 39,260  
 To him that tyme, with haill auctoritie,  
 And to Banquho his collig: for to be,  
 Of quhilk Banquho I schew 3ow of befor,  
 He maid ane vow withoutin ony moir,  
 Col. 2. This Makdounald, for all his freindis feid, 39,265  
 To bring to him sone other quick or deid.  
 Thairof the king wes rycht hartlie content,  
 And suddanelie thir samin tua he sent  
 With greit power, syne efter on ane da,  
 Quhill that tha come into Lochquhabria. 39,270  
 The men of gude that wes with Makdounald,  
 Of his cuming fra tyme that tha hard tald,  
 For feir of him so soir that tyme tha dred,  
 Richt far awa in sindrie partis fled,  
 For the most part that men of gude war all, 39,275  
 And left Makdounald with ane power small.  
 Syne efterwart, the quhilk to him wes force,  
 With Makcobene, bayth on fit and hors,

He faucht in feild vpone ane plesand plane,  
 For the maist part quhair all his men war 39,280  
 slane ;

Him self also, with few feiris that tyde,  
 Fled to ane castell that wes neir besyde.  
 This Makcobene fast followit with gude will,  
 And suddantlie he laid ane seig thairtill.  
 This Makdouald rycht weill that tyme he knew, 39,285  
 And Makcobene lang seiging wald persew,  
 Magree his will that he wald win that hous,  
 Thairfoir to him without ony rebous,

Richt suddantlie ane seruand he hes send  
 To Makcobene, the quhilk hes maid him kend, 39,290

This Makdouald, and he wald saue his lyfe,  
 His barnis als, his seruandis and his wyfe,  
 Into the tyme without stop or ganestand  
 He suld resing the hous into his hand.

For Makcobene thairto wald nocht consent, 39,295  
 This Makdouald, rycht cruell of intent,

Agane his will or dreid he suld be tone,  
 Baith wyfe and barnis in the tyme ilkone,  
 Rycht cruellie with his awin handis slew,  
 And syne him self, as my author me schew, 39,300

He slew also into the samin tyme :

So endit he committit had sic cryme.

This Makcobene at greit lasar and lenth,  
 Syne take the hous that wes of so grit strenth,  
 This Makdouald quhair he fand lyand deid, 39,305

Quhomeof that he hes gart stryke [of] the heid ;

The bodie syne he hes gart hyng rycht he  
 Vpoune ane gallous that all man mycht se.

The heid to Bertha till the king he send,  
 And all the laif, quhair tha war knawin and 39,310  
 kend,

He puneist hes ilkone as tha maid caus ;  
 So just he wes to execute the lawis.

Quhen this wes done tha weiris all did ceis,  
 And all Scotland wes in gude rest and peice;  
 Quhill efterwart, as I sall to 3ow tell, 39,315  
 Sic aventur as in Ingland befell.  
 Schort quhile befoir, as I schew to 3ow than,  
 This king Sueno, the quhilk that Ingland wan,  
 Thre sonis had rycht plesand and preclair;  
 His eldest sone quhilk wes his lauchtfull air, 39,320  
 Heraldus hecht, as 3e sall vnderstand,  
 Efter his deid he maid king of Ingland.  
 The secund sone, that callit wes Sueno,  
 Siclike of Norrawa maid him king also.  
 Qnwtus the thrid and last of his offspring, 39,325  
 That 3oungest wes, of Denmark he maid king.  
 Than king Eldreid, of quhome befoir spak I,  
 The quhilk Sueno baneist in Normondy,  
 Quhair he remanit ay still in that steid  
 Onto the tyme that this Sueno wes deid; 39,330  
 Syne in the thrid 3eir of Heraldus ring,  
 Quhilk efter him of Ingland that wes king,  
 Come hame agane with pover of the new,  
 And in the feild this ilk Herald he slew,  
 And conqueist hes his kinrik and his ring. 39,335  
 Kneutus that tyme of Denmark that wes king,  
 Quhen that he knew how his bruther wes alane,  
 Withoutin rest no langar wald remane,  
 With greit power he come into Ingland.  
 Sone efter syne, as 3e sall vnderstand, 39,340  
 This ilk Eldreid in plane battell he slew,  
 And occupyit all Ingland of the new.  
 Eldredus sone neirby that samyn tyde,  
 Quhilk callit wes Edmound of Irnesyid,  
 That samin tyme with greit power and mycht 39,345  
 Agane Canutus to reskew his richt,  
 And to reveng his fatheris deid also,  
 He tuik the feild aganis him for till go.

Lib.12, f.185.  
 Col. 1.

With bernis bald that waponis weill culd weild,  
 On euerie syde tha stude in rayit feild, 39,350  
 Reddie to fecht thir freikis that war fell.  
 This ilk Edmound, as my author did tell,  
 Vnto his strenth so greit credence he gaif,  
 Of Canutus desyrand for to haif  
 Singular battell betuix thame hand for hand, 39,355  
 And all the laif still in array to stand,  
 And tha to fecht in middis of the feild,  
 Betuix thair oistis thair with speir and scheild,  
 And nocht to spill so mekill blude, for-thi  
 Quhilk of thame tua that wan the victory, 39,360  
 Without demand to bruke Ingland for eur :  
 Cheis him, he said, quhilk of thame he had  
 lever,  
 Hand for hand with him in battell go,  
 Or ost for ost gif he wald nocht do so.  
 This Canutus thairof wes weill content ; 39,365  
 Syne suddanelie of ilk syde with consent,  
 Thir beirnis bald that waponis weill culd weild,  
 Betuix thair men in middis of the feild,  
 Ane lang quhile faucht quhill tha wox irk and  
 tyrit ;  
 Syne at the last this ilk Kneutus desyrit 39,370  
 This ilk Edmound to ho and hald his hand,  
 To heir his talk ane litle quhile and stand.  
 This ilk Edmound agane said, " With gude will."  
 This wes the talk quhilk that he said him till :  
 " Gif plesis the this kinrik to diuyde 39,375  
 " Betuix ws tua rycht equalie this tyde,  
 " Quhairthrow all wrang and sic weiris ma ceis,  
 " Syne euirmoir to leif in rest and peice,  
 " And leif sic battell and sic tornament."  
 This ilk Edmound thairof wes weill content ; 39,380  
 Syne suddantlie befor thair men ilkone,  
 Ather hes other intill armes tone,



And maid freindschip without impediment;  
 The laif thair of war all hartlie content.  
 Betuix thame tuo the kinrik to diuyde, 39,385  
 The southmest part la narrest France that tyde,  
 This ilk Canutus gat than to his dail,  
 The tother part this Edmound gat alhaill.  
 Emma, the wyfe of Eldred last gone by,  
 The dukis dochter wes of Normondy, 39,390  
 His latter wyfe, to him tua sonnis buir,  
 In Ingland than the quhilk scho had in cuir,  
 Alarud and 3oung Edward also,  
 Seand sic peax betuix thir kingis tuo,  
 Scho take hir leif that samin tyme for-thy, 39,395  
 With baith hir sonis passit in Normondy:  
 Col. 2. And thair scho did with hir father remane,  
 Come neuir in Ingland 3it sensyne agane.

HOW SUENO, KING OF NORROWA, PURPOSIT IN  
 INGLAND TO VISIE HIS BRUTHER CANUTUS,  
 AND THAIREFTER COME IN SCOTLAND; AND  
 HOW KING DUNCANE MET HIM WITH GREIT  
 POWER AT CULROIS.

Canutus bruther, callit wes Sueno,  
 Of Norroway king, my author sais so, 39,400  
 And eldar als, befor as I 3ow schew,  
 In that same tyme quhen he perfetlie knew  
 How Canutus, than 3oungar wes no he,  
 Into Ingland had sic auctoritie,  
 For to be equall with him in impyre, 39,405  
 This ilk Sueno that tyme had greit desyre.  
 Quhairfoir he set ane naving to the se,  
 With all the power that he doucht to be,  
 With plane purpois to pas into Scotland;  
 Trowand that tyme, but stop or 3it ganestand, 39,410

For to subdew at his plesour and will  
 Scotland alhail, and ilkman thairintill.  
 Syne on the [se] with mony bark and barge,  
 And saillit on ane lang tyme and ane large,  
 Quhill that tha enterit in the water of Forth. 39,415  
 Syne on the syde that narrest wes the north,  
 Tha saw most ganand for to tak the land;  
 And so tha did withoutin ony ganestand  
 In that same place, gif that I rycht suppois,  
 Quhair standis now the abba of Culrois. 39,420  
 Fra thair euming wes to king Duncane tald,  
 Without respect no langar tarie wald,  
 He come and met thame with ane greit armie  
 Of all the power that he doucht to be.

HOW KING DUNCANE MAID BATTELL WITH SUENO,  
 KING OF NORROWAY.

And Makcobey the vangard had to gyde; 39,425  
 Banquho the wyng vpoun the tother syde.  
 Duncane him self into the middill ward,  
 With mony lord wes gydar of that gaird.  
 In that same place of quhome befoir I schew,  
 Rycht mony standart wes of staitlie hew, 39,430  
 And mony baner that war brodin bricht,  
 Aboue thair heid war haldin vpon hicht:  
 And mony pynsall payntit wer full proude,  
 And mony bugill that war blawand loude,  
 And mony trumpet into sindrie tune, 39,435  
 Sum into bas, and sum in alt abone.  
 With felloun force thir freikis syne tuke feild,  
 And knokit on quhill [mony] knycht wes keild;<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *knychtheid than kneild*.

And mony berne, with bludie woundis reid,  
 On euery syde that samin da la deid. 39,440  
 Still that tha faucht quhill cuming wes the nycht;  
 The Scottis than, becaus tha wantit licht,  
 Tha drew abak all intill ordour gude;  
 Siclike the Danis than in ordour stude,  
 Neirby the feild as my author recordia. 39,445  
 This king Duncane, throw counsall of his lordis,  
 That samin nycht skaillit his oist on da,  
 And syne him self to Bartha tuke the wa.  
 This Makcobey, quhilk wes for to commend,  
 For new power on the north he send, 39,450  
 And mony vther in that tyme betuene;  
 Lib.12, f.185b. Syne set ane da quhen tha sould all convene,  
 Col. 1. And he and Banquho in the samin tyde,  
 Quhill that tha come, baith in Bartha suld byde.  
 The Danis quhilk<sup>1</sup> stude on thair feit all nycht, 39,455  
 Bydand for battell quhill the da wes licht,  
 Syne on the morne; quhen that the da wox cleir,  
 And tha saw no man in thair sicht appeir,  
 Tha traistit all the Scottis than had fled,  
 And for that caus the moir curage tha hed; 39,460  
 Trowand so weill without stop or ganestand,  
 At thair plesour for to weild all Scotland.  
 And for that caus that I haif to 3ow schawin,  
 As all Scotland that tyme had bene thair awin,  
 This ilk Sueno gart in his oist proclame, 39,465  
 In tyme to cum no man suld start on plane  
 The puir pepill quhilk in his grace that stude,  
 With na injure nother of fyre nor blude.  
 To Bartha syne he tuke the narrest way,  
 To seig the toun quhair that king Duncane lay. 39,470  
 Syne to the toun rycht mony salt gart set,  
 With all ingyne than that tha doucht to get,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *quhill*.

Continuallie quhill aucht dais to end.  
 Than king Duncane, as this Banquho him kend,  
 To Makcobey he send into the tyde, 39,475  
 Commandand him still with his ost till byde  
 At Tulenum, thair to remane ay still,  
 Onto the tyme that he send word him till.

HOW KING DUNCANE SEND ANE MESSINGER TO  
 SUENO, AND HOW SUENO SEND ANE AGANE  
 TO KING DUNCANE, AND OF HIS ANSUER.

To Sueno syne ane messinger he send,  
 Quhilk schew to him as Banquho had him kend, 39,480  
 That is to say, he wald gif our the toun,  
 Sua that he wald richt frelie, but ransone,  
 Mak his till pas and all the laif thairin,  
 With wyfe and barne and guidis mair and myn;  
 Sua that he wald gif pledgis to do sa, 39,485  
 Syne grant ane herald of his awin till go  
 To king Duncane, for to conclude this thing.  
 Content thairof wes this Sueno the king.  
 This ilk herald, quhen he come in the toun,  
 Befoir king Duncane on his kne sat down, 39,490  
 And hailsit him than of ane humbill wyisa.  
 The king agane hes causit him till ryiss,  
 With feinzeit fair he gart him trow and weyne,  
 That he no langar mycht that seig sustene.  
 Syne quietlie togidder tha did roun 39,495  
 The fassoun how he wald gif our the toun;  
 And for his kyndnes also wald him send  
 Bayth wyne and aill, sayand rycht weill he kend  
 That Swenois victuall growand wes rycht scant;  
 He had aneuch, thairof he sould nocht want 39,500  
 Of wyne and aill, and als victuall at will,  
 Quhairof aneuche that he sould send him till,  
 So he wald be courtas to him agane.  
 This messinger no langar wald remane,

Bot passit hame and tald the maner how 39,505  
 To king Sueno, as I haif tald to ȝow ;  
 Quhairof king Sueno wes ȝicht weill content,  
 So wes the laif quhilk wer so indigent  
 Off meit and drink, quhilk wes thair lyvis fude,  
 And all sic thing that tyme nicht do thame 39,510  
 gude.

Col. 2.      HOW KING DUNCANE SEND THE WYNE AND AILL  
                   BROWIN WITH MUKIL WORT TO KING SUENO,  
                   QUHAIRWITH THAI WAR ALL DROKIN ; AND  
                   HOW MAKCOBEY COME TO THAIR CAMP AND  
                   SLEW THAME SLEIPAND.

Ane<sup>1</sup> herb in Scotland growis heir at hame,  
 Quhilk callit is the mukilwort to name,  
 Is of sic kynd, quha lykis to tak keip,  
 Quha previs it so sadlie garris thame sleip, 39,515  
 Quhilk puttis thame in perrell of the deid,  
 Without richt [sune] that tha get sum remeid ;  
 And als thairwith this herb is of sic kynd,  
 It makis men as tha war by thair mynd.  
 This ilk Banquho, the quhilk the aill gart brew,  
 Of thir herbis, quhairof he had anew, 39,520  
 In sindrie partis growand quhair he gat,  
 Among the aill gart tume<sup>2</sup> thame in the fat ;  
 Ac leit it stand at greit laser and lenth,  
 Quhill that the aill tuke all the jus and strenth  
 Out of that herb, and wes of that same kynd, 39,525  
 To gar men sleip or than go by thair mynd.  
 Of tha herbis also richt mony one,  
 He hes gart bra into ane mortar stone,  
 And throw ane claith drew all the jus out syne,  
 And in the tunniss gart put among the wyne ; 39,530

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *In*.

| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *tune*.

Quhair of the wyne tuke all the nature hail  
 Of that same herb, siclike as did the aill  
 This wyne and aill syne haif tha maid till go  
 Abundantlie vnto this king Sweno ;  
 New baikin breid, and beif that wes rycht salt, 39,535  
 Quhair of the Danis had that tyme greit falt,  
 And all sic thing micht gif thame appetyte,  
 Thair of to drink and for to tak delyte.  
 This king Sweno quhair of he wes richt glaid,  
 And courtaslie to tha seruandis he said ; 39,540  
 " Of my behalf," he said, " gude freindis, thank  
     your king,  
 " The quhilk to me so glaidlie send sic thing,  
 " Abundantlie of so gude meit and drink,  
 " The quhilk I traist that he sall nocht forthink  
 " Within schort quhile, and I be for to trow : " 39,545  
 Quhilk wes richt trew suppois he wist nocht how.  
 That samin da quhair tha sat at the dyne,  
 Tha eit and drank bayth of the aill and wyne,  
 Richt mirrely ay wauchtand round about ;  
 At euirilk draucht tha playit ay cop out. 39,550  
 Sueno him self, with all his strenthis strawe,  
 In his drinking for till exceid the lawe ;  
 So did tha all, quhill tha war als bout fow,  
 And also slepie, as wes ony sow.  
 The fair wordis tha gat with sic effect, 39,555  
 It causit thame to hald no man suspect ;  
 Traistand that tyme all sould haue bene thair awin,  
 So greit kyndnes to thame that tyme wes schawin,  
 So<sup>1</sup> thankfullie and hartlie with gude will  
 Greit folie wes to gif sic traist thairtill, 39,560  
 And of thame selffis to tak sic litill keip,  
 That lang or midnycht fell rycht sound on sleip :

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *To*.

Throw greit exces tha tuke of aill and wyne,  
 That all that nycht tha sleipit still like swyne.  
 This king Duncane all that caus weill knew, 39,565  
 To Makcobey he send richt sone and schew  
 Alhaill the fassoun that tyme les and moir,  
 Ilk word be word as 3e haif hard befor;  
 Commandand him in all the haist he ma,  
 To Bertha toun to speid him lang or da, 39,570  
 With all his oist se that it sould be done,  
 And tak the tyme sen it wes oportune.  
 This Makcobey, in all the haist he mycht,  
 Come to the toun lang or it wes midnycht;  
 Lib. 12, f. 186. Syne throw the toun all passit in array, 39,575  
 Col. 1. On to the place quhair that thir Danis lay  
 All sound on sleip, drunkin as ony swyne,  
 So greit exces tha tuke of aill and wyne.  
 The tentis all quhair that the Danis la,  
 Richt sone tha smytit the cordis all in tua, 39,580  
 And leit the tentis fall abone thair heid,  
 Syne in thair beddis dang thame all to deid.  
 Or tha walknit, as my author did sa,  
 Rycht mony thousand war slane quhair tha la;  
 And tha that walknit that tyme out of sleip, 39,585  
 Tha war als blait and basit as ane scheip;  
 And vther sum war of ane vther kynd,  
 Richt mad and mangit, wod out of thair mynd.  
 Without defence sua war tha all ilkone,  
 Quhill all war slane, rycht few or none wer 39,590  
 tone,  
 Exceptand ten that nycht that tuke na sleip,  
 The quhillk war maid that nycht the king to keip,  
 And for that caus drank nother wyne no aill,  
 Into thair cuir in dreid that tha suld fail.  
 Thir few feiris, first quhen tha hard the fray, 39,595  
 Tha passit all to Sueno quhair he lay,

To walkin him that tyme quhair he did ly,  
 Quhilk for thame all, nother for schout nor cry,  
 He walkin wald, or zit ane word wald heir,  
 Or for na stryking fit or hand wald steir; 39,600  
 Bot sleipand la, ay snorand lyke ane sow,  
 Of aill and wyne wes fillit than sa fow.  
 Than vp tha tuke him sleipand in that steid,  
 Sum be the feit and sum als be the heid,  
 And buir him sleipand evin on as he la, 39,605  
 On till ane boit wes neirhand by on Ta;  
 To Tayis mouth, quhair all thair schippis raid,  
 Tha rowit syne richt bisselie but baid.  
 Syne on the morne passit to Norrowa,  
 All in ane schip wes left levand that da, 39,610  
 Of the greit oist king Sueno with him brocht,  
 Fra Norrowa sa far wes put to nocht.  
 The schipmen als come to the camp alhail,  
 To get thair part of that gude wyne and aill,  
 Quhair of tha had greit falt that tyme befor; 39,615  
 Quhilk efterwart tha mycht forthink euirmoir,  
 The Scottis countit thair lawing so deir:  
 That samyn nycht that I haif said zow heir,  
 Exceptand ten thair king awa that hed,  
 For thair lawing held all the laif in wed. 39,620  
 The schipmen als of thame wer left so few,  
 And in that tyme the wynd so heich it blew,  
 Tha war so scant, as my author did sa,  
 Tha passit all into ane schip awa,  
 And king Sueno also with other ten. 39,625  
 Thir schippis all, without victuall or men,  
 Tha left on Tay rydand neirby the cost,  
 Within schort quhile quhair tha war ilkane lost.  
 On the third da, as my author me schew,  
 So stiff ane storm into the se thair blew, 39,630  
 Withoutin gyde quhair that tha war alane,  
 Furth befor Tay tha drownit thair ilkane;



Within tua myle and les to the se bank,  
 Into ane place togidder all tha sank.  
 Syne with the passage inwart of the flude, 39,635  
 And outward als, in that place quhair tha stude,  
 As that the flude come rynnand by the land,  
 Amang tha schippis warpit in the sand,  
 The quhilk remanit ay still in that place,  
 Ay moir and moir onto so lang ane space, 39,640  
 With sic abundance on euerilk hand,  
 Quhill that it grew in ane greit bed of sand.  
 Quhair efterwart schippis and bottis baith,  
 Sailland thairby gat mekle harme and skayth;  
 Quhair perrell is zit forto saill or to row, 39,645  
 Col. 2. And for that caus it callit wes Dround-low.  
 Lang efter that in Norrowa I trow,  
 The new maid knychtis maid ane solempnit vow,  
 For to revenge, with all power tha ma,  
 Thair freindis deith that slane wes at Bartha. 39,650

HOW CANUTUS, KING OF ENGLAND, COME IN SCOT-  
 LAND WITH ANE NAVIN AND POWER FOR TO  
 ASSIST SUENO HIS BRUTHER, AND WAR RE-  
 PULSIT AND PUT ABAK TO THAIR SCHIPPIS;  
 AND MONY DANE THAIR WAS SLANE BE MAK-  
 COBEY AND BANQUHO.

In this same tyme, as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 This Canutus that king wes of Ingland,  
 Ane greit naving of mony bark and barge,  
 In Scotland send with greit power and large,  
 For to supplie this Sueno wes his bruther; 39,655  
 Bot all to lait thair cuming syne wes hether.  
 Neirby Kingorne, vpone ane large sand,  
 With boittis thair tha passit all to land.  
 Than king Duncane quhilk that thair cuming knew,  
 Be sindrie men the veritie him schew, 39,660

This Makcobey and Banquho he gart pas  
 With greit power quhair that thir Danis was,  
 And gaif thame feild quhair tha war neir all slane;  
 The laif long efter mycht nocht weill remane,  
 Bot to thair schippis fled syne at the last. 39,665  
 The Scottis men that followit efter fast,  
 Betuix thair schippis and the fechting place  
 Richt mony Dane tha slew into that chace.  
 The laif that fled, syne efter quhen tha knew  
 How all thing stude, as other men thame schew, 39,670  
 That all thair cuming wes bot into vane,  
 Sueno wes fled, and all his men war slane,  
 And tha siclike that samin tyme had lost  
 Into the feild the tua pairt of thair oist,  
 Quhair of rycht mony wer greit men of gude, 39,675  
 And for that caus syne, schortlie to conclude,  
 With Makcobey than trewis haif tha tane,  
 Quhill all thair men suld erdit be ilkane  
 Into an yle callit Emonia,  
 Sanct' Colmis hecht now callit is this da. 39,680  
 Quhair that thair banis restis zit to se  
 In sindrie partis in so greit quantitie,  
 Quir all the yle quhilk makis zit sic cummer,  
 Weill ma the wit ze men were out of number  
 Tha banis aucht, quha that can weill considder, 39,685  
 Into ane place war tha put all togidder;  
 As I myself quhilk hes bene thair and sene.  
 Ane corce of stone thair standis on ane grene,  
 Middis the feild quhair that tha la ilkone,  
 Besyde the croce thair lyis ane greit stone; 39,690  
 Wnder the stone, in middis of the plane,  
 Thair chiftane lyis quhilk in the feild wes slane.  
 To Makcobey, for his leif and gude will,  
 Rycht mekle gold that tyme tha gaif him till;

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Sanctonis*.

- At his requeist als in that samin quhile 39,695  
 With ane bischop gart dedicat the yle;  
 Syne sworne war all and oblist be thair hand,  
 Neuir agane for till invaid Scotland;  
 Syne tuke thair leif and fuir attowir the fame,  
 With les honour nor quhen tha come fra hame. 39,700
- Lib. 12, f. 186b. This beand done, this king Duncane rycht lang  
 Col. 1. In peax and rest in greit plesour he rang,  
 Quhill lang efter that sic ane cace befell,  
 And how it was tak tent and I sall tell.  
 In Forres toun, quhair that this king Duncane 39,705  
 Hapnit to be with mony nobill man;  
 Quhair Makcobey and Banquho one ane da  
 Passit at morne richt airlie for to pla,  
 Than hand for hand intill ane forrest grene  
 Thrie women met, that wyslie war besene 39,710  
 In thair cleithing quhilk wes of elritche hew,  
 And quhat tha war wes nane of thame that knew.  
 The first of thame that Makcobey come to,  
 "The Thane of Glames, gude morne to him,"  
 said scho.  
 The secund said withoutin ony scorne, 39,715  
 "The Thane of Caldar, Schir, God 3ow gude morne!"  
 The hyndmest, with plesand voce benyng,  
 "God saue 3ow, Schir, of Scotland salbe king!"  
 Than Banquho said, "abyde ane litill we;  
 "3e gif him all, quhat ordane 3e for me?" 39,720  
 Than all tha thre maid ansuer to that thing,  
 Said, "Makcobey of Scotland salbe king.  
 "Syne sone efter, be aduenture and stryfe;  
 "With lak and schame sall loiss bayth croun and  
 lyfe;  
 "And neuir ane of his successioun 39,725  
 "Fra that da furth of Scotland bruke the croun.  
 "And thow Banquho, tak gude tent to this thing,  
 "Thow thi awin self sall neuir be prince no king,

" Bot of thi seid sall lineallie discend,  
 " Sall bruke the croun onto the warldis end." 39,730  
 Quhen this wes said tha baid all thre gude nycht,  
 Syne suddantlie tha vaneist out of sycht;  
 And quhair awa, quhither to hevin or helh,  
 Or quhat tha war, wes no man 3it can tell.  
 This ilk Banquho, of quhome to 3ow I mute, 39,735  
 Forbear wes to Lord Stewart of Bute,  
 Frome quhome sensyne descendit hes rycht doun  
 James the fyft that weiris now the croun:  
 I pray to God for to conserue his grace.  
 Now harkin and heir how hapnit syne the cace: 39,740  
 Vpone the morne ane schew into that steid  
 To Makcobey that his fader wes deid,  
 The Thane of Glames befor as I 3ow schew,  
 That weill he wist the first sister said trew;  
 For-quhy he wes his eldest son and air, 39,745  
 Be that he knew that hir sentence wes clair.  
 In Inuernes, syne efter that schort tyme,  
 The Thane of Calder for tressoun and cryme  
 Forfaltit wes, and syne put to the deid;  
 His heretage with euerie toun and steid, 39,750  
 Into that tyme withoutin [ony] pley,  
 The king gaif all vnto this Makcobey.  
 That samyn tyme this Banquho to him schew,  
 The secund sister said to him rycht trew,  
 And bad traist weill the thrid suld nocht lie, 39,755  
 Thocht he culd nocht tell quhen sic thing suld be.  
 It hapnit so syne efter at the last,  
 The thrid fortoun approchand wes rycht fast.  
 The kingis sone that eldest wes and air,  
 Callit Malcolme, ane plesand prince and fair, 39,760  
 This king Duncane as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 This ilk Malcome maid prince of Cumberland,  
 In that beleif, in storie as I reid,  
 Immediatlie he sould to him succeid.

This Makcobei thairat had greit invy 39,766  
 That he did so, as 3e ma wit weill quhy,  
 For he traistit efter the kingis deid,  
 Col. 2. Immediatlie to succaid in his steid ;  
 And thocht king Duncane did him greit offence,  
 Of Cumberland that wald nocht mak him prince, 39,770  
 Efter the law that maid wes of beforne,  
 Rycht mony 3eiris or thair fatheris wer borne.  
 Quhairfoir he thocht he did him greit vnrycht,  
 Quhilk in his hart ascendit to sic hicht,  
 And far hiear than ony man can trow ; 39,775  
 For this same caus that I haif schawin 3ow,  
 Bayth nycht and da it wes ay in his thocht,  
 Thairof to be revengit and he mocht.  
 Than to his wyfe he schew the fassoun how  
 Thir sisteris said, as I haif schawin 3ow, 39,780  
 And of [the] werd as tha that tyme him gaif:  
 Quhairof his wyfe did in her mynd consaif  
 That he wes wrangit rycht far with the king;  
 Syne him awin self scho blamit of that thing.

HOW MAKCOBEY'S WYFE BE SUBTILL TRANE PER-  
 SWADIT MAKCOBEY TO SLA KING DUNCANE.

" Thow neidis nocht," scho said, " vther presume, 39,785  
 " Bot it man be as God hes gevin dume,  
 " In to the self quhilk is so just and trew."  
 Be sindrie ressones that scho till him schew,  
 " Traist weill," scho said, " that sentence is so leill,  
 " Withoutin place fra it for to apeill, 39,790  
 " That it ma nocht treitittit be agane,  
 " Quhilk in the self so equall is and plane."  
 Quhen this wes said, than scho begouth to flyt  
 With him that tyme, and said he had the wyit,  
 So cowntlie that durst nocht tak on hand, 39,795  
 For to fulfill as God had gevin command.

"Thairfoir," scho said, "revenge zow of zow king ;  
 "Sen gratius God decreittit hes sic thing,  
 "Quhy suld thow dreid or stand of [him] sic aw,  
 "So blunt, so blait, berand himself so law, 39,800  
 "That war nocht thow and thi auctoritie,  
 "With all his liegis he wald lichleit be ?  
 "And now to the sen he is so wnkynd,  
 "Thairfoir," scho said, "I hald the by thi mynd,  
 "To dreid the man the quhilk for the is deid, 39,805  
 "And throw thi power oft of his purpois speid.  
 "Now tarie nocht thairfoir ; speid hand, haif done,  
 "And to thi purpois se thow speid the sone ;  
 "And haif na dreid, for thow hes all the rycht  
 "Grantit to the be gratius God of mycht." 39,810  
 This wickit wyfe hir purpois thus hes sped,  
 Sic appetite to be ane quene scho hed ;  
 As wemen will, the thing that tha desire,  
 Into thair mynd burnis hettar nor fyre,  
 Bayth da and nycht withoutin ony eis, 39,815  
 Quhill that tha get the same thing that tha pleis.  
 Ressoun in thame hes na auctoritie,  
 For appetyte and sensualitie ;  
 Foull appetyte hes ay thair will to gyde,  
 For most plesour thair purpois to provyde, 39,820  
 And causis thame oft till go by the rycht.  
 This Makcobey, quhilk wes bayth wyss and wycht,  
 Strang in ane stour, and trew as ony steill,  
 Defendar als with of the commoun weill,  
 So just ane juge so equale and so trew, 39,825  
 As be his deidis richt weill befoir ay schew,  
 Syne throw his wyfe consentit to sic thing,  
 For till distroy his cousing and his king ;  
 So foull ane blek for to put in his gloir,  
 Quhilk haldin wes of sic honour befoir. 39,830  
 To his friendis his counsall than he schew,  
 Quhome in he traistit to him wald be trew,

Lib. 12, f. 187.  
 Col. 1.

And speciallie to his cousing Banquho,  
 And mony vther in the tyme also.  
 The quhilk promittit glaidlie with thair hart, 39,835  
 In that purpois that tha suld tak his part,  
 And in his querrell stoutlie for to stand,  
 So that him self wald tak the deid on hand:  
 Syne efterwart, quhen that the deid wer done,  
 At his command tha suld be reddie sone 39,840  
 To wirk his will in all thing as he wald.  
 This Makcobey, that wes ane berne full bald,  
 Into the tyme quhen he thair myndis knew,  
 Traistand to him tha suld be leill and trew,  
 And for that caus wald no langer deley, 39,845  
 At Ernys mouth syne efter on ane day,  
 Quhen that he saw his tyme wes oportune,  
 Befoir the king apperit hes richt sone.  
 First he begouth in sporting with him thair,  
 And syne of him for to complene richt sair, 39,850  
 Defraudit haid him sua of Cumberland,  
 Sa oft for him in mony stour had stand;  
 Without he wald that tyme revoik rycht sone  
 All thing thair of befoir that he had done,  
 Traist weill thair of and mony of the lawe, 39,855  
 In tyme to cum sic seruice for to haue.  
 And so tha fell ay fra the les to the moir,  
 Quhill tha crabit-on euerie syde so soir,  
 Accusand vther bayth of word and deid,  
 Quhill at the last evin to the werst it 3eid. 39,860  
 On euerie syde to parteis than tha drew;  
 This king Duncane that had with him sa few,  
 Amangis thair handis suddantlie wes slane;  
 This Makcobey, the quhilk that maid that trane,  
 Prouydit wes rycht weill into all thing, 39,865  
 Or he come thair for slauchter of the king,  
 Than of his ring, quhilk wes the sevint 3eir,  
 And of oure Lord, quha lykis for to heir,

Ane thousand fourtie and sex ȝeir also,  
The number hail that tyme wes and no mo. 39,870

HOW MACKOBAY WAS CROWNIT IN SCONE, AND OF  
HIS DEIDIS THAIREFTER DONE.

Sone efter syne quhen all thir deidis war done,  
This Makcobeus passit into Scone  
With all the power that he doucht to be,  
Wes crownit thair with hail auctoritie.  
Than weill he wist the thrid sentence wes trew, 39,875  
The last sister, as ȝe haif hard, him schew.  
This ilk Duncane tua sonis had on lywe,  
With Oswardis dochter quhilk that wes his wywe,  
The lord sumtyme quhilk wes of Northumberland;  
Malcome the eldest prince wes of Cumberland, 39,880  
And Donald Bay quhilk callit wes the vther,  
To this Malcolme quhilk wes the secund bruther.  
Fra tyme tha knew how thair father wes slane,  
In Cumberland ane lang tyme did remane,  
Of Makcobey tha stude sic dreid and aw, 39,885  
Quhill efterwart as I sall to ȝow schaw.  
This Makcobey fra he wes crownit king,  
Rycht circumspect he wes in till all thing,  
And greit rewardis to the lordis gaif  
His freindis war, siclike to all the laif, 39,890  
On fra his fayth no way that tha suld fail,  
And conqueist hes thair hartis than alhaill.  
Rycht equallie he execute the law,  
Bot in sum part that tyme he stude sic aw  
For to persew, or ȝit mak diligence, 39,895  
Rycht mony one had done richt greit offence,  
Weill lang befor in to king Duncanis tyme,  
Wald nocht forbeir thair vices and sic crime.  
To apprehend thame doutsum wes and cummer,  
And als tha war of sic power and number, 39,900

Col. 2.



Thairfoir he dred and held his hand abak,  
 So planelie than to puneis and corrak.  
 Sone efter syne he fand ane subtill wyle,  
 But ony gilt how he suld them begyle;  
 And so he did within les nor ane 3eir, 39,906  
 And how it wes tak tent and 3e sall heir.  
 Inducit hes thair nychtbouris in the tyme,  
 For to accuse thame of tressoun and cryme;  
 And of thame than with thair hand to preve  
 That all wes suith, and ask thairof na leve, 39,910  
 In plane barras befoir the kingis grace,  
 Quhair plesit thame to set the da and place.  
 The tother part thairof wes weill content,  
 Knawand thairof that tha war innocent  
 Of that tressone, so litill wnderstude, 39,916  
 Giffand sic traist that thair querrell wes gude.  
 And for that causs the da and place wes set,  
 Befoir the king in Bartha quhair tha met,  
 All on ane da convenit les and moir.  
 The king, the quhilk prouydit wes thairfoir 39,920  
 With armit men, at his command wes boun,  
 Gart tak thame all that same da in the toun,  
 Quhometo he aucht no surance for to geve,  
 For-quhy tha come without his traist or leve,  
 Of aduenture and of thair awin fre will, 39,926  
 But ony man compelland thame thairtill.  
 Quhen that tha war in handis tane also,  
 Richt mony one wer innocent leit go,  
 And all the laif of his and law degre,  
 Vpoun ane gallous hes gart hing full hie, 39,930  
 To Scotland dalie that tyme maid grit cummer,  
 Neirby tua thousand or ma into number.  
 This beand done than, schortlie to conclude,  
 Ouir all Scotland sic aw of him tha stude,  
 Into na part, as my author did tell, 39,936  
 Wes nane so bald agane him durst rebell;

Except Makgallus into Galloway,  
 In that same tyme, as my author did say,  
 Fechtand in feild that tyme wes tane in handis,  
 Syne to the king wes broocht fast bund in bandis: 89,940  
 And for his falt he gart him loiss the heid.  
 All Galloway, syne efter he wes deid,  
 In peax and rest levit efter richt lang.  
 This Makcobey, that wes bayth stout and strang,  
 Greit diligence he hes done nycht and da, 89,945  
 To mak gude peax with all power he ma,  
 And viseit hes the ylis in the north,  
 And all Scotland syne to the water of Forth,  
 Besouth also onto the bordour syde.  
 He sparit nocht for no travell to ryde, 89,950  
 Or for no trubill that tyme he mycht tak,  
 Among his liegis peax and rest to mak.  
 Baith speir and scheild to all kirkmen wes he,  
 And merchandis als that saillit on the se ;  
 To husband men that lauborit on the grund, 89,955  
 Ane better king in no tyme mycht be fund,  
 No moir convenient for the commoun weill,  
 And his begynnyng had bene of gude zeill,  
 Into his tyme quhilk maid so mony lawis,  
 Efter decreit of sindrie doctouris sawis. 89,960  
 And quhat tha war quha lykis for to speir,  
 I ma nocht tarie for to tell ȝow heir,  
 So langsum war, and my tyme is bot schort,  
 Quhairin I fynd litill plesance or sport,  
 Bot tedious for to heir of sic talk. 89,965  
 Now to my purpois thairfoir will I walk.

HOW MAKCOBEY CHANGIT HIS CONDITIONIS, FRA  
 HIS FIRST BEGYNNYNG TO WICKITNES TILL  
 HIS ENDING.

This Makcobey the quhilk so weill began,  
 He changit sone intill ane vther man :

All his clemence in greit crudelitie  
 He changit syne, without humanitie. 39,970  
 This ilk Banquho of quhome I spak befor,  
 Into his mynd suspectit hes full soir,  
 Traistand all thing of him suld be fund trew,  
 Be prophecie the sisteris of him schew,  
 As 3e haif hard bot schort quhile ago. 39,975  
 This Makcobey, dreidand it sould be so,  
 Of this Banquho that his posteritie  
 Suld bruke the croun, and his distroyit be ;  
 And for that caus decreittit in his mynd,  
 This ilk Banquho, so leill, so trew, so kynd 39,980  
 To him alway, bayth into word and deid,  
 Suppleand him rycht oft quhen he had neid,  
 With fals tressone for to distroy rycht sone;  
 And finallie syne efter so wes done.

#### HOW MAKCOBEY BETRASIT BANQUHO AND GART SLAY HIM.

Vpoun ane nycht with him self in the hall, 39,985  
 This ilk Banquho to the supper gart call,  
 With his ane sone wes callit Eleank,  
 With fair wordis, greit cheresing and thank,  
 So greit fauour and in so gude effect,  
 That he of tressone suld him nocht suspect. 39,990  
 Efter supper he tuik his leif to go,  
 With Eleank for to pas hame also;  
 And on his passage hamewart as he 3eid,  
 He hed ordand for to be done to deid,  
 Ane cumpany thair he befor him fand, 39,995  
 Weill boidin war with bow, buklar and brand,  
 Quhilk suddantlie this gude Banquho tha slew.  
 This Eleank, as my author me schew,  
 Into the mirk throw aventure and cace,  
 Withoutin skayth chaipit out of that place. 40,000

This Makcobey so soir efter he dred,  
 Into the Walis rycht far fra hame he fled ;  
 Of quhome efter, quhen tyme cumis and place,  
 I sall schaw zow as God will gif me grace.  
 This beand done in sic forme and effect, 40,005  
 This Makcobey wes haldin richt suspect  
 With all the lordis that war in Scotland,  
 Quhen tha his tressone so did vndirstand,  
 That eurilk man fra that tyme furth him dred,  
 And he siclike suspitioun of thame hed, 40,010  
 That neurir ane durst traist intill ane vther;  
 Semdill or nocht thairfoir tha met togidder.  
 Than Makcobey quhilk had so greit suspitioun  
 Of all his lordis, than changit his conditioun :  
 Quhair he wes wont rycht curtes for to be 40,015 Col. 2.  
 To all his liegis with liberalitie,  
 Now is he alterit in ane vther kynd,  
 Rycht fals and sle, and subtill in his mynd.  
 To fenze faltis thocht nothir schame no syn,  
 Quhair gold or gude or riches wes to wyn ; 40,020  
 Or of thame quhome that he held suspect,  
 With litill pley quhome he plesit to blek.  
 Richt mony so, the quhilk war men of gude,  
 Hes put to deid be sic ingratitude ;  
 Syne held ane gaird, his awin cors for to keip 40,025  
 Fra all perrell, baith walkand and on sleip,  
 And grit strenthis he held ay in his cuir,  
 Traistand be thame till sicker be and suir.

HOW MAKCOBEY BIGGIT THE CASTELL OF DUN-  
 SENEN, AND HOW MAKDUFF FLED IN ING-  
 LAND TO MALCOLME CANMOIR.

That samin tyme he foundit hes of one,  
 Into Gowrie ane strang castell of stone, 40,030  
 Vpoun the hicht thair of ane montane he,  
 Dunsenen hecht, remanis zit to se.

With greit laubour ilk da that werk wes wrocht,  
 Sic travell wes or that the stufe wes brocht  
 Vp to the hicht, quhilk wes bayth strait and 40,085  
 strang;

The coist wes greit and als the laubour lang.  
 And euirilk lord ane sessone of the 3eir,  
 Into that place dalie hes gart compeir,  
 Auctoritie and cuir thair of to tak,  
 And for his tyme the haill expensis mak. 40,040  
 With circulatioun sa about tha 3eid,  
 For les expensis and for grittar speid,  
 Fra euerie part bringand rycht far the stuff.  
 The thane of Fyffe, that callit wes Makduff,  
 Into his tyme that nicht nocht present be, 40,045  
 Of that laubour to tak auctoritie,  
 For so greit mater that he had to speid,  
 Into the tyme it stude him in sic neid,  
 Onto the werk men gaif rycht strait command,  
 And hecht rewardis for to tak on hand, 40,050  
 Ilk da be da with cuir and diligence,  
 To speid the werk far moir in his absence,  
 Na tha wald do quhen him self wer present.  
 "That salbe done," said all with ane consent.  
 That samin tyme this Makcobey come he, 40,055  
 His awin werk to visie and to se,  
 And fand Makdufe than fra the werk absent,  
 Quhair of that tyme he wes nothing content.  
 Befoir thame all, behind Makduffis bak,  
 Rycht suspect langage that tyme of him spak, 40,060  
 Waill crabbitlie and into greit effect;  
 Fra that tyme furth he held him ay suspect,  
 And neur on him with patience moir mycht luke.  
 This ilk Makdufe the quhilk suspitione tuke  
 Of Makcobey, that he wald him na gude, 40,065  
 Be vther men far better wnderstude,  
 The quhilk to him the veritie that schew,  
 Of Makcobey tha wnderstude and knew,

Saw he his tyme, than doutles but remeid  
The thane of Fyffe Makdufe wald want the      40,070  
heid,

This Makcobey so soir that tyme he dred,  
To prince Malcolme into Ingland he fled.      Lib.12, f.188.  
Off this Malcolme I schew ȝow of befoir,      Col. 1.

Quhilk in his tyme that callit wes Canmoir,  
Eldredus sone as ye sall wnderstand,      40,075  
Callit wes Edward than king of England.

This wes Eldred that Canutus slew,  
Bot schort quhile syne befoir as I ȝow schew,  
Befoir this tyme now that I say ȝow heir,  
I wait nocht weill how lang and mony ȝeir,      40,080

Quhill efterwart as ȝe sall wnderstand,  
The Danis all wer put [out] of Ingland,  
And all thair power put wes than to nocht,  
This ilk Edward fra Normondy wes brocht,  
And crownit king quhilk in his tyme that rang,      40,085  
And als befoir I can nocht tell how lang;

Bot efterwart the fassoun of that cace,  
I sall schaw ȝow quhen tyme cumis and place.  
This Malcome Canmoir, ȝe sall wnderstand,  
With this king Edward than wes in Ingland,      40,090  
The quhilk with him in great honour we[s] hed,  
Fra Makcobey fra Cumberland he fled.

Makcobey be suspitioun he knew  
Makduffe wes fled, also to him tha schew  
Ilk word be word how that Makdufe had done;      40,095

This Makcobey thairfoir he sped him sone  
In Fyffe that tyme, to this Makduffis place,  
Thocht it wes stark ȝit to the kingis grace;  
His wyfe that tyme, but bargane or rebous,  
Rycht reuerentlie to him gaif our the hous;      40,100  
Traistand that tyme he suld do thame no ill,  
Scho put the hous and all into his will.

HOW MAKCOBEY SLEW THE WYFFE AND BARNIS  
OF MAKDUFFE AND FORFALTIT HIM SELFF  
AND TUKE ALL FRA HIM, AND HOW MAK-  
DUFFE MENIT HIM TO MALCOLME CANMOIR,  
AND OF HIS ANSUER MAID AGANE AS FOL-  
LOWIS HEIR.

This cruell serpent, wod and venemous,  
Quhen this lady had geven our the hous,  
Hir self and barnis but ony remeid, 40,106  
And all the laue, pat till ane cruell deid.  
Syne all the riches wes the hous within,  
Gart turs away that tyme be the leist pyn:  
Syne our all Scotland siclike vp and down,  
Proclomit him ane rebell to the croun. 40,110  
This ilk Makdufe, of quhome I schew befoir,  
All this he schew to gude Malcome Canmoir,  
Ilk word by word, and in nothing wald lane,  
How Makcobey bayth wyfe and barnis had slane,  
To him sum tyme so tender war and deir, 40,116  
So lamentabill that pitie wes to heir;  
And schew also his greit crudelitie  
To his lordis, without humanitie,  
And of the vices that into him rang,  
With sic exces continuallie so lang; 40,120  
How with his liegis he wes so ill lude,  
And speciallie with all the men of gude  
So haittit him for his tirranye,  
“ And all,” he said, “ is in defalt of the;  
“ The quhilk will nocht cum and persew thi 40,126  
awin,  
“ Lattand thi liegis dalie be ourithrawn  
“ With 3one tirrane, full of ingratitude,  
“ Makand distructione of the nobill blude,

That horribill is other to heir or se.  
 Greit wonder als to euerie man of the, 40,130  
 " That ma sa weill, haifand power and mycht,  
 " Will nocht persew thi heretage and rycht,  
 " So wranguslie haldin fra the so lang,  
 " And mak thi liegis for to leif but wrang.  
 " Thocht this to the war no plesour no steid, 40,135  
 " Ȝit neuirtheles thow suld revenge the deid  
 " Of king Duncane, quhilk wes thi father deir,  
 " Ȝit vnrengit hes bene mony Ȝeir,  
 " Ȝone<sup>1</sup> tirrane slew with greit crudelitie.  
 " Gif strenth, or wit, or manheid be in the, 40,140  
 " And als thow hes thi time so oportune,  
 " With litill sturt sic thing ma weill be done;  
 " Bot gif thow be so febill of estait,  
 " But hardines, without wisdome so blait,  
 " Meticulos, and dar nocht se blude drawin, 40,145  
 " Richt eith this tyme thow ma cum to thi awin.  
 " For weill I wait the nobillis with thair hart,  
 " Of all Scotland this da will tak thi part,  
 " And stand no aw for the to bleid thair blude,  
 " So that tha wist that thi willis war gude." 40,150  
 All this he said that I haif said Ȝow heir,  
 And mekill moir na I haif now perqueir,  
 To this Malcolme in greit effect he said,  
 Till his purpois gif he culd him perswaid.  
 This ilk Malcolme for his dissait that dred, 40,155  
 For Makcobey befoir richt oft so hed  
 Gart him persew with mony subtill trane,  
 Quhairthrow he micht this Malcome to haif slane,  
 And for that caus this Malcome dred hes ill,  
 And lather wes to lippin him intill. 40,160  
 And or he wald schaw him his counsall haill,  
 Ȝit first he thocht his lautie to assaill;

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Ȝaite*.



As he had bene wnfenzzeit and rycht plane,  
 This same ansuer he maid to him agane.  
 " Forsuith," he said, " full soir forthinkis me 40,165  
 " Of 3our great noy and it nicht mended be,  
 " The quhilk for me I wait will nocht be done,  
 " For-quhy I know I am inoportuna.  
 " I ken my self, quha equallie can wey,  
 " Hes far ma faltis nor euir had Makcoobey, 40,170  
 " And war inclynit into mony thing,  
 " And les convenient for to be ane king;  
 " So lecherus abous mesour am I,  
 " And thocht I wald I ma nocht weill deny,  
 " The quhilk in me can neuir be correctit, 40,175  
 " To that plesour so far I am subjectit.  
 " Rycht weill I wait, had I auctoritie,  
 " As he hes now, with als greit libertie,  
 " In all Scotland thocht tha be neir so ryfe,  
 " Virgin or wedow, madin or mannis wyfe, 40,180  
 " Bot I wald preiss hir onis for to preif  
 " Quhat euir scho war, and ask bot litill leif,  
 " And thus with me 3e wald sone fall in stryfe,  
 " Sum for his dochter and sum for his wyffe,  
 " And call me war nor euir wes Makcoobey; 40,185  
 " Than suddantlie thair wald ryiss sic ane pley,  
 " That 3e suld be fanar me to forgaue  
 " Ane hundred fald, nor 3e ar me till haue,  
 " Thocht to me now 3e haif so greit desyre,  
 " Agane me than 3e wald richt sone conspyre, 40,190  
 " And put me down with far moir lak and schame,  
 " Na now with honour 3e can bring me hame.  
 " Ane vther falt I haif that is far war,  
 " Te tratlaris I am infectit far,  
 " And reddie is to gif to thame credence, 40,195  
 " The quhilk that is ane perelus pestilence;  
 " And speciallie into ane prince or king,  
 " For to gif credence to sic vane tratling,

" As I myself louit hes ay weill to do,  
 " For-quhy nature compellis me thairto. 40,200  
 " For no wisdome I can forbeir or laif,  
 " The gift of nature is so ill to reif:  
 " Rycht hard it is, other for boist or blame,  
 " Bring fra the flesche that is bred in the bane.  
 " Rycht eith it is ane tratlar gar me <sup>1</sup> trow 40,205  
 " The plane contrair I wald haif sworne rycht now;  
 " The thing that I gif most credens now to,  
 " Incontinent the contrair I will do;  
 " My mynd als lycht is euirmoir on flocht,  
 " As woddercock or ony womanis thocht. 40,210  
 " Sen all thair faltis vglie and horribill,  
 " The quhilk in me I knaw incorrigill,  
 " Wittand so weill, but fictioun or fabill,  
 " Quhilk to 3ow all wald be intollerable,  
 " Quhairfoir at me 3e wald haif greit dispyte, 40,215  
 " And euirilk da 3e wald me blame and wyte,  
 " And luif me war, I bid nocht for to fenze,  
 " No Makcobey, and haif moir caus to plenze;  
 " Quhilk wald nocht fail," he said, " that I  
     forsend,  
 " To bring me sone to ane vnhappie end. 40,220  
 " Thairfoir," he said, " ane mekill fule war I,  
 " Gif that I suld, haiffand sic caus and quhy,  
 " Wilfullie to tak on hand sic thing.  
 " Quhilk wald nocht fail to haif ane ill ending."  
 Quhen he had schawin his mynd to him in 40,225  
     plane,  
 This ilk Makduse he replicat agane:  
 " Gif it be so," he said, " that thow hes schawin,  
 " Grit mervell is so lang it is vnknawin;  
 " For I haif sperit alas far as I can,  
 " And findis nocht that thow art sic ane man. 45,230

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *the*.

- " Now in youthheid quhen thow suld erst be  
 " Infectit farrest to faminitie,  
 " To lust and plesance alway gif consent,  
 " Quhen as zit thow art ane innocent;  
 " Thairefter in eild quhen passit is the rage, 40,335  
 " Sic wit in the sall suampit be and suage,  
 " And euirilk da be menischit les and les,  
 " And thow sall grow to vertew and incres,  
 " And euirilk da wyn greit merit and meid,  
 " Thank and reward thairof haif thow no 40,340  
 dreid.  
 " Quhairfoir," he said, " I can nocht vnderstand,  
 " Thow suld forsak to tak sic thing on hand."  
 Quhen he had said, and schaw [to] him his will,  
 This ilk Malcolme sic ansuer maid thairtill:  
 " I haif hard sa that greit terrour and dreid 40,345  
 " Causis ane man [to] mak vertu of neid;  
 " For quhair ane man standis grit dreid or aw,  
 " Hydhis his vice, and wilbe laith to schaw,  
 " Suppois natuir constranze him thairto,  
 " Zit aw and dreid will caus him for till do, 40,350  
 " So scharpe ane wand is terrour, aw and dreid,  
 " The plane contrar quhen it standis in neid.  
 " Rycht mony men that we hald now full leill,  
 " Zit ar inclynit baith to reif and steill,  
 " Quhilk wald nocht spair war nocht justice 40,355  
 and law,  
 " And dreid of deid, quhomeof tha stand sic aw.  
 " And mony virgin that ar of gude fame,  
 " War nocht for dreid of thair freindis and blame,  
 Col. 2. " Richt weill I wait wald tak thair wantoun  
 will,  
 " Sen neid throw kynd constranis thame thair- 40,360  
 till,  
 " By dalie prattik as we ma weill se,  
 " Sone efter syne quhen tha haif libertie,

" Of thair awin plesour for thame self provydit,  
 " Did schaw or nocht how mony ane ar gydit.  
 " Myself," he said, " now in that same stait 40,266  
     standis,  
 " So far fra hame heir into vncouth landis,  
 " Without prouisioun in ane strange place,  
 " Quhilk dois bot stand in the kingis grace,  
 " That causis me waill oft on force to fenze,  
 " And with greit pane my appetyte constrenze ; 40,270  
 " Bot and I war, as thow wald now haif me,  
 " Haiffand sic fredome and auctoritie,  
 " Without presume ony suld mak me pley,  
 " I wald be war nor euir wes Makcobey.  
 " Thairfoir," he said, " for ony rycht or querrell, 40,275  
 " I purpois nocht to put my self in perrell ;  
 " And neidis nocht, haiffand all that I pleis :  
 " He levis weill that levis into eis.  
 " Thairfoir," he said, " persuaid me nocht thairto,  
 " My self wait best quhat that I haif till do." 40,280  
 Quhen Makdufe hard sic ressonne as he schew,  
 Traistand richt weill that tha had all bene trew,  
 And saw his mynd so far agane him set,  
 Wald na mair go [to] fische befor the net,  
 So weill he wist his travell wes in vane, 40,285  
 Bot on this wyss to him he said agane:  
 " Cowart knyght, sen reuth no zit pitie  
 " Of thi liegis nothing commuuis the,  
 " No zit," he said, " thi fatheris cruell deid,  
 " On to thi realme quhilk will mak no remeid, 40,290  
 " The gratius God heir I beseik abone,  
 " Other," he said, " to change thi mynd rycht sone,  
 " Out of this warld or suddantlie the tak."  
 Quhen this wes said he turnit syne his bak,  
 And in the tyme, for verrie wo and tene, 40,295  
 The bitter teiris brist fra baith his ene

And said, "Allace! that I wes borne of wyfe,  
 " Or 3it so lang sould leifand be on lyfe,  
 " Of my kyndlie natioun for to heir and se,  
 " With 3one tirrane so far oppressit be; 40,300  
 " Now of my self I tak bot litill cuir,  
 " Sen weill I wait that I wes borne so puir,  
 " Witles and waik, and richt febill also,  
 " Out of this warld als puir syne mon [I] go.  
 " O gratius God! thow sould se to thi awin; 40,305  
 " Sen fra thy sicht nothing ma be vnschawin,  
 " And euerie thing opin befor thi ee,  
 " Quhy thoillis thow thi pepill puneist be  
 " With greit oppressioun and sa oppin wrang,  
 " And 3one tirrane to rax and ring so lang?" 40,310  
 This ilk Malcolme than said, quhen he had sene  
 The bitter teiris rynnand fra his ene,  
 Attour his cheikis that war paill and wan,  
 Onto his feit like ony rane down ran,  
 " Gude freind Makdufe, be of ane comfort gude, 40,315  
 " Thow hes no caus to murne sa in thi mude;  
 " All that I said wes bot to preif thi thoct,  
 " To ken and knaw gif thow wes leill or nocht.  
 " It that I said I fenzeit to the than;  
 " Traist weill of me, I am ane vther man, 40,320  
 " And sall promit the bayth with mynd and  
     hart,  
 " In that purpois at plesoure tak thi part."  
 God wait or nocht gif this Makdufe wes glaid,  
 Quhen that he hard so freindlie as he said,  
 Turnit agane and take him be the hand, 40,325  
 Betuix thame tua than bund wes vp the band;  
 Richt sadlie sworne, as my author me schew,  
 Ilkone till vther suld be leill and trew.  
 This ilk Makdufe syne in the samin tyde,  
 Come and remanit at the bordour syde, 40,330

And secreitlie to all his freindis send,  
 Quhilk all thair counsall hes maid to thame kend.  
 Quhairof rycht many blyth wes at thair hart,  
 And hes promittit for to tak thair part;  
 Syne to him senid bayth letter and seill, 40,835  
 And oblissing that tha sould all be leill.  
 This gude Makdufe, that wes bayth leill and trew,  
 To Malcolme come and all the seillis schew,  
 And all the ansuer ilk word that tha send.  
 This ilk Malcolme fra he thair ansuer kend, 40,840  
 Traistand richt weill that tha suld all be leill,  
 For moir effect had thair letter and seill  
 To king Edward, the quhilk he leit him se,  
 Askand at him his counsall and supple.  
 This gude Edward that wald him nocht deny, 40,845  
 Hes promiseist him that samin tyme for-thy  
 Ten thousand men that waillit war and wycht,  
 Our all Ingland buskit in armour brycht,  
 That in ane stour durst baldlie stryke and stand,  
 His cousing Suard, erle of Northumberland, 40,850  
 Thair gyde suld be and chiftane in the tyde.  
 Syne gart proclame for all thing to provyde,  
 Baith hors and harnes, with sic ganand geir,  
 And all waponis that neidfull war in weir.  
 Quhen this wes schawin onto this Makcobey, 40,855  
 Our all Scotland thair rais greit stryfe and pley,  
 Sum for the tane and als sum for the tother:  
 With this Malcolme rycht mony did confidder,  
 With Makcobey had bene rycht soir opprest.  
 Than euerie man, quhair that he louit best, 40,860  
 Tuik part that tyme, as my author did sa,  
 Quhairthrow the realme diuydit wes in tua,  
 That force it wes, thocht men wer neur so liddar,  
 For to tak part other with ane or vther.  
 This Makcobey with all his power haill, 40,865  
 Oft previt hes his partie to assaill

With bernis bold that waponis weill culd weild;  
 His contrapairt no way wald gif him feild,  
 Quhill Malcolme come with his auctoritie  
 Out of Ingland, with greit help and supple: 40,370  
 And so he did sone efter on ane da.  
 This Makcobey, quhilk at Dunsenane la,  
 With all his power wer into greit dreid,  
 Seand the tyme approcheand of sic neid,  
 Sum gaif counsall with Malcolme for to mak 40,375  
 Peax, and he mycht, and trewis for to tak,  
 With quhat condition plesit him to haif;  
 And vther sum that tyme amang the laif,  
 Gaif counsall on to the Ylis to fle,  
 Quhill efterwart that he his tyme mycht se. 40,380  
 This Makcobey illudit wes so daft,  
 Sic credence gaif to witchis and thair craft,  
 Quhilk gart him trow that he sould neuer de,  
 Quhill Birnane wod, quhairin grew mony tre,  
 Onto Dunsenane suddantlie wer brocht; 40,385  
 His fals beleif that tyme wes all for nocht.  
 This ilk Malcolme the quhilk that rycht weill knew  
 Col. 2. Sic thing of him, as Makdufe to him schew,  
 With all the power he had with him thoir,  
 To Birnane wod passit the nycht befoir 40,390  
 The da he thocht that the battell sould be,  
 And euerie man ane greit branche of a tre,  
 Vpone his bak than other les or mair,  
 That samin nycht gart to Dunsenane bair.  
 Syne on the morne, sone be the da wes lycht, 40,395  
 This Makcobey beheld into his sicht  
 So greit ane wod, quhair neuir none 3it grew  
 Sen he wes borne, na of sa grene ane hew,  
 Traistand it wes ane taikin of his deid,  
 3it neuirtheles, restles but ony reid, 40,400  
 Rayit his men that waponis docht to weild,  
 And suddantlie syne gaif this Malcolme feild.

And as tha war baith reddie for [to] june,  
 Out of the feild he fled awa full sone;  
 His men that tyme quhen that tha sa him 40,405  
 wend,

That wald nocht fecht him awin self to defend,  
 Tha thocht folie with sic ane man to stryfe;  
 To Malcolme than tha come ilk man belvye  
 Withoutin straik, and put thame in his will.  
 This ilk Malcolme so clement wes thame till, 40,410  
 Baith gude and ill into the samin place  
 Rycht glaidlie than resaut in his grace.

That tyme Makdufe, quhen Makcobey had fled,  
 Follout richt fast, sic malice at him hed,  
 The narrest way quhair he knew he wes gane; 40,415  
 Syne at Lumfanane thair he hes him ouirtane,  
 And said to him, "Now fals dog thow sall de!"  
 Said he agane, "Thairof that thow sall le!"

"No levand man this da borne is of wyfe,  
 "That hes power other with sword or knyfe, 40,420  
 "Or ony wapin, me for to schent or slo."  
 "I am content," said he, "that it be so;  
 "For I wes neur 3it of my mother borne,  
 "Quhen scho wes deid out of hir syde wes  
 schorne.

"This is rycht suith, traist weill that I am he, 40,425  
 "Of my handis, fals tratour, thow man de!"

Syne suddantlie without mercie or grace,  
 Rycht cruellie he slew him in that place;  
 This prophecie availlit him richt nocht.  
 Vpoun ane speir his heid syne hes he brocht 40,430  
 With greit blythnes onto the oist agane;  
 Quhairof his fais war that tyme full fane.  
 Than of his regnne quhilk wes the saxtene 3eir,  
 He maid sic end as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 And of oure Lord ane thousand 3eir and one, 40,435  
 And sixtie als compleit war and bygone.



That samin 3eir wes auchtane of his ring,  
 Of gude Edward of Ingland that wes king.  
 Sen neidfull is to vnderstand the storie,  
 To tell 3ow heir, sen it is in memorie, 40,440  
 Of the Danis the space and tyme how lang,  
 How mony als in Ingland of thame rang  
 That kingis war, and how tha did succed,  
 Heir sall I tell as 3e ma efter reid.  
 This Canutus quhilk that Eldredus slew, 40,445  
 Bot schort quhile syne befoir as I heir schew,  
 Syne with his sone Edmound of Irnesyde,  
 Betuix thame tua the kinrik did diuyde.  
 And so tha stude in Ingland lang togidder,  
 Lib. 12, f. 189b. Withoutin stryffe, in dreid ilk ane of vther, 40,450  
 Col. 1. And euirilkone of vther war suspect.  
 Ane Inglis man quhilk wes of litill fect,  
 Ane bludie bouchour, faithles wes but fame,  
 Edrecus als wes callit to his name,  
 Of this Canutus to rewardit be, 40,455  
 This gude Edmound richt tratourlie slew he,  
 Vpoun ane draucht doand his naturall det.  
 This fals tratour wnder the schield wes set,  
 Quhilk to his cuming tuke gude tent and cuir,  
 With ane lang speit quhilk in his hand he buir, 40,460  
 Among the bowellis vpwart in the breist,  
 Straik him to deid withoutin clerk or preist;  
 And to Canutus passit syne full sone,  
 And schew to him that tyme how he had done,  
 For luif of him his awin prince hes nocht spard, 40,465  
 Traistand thairfoir of him to get reward.  
 This Canutus considerit weill and knew,  
 This fals tratour that his awin maister slew,  
 That naturallie wes nother kynd nor leill,  
 Greit danger wes with sic ane dog to deill; 40,470  
 And for that caus, as he seruit to haif,  
 That samin tyme siclike reward him gaif,

Into the streit quhair euerie man mycht se,  
 Vpoun ane gallous hangit him full hie,  
 Into the tyme with mekill schame and lak, 40,475  
 That all vther exempill thair nicht tak,  
 In tyme to cum, with wrang or violence,  
 For to put hand other in king or prince.  
 The Inglis lordis syne quhen that tha knew  
 So greit justice Canutus to thame schew, 40,480  
 Of Edmoundis deid sic vengeance he had tone,  
 With hail consent of the lordis ilkone,  
 Maid him tutour to governe and to gyde  
 Of all Ingland; also the samin tyde,  
 Edward and Edwyn within 3outh richt far, 40,485  
 Of king Edmond the lauchtfull sonis war,  
 In matrimonie quhilk that his wyfe him buir,  
 Deliuert hes into Canutus cuir;  
 Quhome he ressaut blythlie and bening,  
 And treittit thame as sonis of ane king. 40,490  
 Sone efter syne he changit his intent,  
 And send thame bayth onto the president,  
 Valgarus hecht, that tyme of Swadyn land;  
 Syne quyetlie he send to him command  
 Rycht suddantlie for to distroy thame bayth. 40,495  
 This president, thinkand grit syn and skayth  
 Sic innocentis for to condaime to deid,  
 Send thame rycht far baith to ane vther steid,  
 To Salomone, of Hungarie wes king.  
 Thir tua childer that plesand wes and 3ing, 40,500  
 Remanit thair richt lang and mony 3eir,  
 Quhill efterwart as I sall schaw 3ow heir.  
 Efter the deid syne of this Canutus,  
 Ane sone he had wes callit Heraldus,  
 As it wes said wes in his tyme als swift 40,505  
 As ony [h]air that ran wnder the lift,  
 Thairfoir Hairfit, bot gif my author le,  
 With vulgar pepill callit than wes he,

Tua 3eir he rang and no moir as I reid.  
 Heirdecanutus efter did succeid, 40,510  
 His bruther wes, to his auctoritie,  
 For-quhy that tyme na vther air had he.  
 Wes none so proude levand wnder the sky,  
 At Inglismen quhilk had so greit invy,  
 Herald his bruther that wes deid befoir, 40,515  
 For caus sum tyme he manist him with schoir,  
 Col. 2. Out of the erth his deid bodie hes tone,  
 Syne of the heid he hes gart stryke, anone  
 In Lundoun toun, quhair euerie man mycht se,  
 Vpoun ane staik gart set it vp full hie: 40,520  
 In Tames water, rynnis bayth deip and fast,  
 Of the deid cors the laif he gart in cast.  
 Ane law he maid, bayth be way and streit,  
 Quhair euir tha hapnit ony Dane to meit,  
 Tha suld him halss as ane man of gude, 40,525  
 And in his hand still for to hald his hude,  
 At euerie word kneill and mak curtasie,  
 Ay still and quhill that he war passit by.  
 Commandit als that nane of thame suld meit  
 Vpoun ane brig, other on hors or feit, 40,530  
 The sempillest Dene in all Ingland wes kend,  
 Bot to remane ay at the brigis end,  
 Without sterage ay still as ony stone,  
 Quhill that the Dene wes passit ouir and gone,  
 And bek to him syne as he goith by. 40,535  
 The Inglismen, quhilk that his tirrany  
 Mycht nocht suffer without humanitie,  
 Diuysit hes with greit subtilitie  
 The Danis all, with litill sturt and noy,  
 Vpoun ane nycht in Ingland to distroy. 40,540  
 And so tha did ouir all Ingland ane nycht,  
 In euirilk hous ane greit supper wes dycht,  
 Quhair all the Danis callit wes thairtill,  
 Of wyne and aill takand thame sic ane fill,

With sic exces quhill that tha war als fow, 40,545  
 Syne fell on sleip als sound as any sow ;  
 And also fow and drokin as ane mous,  
 The Danis war than into euirilk hous ;  
 That samin nycht syne, lang or it wes da,  
 Tha war all slane thair sleipand quhair tha la. 40,550  
 The Inglismen syne on the morne tuke feild,  
 With euirilk wicht ane wapin docht to weild,  
 And all the laif syne of the Danis slew,  
 Heirdecanutus, quhen he hard and knew  
 The fassoun all how tha his men gart slo, 40,555  
 And him awin self wer seikand than also,  
 Knawand so weill than as the mater standis,  
 That he nicht nocht avaid out of thair handis,  
 And for that caus or he come in thair will,  
 And thoill sic pane as tha wald put him till, 40,560  
 With ane lang knyfe that hang be his awin belt,  
 He slew him self thair suddantlie and suelt.  
 The Inglismen, quhen that tha hard and knew  
 So suddantlie him self as he than slew,  
 In tyme to cum tha war quyte of his ill, 40,565  
 And tha also had thair fredome and will,  
 Ane Godowyn, ane greit nobill that wes,  
 In Normondy that tyme tha<sup>1</sup> haif gart pas  
 For Alarude and Edward in that tyde,  
 Quhilk brethir wer till Edmond of Yrnesyde, 40,570  
 Sonis also wes to the king Eldred,  
 And gude Emma his latter wyfe, I red,  
 Ducke Richardis dochter wes of Normondy,  
 As I schew 3ow bot schort quhile syne goneby.  
 This Godowyn, of quhome heir that I schew, 40,575  
 That samin tyme ane tratour wes vntrew ;  
 Canutus dochter, of quhome befor I tald,  
 Ane sone him buir quhilk callit wes Herald,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *that*.

Lib. 12, f. 190. Col. 1.	Quhilk wes the caus of tressone as I reid ;	
	In that belief this Herald suld succeid	40,590
	Efter his guid-schir for to bruke the croun,	
	He promiseist [hes] thir childer to poysoun.	
	Gude Alarude the eldest wes and air,	
	Wes none that da moir plesand and preclair,	
	He hes gart poysoun in that samin place ;	40,595
	And gude Edward, as it wes Goddis grace,	
	Saiffie did his tressoun than wmschew,	
	And how it wes I can nocht tell 3ow now.	
	Bot sone efter, as 3e sall wnderstand,	
	This ilk Edward wes crownit in Ingland,	40,590
	Eldredus sone wes narrest to succeid.	
	This ilk Edward syne efter, as I reid,	
	Ane nobill king he wes in all his dais,	
	Wes none better as that my author sais,	
	This Godowyn for him so soir that dred,	40,595
	Schort quhile befoir of Ingland he had fled,	
	So meik he wes, within ane litill space	
	Ressaut him agane into his grace,	
	And gart all thing agane to him restoir,	
	Bayth land and gude all that he had befoir ;	40,600
	Gart him remane with him self nycht and da ;	
	Herald his sone, duke of Oxonia	
	For his plesour he maid into the tyme.	
	Bot gratius God, the quhilk all gilt and cryme	
	Rycht equallie, thocht he desire ane space,	40,605
	Will puneis heir or in ane vther place,	
	And so he did to this fals Godowyn ;	
	Tak tent and heir how that it hapnit syne.	

HOW GODOWYN WORREIT HIMSELF TO DEID IN  
PRESENCE OF EDWARD KING, BECAUS HE MAID  
ANE GREIT LESING.

Vpoun ane da with mony fenzeit fabill,  
With king Edward quhair that he sat at tabill, 40,610  
Of sindrie thingis speikand ill and gude,  
Thair talking than wes most of Alarude,  
This Godowyn that tyme with greit effect,  
Traistand the king thair of had him suspect,  
He said, and suoir richt mony aith betuene, 40,615  
Of that tressoun he wes saikles and clene.  
And in his hand he tuke ane peice of breid,  
Before thame all syne he held vp his heid,  
Vnto the king on this same wyiss said he,  
" I beseik God ma' this my poysoun be, 40,620  
" Gif euir I had, without ony remeid,  
" Art or part of Alarudus deid."  
Syne in his mouth he pat the breid with that,  
Quhen in his hals, that same tyme quhair he sat,  
[It] stak so fast without ony remeid, 40,625  
Or euir tha wist, it wirreit him to deid.  
Thus endit he the quhilk menswoir alhallowis,  
Syne erdit wes efter wnder the gallous;  
Into this mater I will no moir remane,  
Bot to my storie turne I will agane. 40,630

HOW KING MALCOLME WAS CROWNIT KING OF  
SCOTLAND, AND HOW HE REWARDIT HIS  
LORDIS AND MAID ERLIS AND MONY GUDE  
LAWIS.

This gude Malcolme of Scotland than wes king,  
The auchtane 3eir of this Edwardus ring,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. so.



With gude Malcome of Scotland that wes king.  
 And for that caus, and for na vther thing,  
 Richt greit rewardis to thame all he gaif,  
 Efter thair deidis<sup>1</sup> as tha war worth to haif. 40,670  
 To gude Makduffe the erle of Fyffe gaif he  
 Ane priuiledge, and his posteritie ;  
 The first, quhilk wes ane priuiledge condng,  
 The erll of Fyffe quhen crownit wes the king,  
 Onto his chyre suld him convoy and leid, 40,675  
 The croun of gold syne set vpoun his heid  
 With his awin hand, all seruice for to mak,  
 As president most principall of that act ;  
 The secund wes, that battell in ilk steid  
 In his gyding the vangard for to leid ; 40,680  
 The thrid also, that neuir ane of his clan  
 Suld judgit be wnder ane vther man,  
 Quhair euir he war, bot with the erle of Fyffe,  
 Quhen that he war accusit of his lyffe.  
 With mony lawes also hes maid than, 40,685  
 Richt commendabill bayth to God and man,  
 And abrogat all lawes les and moir,  
 That Makcobeus maid had of befor.

HOW LAUCHLAT, MAKCOBEUS SONE, WES CROWNIT  
 KING IN SCONE, AND HOW MAKDUFFE SLEW  
 HIM RYCHT SONE.

Rycht sone efter that done wes all this thing,  
 Thair come ane man the quhilk schew to the 40,690  
 king  
 Of nyce newis in the tyme wes done,  
 Ane callit Lauchlat wes crownit into Scone,  
 Quhilk wes the sone of foirsaid Makcobey.  
 The erle of Fyffe send wes to red that pley ;

Lib. 12, f. 190b.  
 Col. 1.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *deith*.



The quhilk at Esk that tyme hes him ouirtane, 40,695  
 And slew him thair with his feiris ilkane.  
 Be this wes done, onto the king wes tald  
 Ane bellomy that busteous wes and bald,  
 In Loutheane had seruit mekill blame,  
 And quhat he wes I can nocht tell his name, 40,700  
 With mony revar, that war bald and stout,  
 He spuilzeit had the land all round about,  
 Baith in the Mers and Loutheane richt far.  
 Ane nobill man, Lord Patrik of Dumbar,  
 At Colbrandispeth this captane carle he keild, 40,705  
 And sax hundretht of his men into feild;  
 Fourscoir he tuik quhilk to the king he led,  
 The carlis heid also with him he hed  
 Thair captane wes, and presentit to the king,  
 Quha wes rejosit gritlie of that thing. 40,710  
 This Lord Patrik the erle of Merche he maid;  
 Of Colbrandispeth the landis lang and braid  
 Gaif him that tyme, and thairwith ordand he,  
 In his banar ane bludie heid to be,  
 Perpetuallie in ane taikin and sing 40,715  
 Of his honour the quhilk that did sic thing.  
 Syne efter this it hapnit vpone cace,  
 This king Malcolme at hunting in ane place,  
 Of sindrie men quhome of he wes suspect,  
 As secreitlie wes schawin him in effect, 40,720  
 Conducit war than with his mortall fo,  
 For greit reward this king Malcolme to slo.  
 The king him self that knew rycht weill thame all,  
 The men of thame that wes most principall,  
 Richt quietlie the king with him is gone 40,725  
 Furth in the wod than hand for hand alone,  
 Wail secreitlie wnder ane buss of breir,  
 Quhair thair wes nane other to se or heir.  
 This gude Malcome than to that man said he,  
 " O fals tratour ! without humanitie ; 40,730

" O brutell beist ! but kyndnes in memoir  
 " Off all kyndnes that I did the befoir.  
 " Traist weill, tratour, of the I haif hard tell,  
 " With fals tressoun thow schaipis to rebell  
 " Aganis me, and is my mortall fo, 40,735  
 " And tratourlie thow schaipis me to slo,  
 " Quhen I sall haif na power to defend.  
 " Thy cruelnes is richt weill to me kend."  
 With that he drew ane brand bayth braid and  
 brycht,  
 And said till him, " Cum on ! God schaw the 40,740  
 richt !  
 " Now is moir tyme quhen no man is to red,  
 " No for to sla me sleipand in my bed.  
 " Defend the, tratour, ane of ws sall die !"  
 With that the tratour fell doun on his kne,  
 And held his handis to the hevin in hy, 40,745  
 Syne piteouslie on him mercie did cry.  
 Malcolme wes meik and wald do him na ill,  
 And suddantlie he said agane him till,  
 " Of thi reat this tyme full soir I rew ;  
 " In tyme to cum so that thow wilbe trew, 40,750  
 " Heir I forgif the all faltis bygone."  
 And be the hand that tyme syne hes him tone :  
 Syne raikit furth befoir as tha war wont,  
 Amang the laif into the hillis to hunt.  
 Heir will I rest ane lang quhile and remane, 40,755  
 And of king Edward tell sum thing agane.

Col. 2.                   HOW EDWARD, KING OF ENGLAND, WAS AIGIT AND  
HAD NO AIRIS OF HIS BODIE, SEND FOR  
EDWARD HIS BRUTHER SONE, QUHA WAS IN  
HUNGARY, TO RESIGNE THE CROWN TO HIM  
AND BE KING OF ENGLAND AFTER HIM.

This ilk Edward as ze sall wnderstand,  
That samin tyme that king wes of Ingland,  
Weill agit wes and cuming to greit eild,  
And of his awin had nocht ane lauchfull cheild 40,760  
After his dais the kinrik for to gyde.  
His eldest bruther Edmond of Yrnesyde,  
His tua sonis quhilk war in Hungarie,  
As I schew 3ow bot schort quhile syne gone by,  
Edmond the eldest deit without air. 40,765  
Edward, ane virgin plesand and preclair,  
Weddit ane wyfe wes callit Agatha,  
The kingis dochter wes of Hungaria ;  
To him scho buir Edmond ane sone, also  
Margaret and Cristiane, and na barnis mo. 40,770  
This king Edward that samin tyme send he,  
For this Edward his sone and air to be.  
At his command this Edward come belyve  
Into Ingland with his barnis and wywe,  
Quhome that the king resaut with renoun ; 40,775  
Befoir thame all syne offerit him the crown,  
Becaus he wes his eldest brutheris cheild,  
And he him self also wes of gude eild,  
And for that caus he profferit him the crown,  
Befoir his deid to gif him possessioun. 40,780  
This 3oung Edward so curtes wes and heind,  
His darrest eme, so tender wes ane freind,  
He thankit hes that tyme rycht reuerently,  
To tak the crown refusit hes, for-thy  
He wes eldest and grittest of renoun, 40,785  
And in possessioun also of the crown,

The quhilk he thocht wes nocht semand to be,  
 For greit degraiding of his majestie.  
 The pepill all quhen that tha hard sic thing,  
 How 3oung Edward refusit to be king, 40,790  
 For sic kyndnes till his vnkill he hed,  
 Withoutin his purpois [eithlie] nicht haif sped,  
 Quhen oft hes bene befoir that the tone bruther  
 For heretage distroyit hes the tother,  
 And for that causs that he sic thing forsuike, 40,795  
 The pepill all greit plesour of him tuke.  
 Sone efter syne, as my author did tell,  
 This 3oung Edward, as aventure befell,  
 Departit hes befoir Edward the king,  
 That sorrowfull wes and sorie of that thing, 40,800  
 Ay moir and moir with greit langour and wo,  
 Out of this warld quhill he wes maid till go.  
 Sone efter syne, as halie kirk now grantis,  
 Now in till eird is numberit amang the sanctis  
 Richt hie in hevin, with blythnes and grit 40,805  
 gloir  
 Withoutin end, and so and euirmoir.  
 The lordis than of Inglanð euirilkone,  
 To Lundoun toun togidder all ar gone  
 To cheis ane king to be thair governour;  
 This 3oung Edmond quhilk wes of grit honour, 40,810  
 This Edwardis sone borne wes in Hungarie,  
 Neglectit wes that tyme and far put by  
 The heretage, to quhilk he had sic richt,  
 Part than for wrang and vther part than by  
 slicht,  
 Corruptit wes be giftis of Herald, 40,815  
 Quhome of befoir schort quhile to 3ow I tald,  
 The eldest sone of Godowyn bygo,  
 And dochteris sone to Canutus also.  
 For his reward of greit riches and mycht,  
 This 3oung Edmond wes frustrat of his rycht, 40,82

Lib. 12, f. 191.  
 Col. 1.

And this Herald without rycht of sic thing,  
 For Canutus<sup>1</sup> that da wes crownit king.  
 Thair allegatioun wes as I wnderstude,  
 For he wes narrest of Canutus blude,  
 And for that caus the Danis wald nocht pruif, 40,825  
 Vnjust battell aganis thame till mufe.  
 Tha fenzeit this to be the caus and quhy;  
 It wes nocht so, and that rycht weill wait I.  
 That Canutus thairof had all the wyit,  
 Quhairat greit God had efter greit dispyit, 40,830  
 And brocht thame all, as it wes rycht weill kend,  
 For thair falsheid onto ane febill end.  
 And how it wes quho<sup>2</sup> lykis for to speir,  
 Tak tent this tyme and I sall tell 3ow heir.

HOW HERALD MAREIT THE DUKIS DOCHTER OF  
 NORMONDY, AND HOW HE COME IN INGLAND,  
 MAREIT THIS FAIR LADIE, AND SEND [HIR]  
 TO HIR FATHER RICH SCHAMEFULLIE, AND OF  
 THE DUKIS CUMING IN INGLAND.

This ilk Herald sone efter he wes king, 40,835  
 Into his mynd consaut hes sic thing,  
 That he wald pas, I cannocht tell 3ow quhy,  
 Into Flanderis, bot gif it wes for-thy  
 As God hes said sa all thing man be done.  
 This ilk Herald to schipburd passit sone, 40,840  
 Syne ankeris drew and leit saillis dounfall,  
 Befoir the wynd syne went our mony wall.  
 Sone efter syne, within ane lytill we,  
 So greit ane storme thair fell into the se,  
 That force it wes ay sailland by and by, 40,845  
 For till arryve than into Normondy.  
 This ilk Herald thairof he tuke the land,  
 The quhilk that tyme richt weill did wnderstand

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Canutus*.

| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *quhy*.

Williame, Bastard quhilk wes of Normondy,  
 At him he had greit malice and invy, 40,860  
 For his father distroyit Alarude,  
 His cousing deir, so neir wes of his blude.  
 And for that caus to counsall he is gone,  
 Decreittit wes syne with thame all ilkone,  
 Herald suld fenze that he come to wed 40,865  
 The duikis dochter, to bring to his bed  
 In matrimonie vnto his wyfe and quene,  
 To mak friendschip quhair lang grit weir had bene.  
 Quhair of this duke richt hartlie wes content,  
 And gart compleit all thing incontinent 40,866  
 Of his desyre that he plesit to haif;  
 His dochter syne in mariage him gaif  
 • With greit devyss; quhen all thing wes done so,  
 He tuke his leif hame with his wyfe till go.  
 And quhen he come in middis of the way, 40,868  
 Vpoun the se, as my author did say,  
 The Normanis all that come hir till convoy,  
 Into that tyme withoutin noy,  
 Except hir self that tyme and othir thrie,  
 Send all agane hame bakwart our the se. 40,870  
 In Ingland syne, sone efter he come hame,  
 To this ladie hes done greit lak and schame,  
 Of hir father for malice and invy, Col. 2.  
 Magir hir will, gart laddis with hir ly.  
 Hir plesand ene syne as the cristell stone, 40,875  
 For greit dispyte out of hir heid hes tone;  
 Syne cuttit of hes baith hir eiris tuo,  
 Hir lustie lippis and hir nois also;  
 Hir plesand face, that pitie wes to se,  
 Deformit hes with greit crudelitie; 40,880  
 Onto hir father in his lak and schame,  
 On that same fassoun than he send hir hame.  
 This Williame Bastard syne efter rycht sone,  
 Of that injure Heraldus had him done,

With greit power, as my author did sa, 40,885  
 In Ingland come syne efter on ane da,  
 With bernis bald that waponis weill culd weild,  
 And slew Heraldus fechtand into field.  
 Depryuit him of his kinrik, lyfe and croun,  
 Of greit injure and of the fals tressoun, 40,890  
 To him befoir so wranguslie he wrocht,  
 And his dochter full deir than hes he bocht.  
 And euir moir in storie as I reid,  
 The Normond blude sensyne hes done succeid  
 Into Ingland, haifand auctoritie, 40,895  
 Raith of the croun and all greit dignitie:  
 As God prouydis so all thing is done.  
 This Williame Bastard efter this rycht sone,  
 Thair with his lordis into Lundoun toun,  
 Ressauit hes of all Ingland the croun ; 40,900  
 And all the lordis also ill and gude,  
 Ouir all Ingland quhilk war of Inglis blude,  
 Dishereist hes withoutin ony dreid,  
 And maid ane Normane in his place succeid.  
 The vulgar pepill leit thame leif als fre, 40,905  
 And far better nor tha war wont to be,  
 With thair awin law, langage, and all the laif,  
 Siclike befoir as tha war wont to haif ;  
 The kinrik als as it wes wont to be,  
 Callit Ingland be his auctoritie. 40,910  
 Quhilk causit thame fra that tyme furth but pley,  
 To him and his euir moir for to obey,  
 And zit hes done, I can nocht tell how lang,  
 As plesis God the quhilk can do na wrang.  
 This young Edmound, the sone wes of Edward, 40,915  
 Quhen that he saw the kinrik wes transferd  
 Fra his natioun wnto the Normane blude,  
 Perfitlie than he knew and wnderstude  
 That all his laubour wes [but] waist and vane,  
 In Ingland than na langar wald remane. 40,920

In ferme purpois to pas in Hungarie,  
 With baith his sisteris syne went to the se;  
 Thair passage maid than out of Thamis mouth.  
 The wind it blew so stark out of the south,  
 Ay be ane burd it draif thame to the north, 40,925  
 Quhill tha tuke land richt far vp into Forth,  
 Into ane place, as my author did sa,  
 Sanct Margaretis-hoip is callit at this da.  
 To king Malcolme quhen this wes schawin syne,  
 Remanand wes into Druimfermyne, 40,930  
 To thame he send for to inquiryre and speir  
 Of thair cuming the fassoun and maneir.  
 As<sup>1</sup> he [wes] bad this messenger hes done; Lib.12, f.191b.  
 Syne come agane and schew to him rycht sone, Col. 1.  
 Quhat that tha war and how that tha come 40,935  
 thair,  
 And all the fassoun ilk word les and mair,  
 The quhilk befor that I haif put in verss,  
 Is nocht neidfull agane for to reherss.  
 This king Malcolme, quhilk wes nocht immemor  
 The greit kyndnes that gude Edward befor 40,940  
 Schew him in Ingland quhen he did remane,  
 And for his saik thairfoir he thocht agane  
 Onto his freindis recompance to mak,  
 Quhilk causit him moir kyndlie with him tak.  
 And so he did with greit honour and gloir, 40,945  
 And all his lordis that tyme les and moir  
 That present war, tha princes richt potent,  
 With king Malcome onto the schip tha went.  
 This young Edward that knew full weill sic thing,  
 Richt reuerentlie he come and met the king, 40,950  
 With his mother and with his sisteris tuo,  
 Quhilk salust him syne all the laif also.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *As as*.



This nobill king hes tane him by the hand,  
 His mother syne, quhilk nixt [to] him did stand,  
 He kissit hes thair, with his sisteris tuo, 40,955  
 To Drumfermling syne maid thame all till go ;  
 In greit blythnes ane lang tyme of the 3eir,  
 Quhair tha remanit ilk da with grit cheir.  
 As plesis God so all thing man be done :  
 This king Malcolme considderit hes rycht sone 40,960  
 Of this Margaret the greit humilitie,  
 Hir pulchritude and hir speciositie,  
 Hir greit vertu, the quhilk that did exceed  
 All vther virgin in hir tyme, I reid ;  
 And for that caus, as my author did mene, 40,965  
 This king Malcolme hes tane hir to his quene,  
 With hail consent of the nobillitie,  
 In matrimony his lauchtfull wyfe to be.  
 The 3eir of God quhilk send sic grace fra hevin,  
 Ane thousand saxtie als thairto and sevin, 40,970  
 This ilk Margaret of quhome befor I mene,  
 Of Scotland than wes crownit to be quene.  
 This beand done as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 Than Williame Bastard, king wes of Ingland,  
 Quhen that he knew how all this thing wes done, 40,975  
 He flemit hes out of Ingland richt sone  
 The<sup>1</sup> freindis all wes of this ilk Edgair,  
 That levand war ilkane baith les and mair ;  
 Quhilk of thair lyvis wes so soir adred,  
 That samin tyme in Scotland all tha fled. 40,980  
 Quhometo king Malcome greit rewardis gaif,  
 Of gold and land as tha war worth to haif,  
 The quhilk sensyne geid neuer 3it hame agane,  
 Bot ay in Scotland stone still did remane ;  
 And quhat tha war, quha lykis for to speir, 40,985  
 Thair surnames alss now I sall schaw 3ow heir.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *This*.

Lyndesay, Wallace, Touris, [and] Lovell,  
 Ramsay, Prestoun, Sandelandis, Bisset, Soullis, Maxwell,  
 Wardlaw, Giffurd, Maule, Borthuik also,  
 Fethikran, Creichtoun, all thir and no mo. 40,990  
 Fyve of thir last, als far as I can spy,  
 Come with this Edgar out of Vngary;  
 And all the laif of thir, as eith is to ken,  
 Of thir ilkone tha war all Inglismen.  
 This Williame Bastard quhen he wnderstude, 40,995  
 This king Malcolme with so greit gratitude Col. 2  
 Ressauit hes thir men baith les and moir,  
 To him he wrait with rycht greit bost and schoir,  
 In heichtie langage that wes all to large,  
 Commandand him, wnder all pane and charge 41,000  
 Of his perrell that efter nicht be fund,  
 This ilk Edgair he sould send to him bund.  
 Than king Malcome, in fair termis and plane,  
 Als hett and hielie ansuer maid agane;  
 Sayand, als far as he culd wnderstand, 41,005  
 He wes nocht oblist to keip his command;  
 No 3it, he said, of his desyr and will,  
 Nocht worth ane fle thairof he wald fulfill.  
 "As for his bost I set richt litill by,  
 "Do that he dow," he said, "I him<sup>1</sup> defye." 41,010  
 With this ansuer the messinger richt sone,  
 Went hame agane and schew how he had done;  
 And all the ansuer that he gat agane,  
 Ilk word by word<sup>2</sup> in termis that war plane.  
 This Williame Bastard herand it wes so, 41,015  
 Ane greit armie he furneist hes till go  
 With ane hecht Rodger, as I vnderstand,  
 Ane Normane wes into Northumberland,  
 For-quhy gude [Suard] that tyme thairof wes lord,  
 To king Malcome, gif that I rycht record, 41,020

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *am.*| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *wordis.*

His mother bruther in the tyme wes he,  
 And tuik his part at possibilitie.  
 This ilk Rodger than for to keip command,  
 He enterit sone into Northumberland,  
 Quhair he that tyme wes sone put to the war, 41,026  
 His men war slane, him self chaissit rycht far,  
 And in the chace, as it wes rycht weill knawin,  
 Throw tressoun slane thair be men of his awin.  
 This Williame Bastard, of Ingland that wes king,  
 Quhilk litill sturt than tuke of all that thing, 41,030  
 Ane grittar armie sone efter he send  
 In Cumberland, syne maid with thame to wend  
 The erle Richart, of Loncastell wes lord,  
 To be thair gyid<sup>1</sup> and keip thame in concord.  
 The erle of Merche, gude Patrik of Dumbar, 41,035  
 And of Menteith, thir tua erlis send war  
 Be king Malcolme that tyme in Cumberland,  
 Quhilk stoppit him and maid him sic ganestand,  
 Scant worth ane hog tha leit him tak awa;  
 Quhair he tuke ane tha tuke agane ay tua. 41,040  
 This Williame Bastard seand it wes so,  
 Ane greit armie he hes maid till go,  
 Gif it be trew that my author tald me,  
 With ane bischop thair governour to be,  
 And wes<sup>2</sup> his bruther, Oden hecht to name, 41,045  
 The erle of Kent, ane man of nobill fame,  
 Quhilk enterit sone into Northumberland,  
 Wes nothing fre befor thame that tha fand,  
 Baith brint and slew, as my author did sa,  
 Syne mekill gude tha tuke with thame awa, 41,050  
 Evin as tha wald at thair plesour and will.  
 Syne king [Malcolme], quhilk sone thair<sup>3</sup> sped  
 thame till,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *kynd*.

<sup>2</sup> In MS. *with*.

<sup>3</sup> In MS. *thair than*.

Arreistit thame, syne with ane maissar wand,  
 Or tha passit out of Northumberland,  
 Richt mony thousand of thame thair wes slane, 41,065  
 And all the laif war chasit hame agane.  
 This bald bischop, for all his schavin croun,  
 Durst nocht than byde to heir thair confessioun.  
 Zit William Bastard, quhilk that wald nocht tyre,  
 Ane grittar armie and with moir desyre, 41,060  
 With his sone Robert wnto Northumberland,  
 With thame he send to be at his command.  
 This ilk Robert, as my author did sa,  
 He come to Tyne and thair stane still he la:  
 The New Castell he gart agane restoir 41,065  
 Till the awin strenth distroyit wes befor.  
 Into that tyme he did no vther thing,  
 Bot passit hame but ony tareing.  
 This Williame Bastard, quhilk culd nocht proceid,  
 To his purpois cumand so hulie speid, 41,070  
 All that he did befor richt far he rewis,  
 With king Malcolme wes fane for to tak trewis,  
 Of this conditioun I sall to 3ow sa;  
 That all the land fra Stanemure inwart la  
 North onto Tueid, without ony ganestand, 41,075  
 All Cumbria and also Westmureland,  
 This king Malcolme suld haif in peax and rest,  
 For euirmoir withoutin ony molest:  
 Makand thairfoir aith of fidelitie  
 To this Williame and his posteritie. 41,080  
 Into Stanemure ane cors of stane wes set,  
 Quhair the merchis of thir tua kingis met;  
 And on the cors, as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 Tua crownit kingis with sceptour in to hand  
 Depanetit wer richt propirlie that tyde: 41,085  
 The king of Scotland on the northmest syde,  
 The king of Ingland also on the vther,  
 Haldand thair faces euerilk ane fra vther,

Lib. 12, f. 192.  
 Col. 1.

I wait noch weill quhither on fit or hors,  
 Quhilk ay sensyne wes callit the Re-cors. 41,090  
 And Suardis sone, erle of Northumberland,  
 Hecht Wordyas, maid mariage and band  
 With ane ladie of fame that wes wnfylde,  
 To Williame Bastard that wes dochter child;  
 And this erle Sward in tyme to cum suld be 41,095  
 For tuentie 3eir of all tribute maid fre,  
 Fra Williame Bastard, of Ingland that wes king,  
 Quhilk grantit wes to him and his offspring.  
 This beand done as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 Sone efter syne within les nor ane 3eir, 41,100  
 Into the Ylis and in Gallowa,  
 Baith thift and reif, as my author did sa,  
 Slauchter and murthur with mekle oppin wrang,  
 With all ill vices in that tyme tha rang.  
 And or I tell 3ow quhat wes the remeid, 41,105  
 Heir mon I la ane stra into this steid,  
 And of Banquho sum mentioun for to mak,  
 Of quhome befor in this same buik I spak,  
 Quhilk Makcobey with sa greit tressoun slew,  
 Siclike befor in that same tyme I schew 41,110  
 With fals tressoun he quit him to his thank.  
 He had ane sone wes callit Eleank,  
 Quhilk, with the substance in the tyme he hed,  
 Fra Makcobey into the Walis he fled;  
 Quhair with the lord he tretit wes rycht 41,115  
 weill,  
 And to his dochter wes so deir ilk deill,  
 As kyndlie is thair of sould no man wonder,  
 Richt sone efter wes brocht in sic ane blunder,  
 Judge 3e or noch gif that scho wes begyld,  
 That sone efter scho wox rycht greit with 41,120  
 child;  
 Quhairat hir father wes richt far displesit.  
 This Eleank, or that he wald be mesit,

Richt cruellie without mercie gart slo ;  
 His dochter als, quhen that he had done so,  
 In seruitude for terme of all hir lyfe 41,125  
 Maid hir to be ane sympill mannis wyfe. Col. 2.  
 Quhill efterwart ane 3oung sone that scho buir  
 To Eleank, of quhome scho tuke sic cuir,  
 Quhill he wes leirit baith to gang and ryde,  
 Quhilk callit wes to name Walter that tyde, 41,130  
 In Albione wes nocht ane farar child ;  
 Syne efterwart, quhen that he come till eild,  
 On to Scotland to king Malcome come he.  
 Sone efter syne, throw greit nobillitie,  
 And worthines in mony stalwart stour, 41,135  
 Greit fame he wan with riches and honour,  
 And with king Malcome haldin wes of price,  
 Becaus he wes so nobill and so wyce.  
 This ilk Walter syne efter on ane da,  
 With greit power wes send in Gallowa, 41,140  
 For to resist the tratouris did rebell,  
 Quhome of befoir schort quhile 3e hard me tell.  
 This 3oung Walter with litill sturt or noy,  
 He maid thame all to be as clois and quoy.  
 Thair greit chiftane, MakGlawis hecht to name, 41,145  
 Of all thair deidis quhilk that buir the blame,  
 Fechtand in feild, and mony mo he slew,  
 The laif wes sworne than all for to be trew.  
 Syne efterwart he passit in the Ylis,  
 And part throw strenth, and vther part throw 41,150  
 wylis,  
 He maid thame all als waldin as ane wand,  
 For till obey and byde at his command.  
 Becaus he wes of sic nobillitie,  
 This king Malcome of his auctoritie  
 His land-stewart in the tyme he maid 41,155  
 Ouir all Scotland that wes baith lang and  
 braid ;

Syne till his surename Stewart did him call,  
 And gaif to him the land[is] liand all  
 In Cuninghame, that my author did sa,  
 Quhilk Stewartoun ar callit at this da. 41,160  
 His hous and famell, efter as I schew,  
 Onto sic riches and greit honour grew,  
 And spred richt far also hes his ofspring,  
 Of quhome sensyne descendit is our king,  
 Heir efterwart, quhen I haif tyme and space, 41,165  
 I shall schaw zow as God will gif me grace.  
 Sone efter this that ze haif hard me tell,  
 Ane hecht Makduncane in Murra did duell,  
 Perswadit hes all [pepill] moir<sup>1</sup> and les,  
 The Mernis, Mar, Ross, Buchane and Caitnes, 41,170  
 For to conspyre agane Malcome thair king,  
 And disobey him into euerie thing,  
 Without he leit thame hald thair landis fre,  
 But ferme or mail, at thair awin libertie;  
 And greit injure agane the king hes done. 41,175  
 Makduffe of Fyffe thairfoir wes send rycht sone,  
 With greit power that perrell to prevene.  
 The men of Mar quhilk hes his power sene,  
 Dreidand his strenth tha tempit him for-thi  
 With greit reward gif tha culd beir him by. 41,180  
 That samin tyme king Malcome at thair hand,  
 With new power wes cumin in the land;  
 Syne with Makdufe togidder baith in one,  
 To Monymusk richt haistelie ar gone,  
 And plantit hes thair palzeonis on a plane, 41,185  
 Ane quhile at counsall syne thair did remane.  
 This king Malcolme that samin tyme gaif he  
 To Sanct Androis, with hail auctoritie,  
 Of Monymusk alhail the baronie,  
 Of his fais to send him victorie. 41,190

Lib. 12, f. 192b.  
 Col. 1.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *moir moir*.

Syne with his oist he passit furth but pley,  
 Quhill that he come on to the water of Spey,  
 Quhair all his fais in the samin tyde,  
 Remanand wer vpoun the tother syde.  
 In gude ordour appeirit in thair sicht, 41,195  
 In breist plait, birnie, and in basnet brycht;  
 Sic multitude of thame as he hes sene,  
 He trowit nocht in all Scotland had bene.  
 The man that tyme the kingis baner buir,  
 Stoppit and stude and no forder than fuir, 41,200  
 Sum thing adred, as my author did mene:  
 The king thairof richt crabit wes and tene,  
 And hint the baner sone out of his hand;  
 On to ane vther by him self did stand,  
 Ane berne full bald quhilk wes of blude and 41,205  
 bone,  
 Quhilk callit wes Alexander Carone,  
 He gaif the baner in his hand to bair;  
 In heretage syne efter euir mair,  
 His surname syne wes callit Scrymgeour,  
 Quhilk surname 3it tha keip to this same hour. 41,210  
 This beand done the king passit our Spey,  
 Quhair mony freik that da had bene full fey,  
 War not the kirkmen, my author did mene,  
 With intercessioun gangand oft betuene,  
 Quhilk causit thame than of that stryfe to ceis. 41,215  
 Of this conditioun freindschip maid and peice;  
 The commonis all sould skaill awa but stryfe,  
 The nobillis all ilkane, saiffand thair lyfe,  
 Suld cum that tyme into the kingis will,  
 To quhat pennance him plesit put thame till. 41,220  
 This Makduncane that all the stryfe began,  
 And vther mo wes no [les] witles than,<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *And mo vther wes no witles than.*



Sone efter syne he did thame all denude  
 Of land and lordschip, and all vther gude ;  
 Syne all thair tyme with grit pennance tha la 41,225  
 In strang presoun vnto thair latter da.  
 Quhen this wes done as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 The king Malcome richt lang and mony 3eir,  
 In peax and rest and greit tranquillitie,  
 Ane lang quhile so efter leuit he. 41,230  
 Off halmes [deidis] all vther did exceid  
 In Albione in his dais, I reid,  
 Of godlynes and of richt perfite lyfe,  
 Be the instructioun of Margaret his wyfe,  
 Quhilk in hir tyme had nother maik no peir 41,235  
 In Albione, als far as I can heir.  
 Insufficient I am for to discorywe  
 Hir sanctitude, and eik hir halie lyfe ;  
 Hir greit diuotoun and hir godlie werkis,  
 As writtin is be mony famous clerkis : 41,240  
 And of king Malcome and his nobill deidis,  
 Witnes will bair quha that his legend reidis.  
 Thairfoir as now I will lat sic thing be,  
 Our langsum war heir at this tyme to me ;  
 Thair werkis all heirfoir to put in write 41,245  
 My pen wald irk, my self also to dyte  
 Wald grow als dull and sad as ony stone,  
 Thairfoir as now I lat sic thing alone.  
 The gude exempill of thair halie lyfe,  
 He[s] causit mony with thame for to stryfe 41,250  
 In greit perfectioun and in cheritie,  
 Col.2. Preissand with thame thairin equale to be.  
 Quene Margaretis mother, Agatha hecht to name,  
 Cristiane hir sister wnfyllit of fame,  
 Throw gude exempill of thir tua tha tuke, 41,255  
 All warldlie pomp and riches tha forsuik ;  
 And all the dais efter of thair lywe,  
 Religious like leuit contemplatywe.

Edgair hir bruther, as I wnderstand,  
 That samin tyme he passit in Ingland 41,260  
 To Williame Bastard, quhilk did him resaif,  
 And greit lordschip, quhair he plesit to haif,  
 He gaif to him in all part vp and doun,  
 And syne gaif our all richtis to the croun  
 To Williame Bastard hartlie with gude will, 41,265  
 And neur agane to haif reclame thairtill;  
 And all his tyme withoutin sturt or stryfe,  
 He leuit so to ending of his lyfe.

OFF WILLIAME BASTARDIS DECEIS, AND OF HIS  
 THRIE SONIS, HOW KING MALCOME BIGGIT  
 THE KIRK OF DURHAME, AND OF THE SEIGE  
 OF ANWIK, AND OF AND HOW KING MAL-  
 COME DECEISSIT.

Neirby this tyme as 3e sall wnderstand,  
 Williame Bastard, that king wes of Ingland, 41,270  
 Than of his regne quhilk wes the tuentie 3eir,  
 He tuik his leif and baid no langar heir.  
 The 3eir of God ane thousand and fourscoir,  
 And sex 3eiris compleit war and no moir.  
 Quhilk had thre sonnis plesand and preclair, 41,275  
 Williame Rufus, that eldest wes and air,  
 King of Ingland he maid efter his deid,  
 The quhilk succeidit syne into his steid;  
 The secund, Robert, duke of Normondy;  
 The 3oungest sone quhilk callit wes Henry, 41,280  
 The fairrest thing that euir wes on the mold,  
 To him he left his riches and his gold.  
 This king Malcome into that samin tyme,  
 The kirk of Durhame foundit of stone and lyme,  
 That faillit wes ane lang tyme of befoir, 41,285  
 Reformit hes syne all thing les and moir,

In forme and fect as it wes wont to be,  
 With als greit fredome and auctoritie.  
 Ane faithfull father of honour and fame,  
 Priour thairof, hecht Torgatus to name, 41,290  
 Ane letterit man profound in all science,  
 Just and deuot, rycht haill of conscience;  
 The king Malcome this halie Torgotus,  
 He maid him bischop of Sanct Androis;  
 The quhilk that wrait the legend and the lyfe 41,295  
 Of king Malcolme and gude Margaret his wyfe.  
 Wes none culd do that thing so weill as he,  
 Quhilk wes so just and neuir ane word culd la.  
 And all thair lyfe perfiltie weill he knew;  
 Thairfoir I traist all that he said wes trew 41,300  
 Of thame ilk word, as semis weill to be,  
 Be thair gude lyfe and his auctoritie.  
 By counsall of this ilk Torgotus syne,  
 King Malcome biggit into Dunfermylne  
 Lib. 12, f. 193. Col. 1. Ane fair tempill [the best] of the countre; 41,305  
 Syne ordand hes perpetuallie to be,  
 Into that kirk with diligence and cuir,  
 All kingis grauit into sepulture.  
 This Williame Rufus ze sall wnderstand,  
 Sone efter he wes maid king of Ingland, 41,310  
 Rycht wickitlie that tyme begouth to wirk  
 Agane the fredome than of halie kirk;  
 And mony abba also gart distroy,  
 To kirk and kirkmen greit injure and noy,  
 Ilk da be da he wrocht without ony remeid, 41,315  
 Quhairthrow rycht mony sufferit hes the deid.  
 The halie bischop, just and glorious,  
 Of Canterberrie callit Anselmus,  
 Becaus this king meikle he did corrak  
 Of his vices, quhairof he thocht sic lak, 41,320  
 And grew so hett withoutin ony remeid,  
 That efterwart he thocht to haif his heid;

War nocht the soner onto Rome he fled,  
 So wait I weill into the tyme he hed.  
 Suppois he knew that rycht just wes his      41,325  
 querrell,  
 Ȝit neuertheles he wald vmschew that perrell,  
 Althocht he wes rycht saikles of that cryme,  
 To saue himself onto ane better tyme.  
 Williame Ruffus [of] quhome befor I tald,  
 Rycht greit displesour oft and mony fald      41,330  
 Of Cumbria and of Northumberland,  
 So peceable wer in the Scottis hand,  
 Rycht greit dispyte into his mynd had he.  
 Thairfor rycht sone ane wonder greit armye,  
 In contrair his promise and his band,      41,335  
 Rycht sone he send into Northumberland ;  
 And Anwik castell that wes starge and strang,  
 He wan that tyme suppois the seig wes lang.  
 And Malcome than of Scottis that<sup>1</sup> wes king,  
 Quhen he hard tell the fassoun of that thing,      41,340  
 With greit power he passit on ane da,  
 Towart Anwik with all the haist he ma.  
 The Inglismen of his cuming hard tell,  
 Tha sped thame hame rycht sone attour the fell,  
 Ilkone that tyme richt haistelie agane,      41,345  
 Except the men did in the hous remane,  
 Quhilk schupe to byde at grit laser and lenth,  
 With all thair power to defend that strenth.  
 Than king Malcolme sone efter this wes done,  
 Onto the hous ane seig gart set rycht sone,      41,350  
 And so scharplie ilk da did it assail,  
 That tha within on force behuivit fail ;  
 Sone efter syne within thre dayis or four,  
 Force wes to thame the hous for to gif ouir.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *thas*.

Within the hous that tyme thair wes ane man ; 41,355  
 Quhat wes his name as now tell I nocht can,  
 Bot, for to sa of him the veritie,  
 Ane freik he wes full of audacitie,  
 Gif all be suith of him heir that I reid,  
 As efterwart it<sup>1</sup> previt weill indeed ; 41,360  
 Richt humlie, but rancour or rebous,  
 On ane swyft hors he come furth of the hous,  
 With ane scharp lanns that wes bayth stif and  
 squair,  
 Quhairon the keyis of the hous he bair,  
 Sayand, he wald without tareing 41,365  
 Tha keyis all deliuer to the king,  
 Als suddantlie as he mycht cum him till :  
 Syne horss and men put all in to his will.  
 Col. 2. Quhairof the Scottis war ryeht fane ilkone,  
 And furth with him toward the king is gone, 41,370  
 Quhair that he la that tyme into his tent.  
 Of his tydenis wes mony diligent  
 To ryn and speir, richt mony than rejois,  
 Quhill that the ost redoundit of thair noyis.  
 The nobill king quhair he la in his tent, 41,375  
 Come furth to se quhat all that noyis ment,  
 And greit wounder that tyme had of that thing.  
 This Inglisman knawand that he wes king,  
 As Scottismen that tyme had till him schawin,  
 Ane sober pais toward him hes he drawin, 41,380  
 Kest down the lance that wes lang and squhair,  
 Quhairon the keyis in the tyme he bair,  
 Evin as he wald deliuer in that place  
 The keyis all onto the kingis grace.  
 Syne with scharpe spurris in the tyme he hed, 41,385  
 Spurrit his hors quhill bayth his sydis bled,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. J.

Quhilk causit him go leip furth in ane ling,  
 Evin at the face syne markit of the king;  
 Than with the speir that wes of suir trie,  
 He hit the king richt in at the e, 41,390  
 The scharpe sokkat syne throw his heid is gone.  
 In that same tyme, or he micht be ouirtone,  
 Onto ane wod, the quhilk wes neirhand by,  
 Spurrit his hors and sped him spedely,  
 And wan the wod in magir of thame all. 41,395  
 This nobill king sic havie chance did fall,  
 Amang his men without ony remeid,  
 That samin tyme thair sufferit hes the deid.  
 Syne in Tynmouth, ane abba neirhand by,  
 Tha burdit him thair richt solempnitly; 41,400  
 Quhilk Alexander gart tak out of that place,  
 That wes his sone, efter ane weill lang space,  
 In Drumfermling syne hes gart put in<sup>1</sup> graue,  
 With all honour that sic ane king sould haue.  
 This samin tyme now that 3e heir me tell, 41,405  
 Ane vther plaig vpone Scotland thair fell;  
 Edward the prince, bayth plesand and preclair,  
 To king Malcome wes eldest sone and air,  
 At ane carmusche into Northumberland  
 Wes woundit sair, quhair throw I wnderstand, 41,410  
 For ony leich that micht mak him remeid,  
 Sone efter that he sufferit hes the deid.  
 Quhen this wes done as I haif said 3ow than,  
 Skaillit the oist and passit hame ilk man.

## OFF QUENE MARGARETIS DEIDIS.

To quene Margaret quhen this wes schawin 41,415  
 plane,  
 How hir husband and sone also wer slane,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *put it in.*

In Edinburgh within that castell strang,  
 With greit seiknes quhair scho wes viseit lang,  
 Throw sic dolour, as my author did sa,  
 Departit efter on the fourt da. 41,420  
 Quhais blissit saull, that wes so clene but syn,  
 Ascendit alas as hie as cherubyn.  
 Of Malcolmus ring the sex and threttie zeir,  
 All this wes done that I haif said 3ow heir,  
 And of oure Lord completit wes than evin, 41,435  
 Ane thousand zeir thairto nyntie and sevin.

OFF ANE GREIT STORME THAT FELL BE SE IN  
 ALBIONE, AND DID GRIT SKAITH.

Lib.12, f.193b. That samin tyme now that ze heir me tell,  
 Col. 1. In Albione sic aventure befell,  
 Be storme of se all endlang the cost,  
 Full mony toun into the tyme wes lost; 41,430  
 And mony place, and mekle pleneist land,  
 Distroyit wes and turnit all in sand.  
 The quhilk remanis zit [on]to this da  
 In that same stait, as my author did sa.

THE NUMBER OF KING MALCOMES SONIS GOTTIN  
 WITH QUENE MARGARET.

This ilk Margaret, that meik wes and bening, 41,435  
 Sex sonis buir to gude Malcome the king.  
 Edward the eldest, as ze hard me sa  
 Of his departing and his latter da;  
 The secund sone wes callit Ethaldreid,  
 Quhilk in 3outhheid departit as we reid; 41,440  
 Edmound the thrid, as in storie we schew,  
 Quhilk Donald Bane sum tyme in presoun slew;  
 The fourt Edgair, of greit honour and fame;  
 And Alexander the fyift callit to name;

Daid the saxt, and 3oungest of thame all, 41,445  
 Of halie kirk the cheif pillar and wall,  
 As I sall schaw to 3ow with Goddis grace,  
 Heir efterwart quhen tyme cumis and place.  
 To tell of him I will nocht now remane,  
 Bot to my purpois pas I will agane. 41,450

HOW DONALD BANE PURPOSIT TO CLAME THE  
 CROWN, QUHILK BRUTHER WES TO KING  
 MALCOLME.

This king Malcome, at Anwik quhilk wes slane,  
 Ane bruther had wes callit Donald Bane,  
 Quhilk in the Ylis wes fled lang tyme befor,  
 Sic dreid he had than of Malcolmis schoir,  
 And all his dais thair he did remane. 41,455  
 And quhen he knew that king Malcome wes  
 slane,  
 And Edward als that wes his sone and air,  
 He tuik purpois than hamewart to repair,  
 Sen he wes narrest as he wnderstude  
 To clame the croun be law of consuetude, 41,460  
 And abillest als that tyme of ony vther,  
 Efter the deith of gude Malcome his bruther.

HOW DONALD BANE WAS CROWNIT KING OF  
 SCOTLAND, AND OF ORGANUS AND HIS COM-  
 PETITOUR.

This ilk Donald, as my author did sa,  
 Convenit with the king of Norrowa,  
 Promittand him, for his help and supple, 41,465  
 The Ylis all liand within the se.  
 Be quhais help syne as I wnderstand,  
 Crownit wes he that tyme king of Scotland,





Apeillit hes, my author tellis thus,  
 Into barras this samin Organus ;  
 Befoir thame all thair with the kingis leif,  
 He proferit him thair manfullie to preif  
 In plane battell, or he schupe to ceis, 41,505  
 All that he said of that Edgar wes leis.  
 Syne kest his gluif to preif that all wes trew,  
 And in that querrell this Organus he slew.  
 With greit honour into the samin tyme,  
 He clengit hes this gude Edgar of that cryme, 41,510  
 And causit him moir gudlie in all thing  
 For to be treittit efter with the king.  
 The tyme is schort I ma nocht weill remane ;  
 To Donald Bane now will I turne agane.  
 This ilk Donald of quhome I schew befoir, 41,515  
 Vpone ane tyme he manast with grit schoir  
 Richt mony barroun gangand to his bed,  
 With barus mantill wes he thair<sup>1</sup> weill cled,  
 So far that tyme he stude into hir grace ;  
 Sayand to thame rycht planelie in thair face, 41,520  
 Bot gif tha sueir all till him to be trew,  
 Richt suddantlie he suld mak thame to rew,  
 And all thair airis efter thame ilkone.  
 The quhilk wordis in thair heidis ar gone  
 Hiear befar nor tha wald schaw him till, 41,525  
 Quhill efterwart that tha ma get thair will.

HOW DUNCANE, BASTARD SONE TO KING MAL-  
 COLME CANMOIR, TUKE THE FEILD AGANIS  
 DONALD BANE, QUHA FLED IN THE YLIS AND  
 NA LANGAR DID REMANE.

This king Malcome, as that my author sais,  
 Ane bastard sone he had into tha dais,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *wes*.

Quhilk wan in France greit honour and famé,  
 In Ingland als, and Duncane wes his name, 41,530  
 Richt opolent of horss, harnes, and geir,  
 Manlie and wyss in policie of weir.  
 That samin tyme into Scotland come he,  
 Out of Ingland with greit help and supple;  
 Vpoun ane da syne pertlie tuke the plane, 41,535  
 For to gif battell to this Donald Bane.  
 Siclike this Donald on the tother syde,  
 Bald as ane boir he bownit him to byde.  
 Lib. 12, f. 194. Quhen baith the feildis than rayit war at rycht,  
 Col. L. And ilk of other cuming war in sicht, 41,540  
 The lordis all of Scotland euirilkone,  
 Tha left Donald and to Duncane is gone.  
 Quhen Donald saw it nicht na better be,  
 Out of the feild with few feiris did fle,  
 And left the laif into the feild allone, 41,545  
 Syne in the Ylis with his gude is gone.  
 Bot half ane 3eir efter he tuik the croun,  
 And no langar, than lestit his renoun.

HOW DUNCANE WAS CROVNIT KING OF SCOTLAND  
 AND WAS WEILL GEVIN.

This ilk Duncane, of quhome befoir I tald,  
 Quhilk in his tyme wes bellicois and bald, 41,550  
 Wes crownit king vpoun the marbell stane,  
 With haill consent of all the lordis ilkone.  
 Ane man he wes, als far as I haiff feill,  
 In all his tyme ay for the commoun weill;  
 Of him wes said so equale that he wes, 41,555  
 No falt vnpuneist in his tyme leit paa.  
 With mony man he louit was the war,  
 And speciallie in Murra and in Mar,  
 And vther landis as 3e ma weill deme,  
 Becaus he wes in justice so extreme; 41,560

And for that caus, as my author did tell,  
In sindrie partis schupe for to rebell.

HOW KING DUNCANE WES SLANE BE DEVISS OF  
DONALD BANE, AND SYNE EFTER HIS DEID  
SAT DOUN AND RANG INTO HIS STEID.

To Donald Bane quhen that this thing wes  
schawin,  
Rycht quietlie to ane freind of his awin,  
Lord of the Mernis callit Makpendar, 41,565  
Ane seruand send that wes bayth wyss and war,  
With greit reward and hechtis mony one  
Of gold and siluer and of pretious stone,  
Agane this Duncane for to tak his part.  
And he agane richt glaidlie with his hart, 41,570  
Promittit him rycht hartlie with gude will,  
To mak him quyte sone of this Duncanis ill.  
And so he did, gif I the suith suld sa,  
Into Menteith sone efter on ane da,  
Vpoun the nycht, gif my author be trew, 41,575  
This ilk Duncane into his bed he slew  
Rycht cruellie without ony remeid;  
And neurir sensyne accusit of his deid.  
Thus endit Duncane that tyme of his ring,  
The secund 3eir efter that he wes king. 41,580  
Syne Donald Bane, efter that he wes deid,  
Come hame agane and sat doun in his steid,  
In staitt royall siclike as of befoir;  
Of his gyding quhat suld I say 3ow moir?  
I can nocht find, heir schortlie to conclude, 41,585  
In all his tyme quhair he did ony gude,  
And say of him bot siclike as I heir.  
Sone efter syne into the secund 3eir,  
Mangnes, the king that tyme of Norrowa,  
With ane greit armie come vpoun ane da, 41,590



Agane the law, haifand to God no e, 41,625  
 Vpoun ane gallous maid thame all to die.  
 Quhen this wes schawin to young Edgair the  
 prince,

How his vnkill had done him sic offence,  
 Out of Ingland with greit power and micht  
 In Scotland come for to persew his richt. 41,630  
 And as he wes hame cumand be the way,  
 Into Durame, as my authour did say,  
 Reneillit wes to him into his sleip,  
 Be ane visiou quhairto he tuke greit keip,  
 Sanct Cudbertis baner that tyme in his neid 41,635  
 Suld bair with him, quhairthrow he suld cum  
 speid :

And so he did, the suith gif I suld sa.  
 In Scotland syne come efter on ane da,  
 With mony wy that worthie war and wicht,  
 In breist-plait, brasar, and in birny bricht, 41,640  
 Be way of deid his richtis to persew.  
 This Donald Bane that weill his cuming knew,  
 Arrayit him vpoun the tother syde,  
 With mony berne that battell weill durst byde.  
 Syne quhen he saw apperand in his sicht, 41,645  
 Sanct Cudbertis baner borne so hie on hicht,  
 And the reid lyoun all in gold so reid,  
 Wes streikit vp agane him in that steid,  
 Sic fortoun than he had that tyme and grace,  
 His lordis all wer with him in that place, 41,650  
 Tha left him thair into the feild allone,  
 And to young Edgair passit syne ilkone.  
 This Donald Bane, quhen he saw and beheld  
 His men allone had left him in the feild,  
 With haill effect tuik purpois for to fle 41,655  
 Onto the Ylis in the occident se.

3it neuirtheles it hapnit so on cace,  
 Or he come thair he wes tane in ane chace,

And syne deliuerit to Edgair the prince.  
 The quhilk Donald for his wrang and offence, 41,660  
 This ilk Edgair, as my author said me,  
 In presoun maid sone efter for to die.

Lib. 12, f. 194b.  
 Col. 1.

HOW EDGAIR WAS CROWNIT, AND FIRST ANOYNTIT  
 KING OF SCOTLAND THAN IN SCONE WITH  
 ANE GODRICK.

Quhen this wes done as I haif said befor,  
 The lordis all that tyme baith les and moir,  
 Edgair the prince to Scone than haif tha 41,665  
 brocht,  
 In rob royall that worthelie wes wrocht,  
 And croun of gold, with sword, sceptour and ring,  
 Into Scotland wes first anoyntit king  
 Be ane Godrik, as that my author sais,  
 Of Sanct Androis wes bischop in tha dais. 41,670  
 The quhilk quene Margaret quhen scho wes on lyfe,  
 To king Malcolme that princes wes and wyfe,  
 At paip Urbane purchest sic facultie,  
 Kingis of Scotland till anoyntit be,  
 Into hir tyme, as that my author sais, 41,675  
 Quhilk consuetude is keipit in thir dais.  
 My purpos is heir for to paus ane quhile,  
 To vther mater for to turne my style:  
 Of aventure that in that tyme befell,  
 Tak tent to me and 3e sall heir me tell. 41,680

HOW THE PRINCES OF EWROPE CONVENTIT WITH  
 GREIT POWER, AND PASSIT IN HALIE LAND  
 QUHAIR CHRIST WAS BORNE.

The princes all of Ewrop in tha dais,  
 All in ane will as that my author sais,

Convenit hes with greit power and mycht  
The halie land quhome to tha had sic rycht,  
Quhair Christ wes borne and king wes of tha 41,685  
landis,

For to reskew out of his fais handis.  
And Robert duke of Normondy tha dais,  
And Godefredus, as that my author sais,  
Of Lorence duke, thir nobill princes tua,  
Of Blasone als the nobill erle also, 41,690  
And of Flanderis the michtie erle and lord,  
And mony mo me neidis nocht remord,  
Lordis of France and vther lordis mo,  
With this armie wer chosin for to go.  
Of thair passage quhat suld I to ȝow tell, 41,695  
So fair fortoun in thair way than befell?  
Throw Grece tha passit into Asia,  
Oure the mont Tawr to Anteochoia;  
The quhilk citie tha seigit sone and wan,  
Quhair tane and slane that tyme wes mony 41,700  
man;

And in that citie fund wes in that tyde  
The speir quhilk woundit Christ into the syde,  
Vpoun the croce efter that he wes deid,  
Quhen that he bled water and blude so reid.  
This beand done, without stop or ganestand, 41,705  
Tha passit syne our all the halie land;  
Jerusalem syne seigit on ane da,  
And wan the toun, as my author did sa.  
And euerilk citie into Joury land  
Subdewit hes to be at thair command; 41,710  
And mony mo, the quhilk durst nocht rebell,  
Wes neirhand by, as my author did tell.  
Throw strenth and micht that God had gifin  
thame till,

Tha weildit all thing at<sup>1</sup> thair awin will.

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *as*.



	This beand done quhair nane durst mak demand,	41,716
	With [full] consent, without ony ganestand, Thir princis all quhen tha war boun till go Hame to thair landis quhair that tha come fro, Thair haif tha chosin, as my author sais, Robert the duke of Normondy tha daia,	41,720
Col. 2.	Behind thame thair for to remane and byde, The greit armie for to convoy and gyde, Of Jerusalem the king and prince to be In heretage: zit neuirtheles than he Excusit him richt far into that thing,	41,726
	For-quhy his bruther Williame, of Ingland king, Wes deid but child of his awin to succaid. This duke Robert thairto the quhilk tuke gude heid, Sen he to him wes narrest lauchfull air, Moir plesour thocht in Ingland to repair	41,730
	And Normondy, to his and his ofspring, No for to be of Jerusalem the king. The haill lection that tha had gevin him till, To Godefryde rycht hartlie with gude will, Of Lorence duke into the tyme, he gaif,	41,736
	Quhairof hartlie content wes all the laif This Godefryde that Cristin wes maid than, In the weiris so greit honour he wan, That moir honour wan neuir ane sensyne ; Quhilk numberit is amang the nobillis nyne,	41,740
	Gif all be suith that sindrie storeis sais, Gothra Bullen callit is in thir daia. This ilk Robert, duke wes of Normondy, His 3oungest bruther callit wes Henry, Or he come hame, efter his brutheris deid,	41,746
	Wes crownit king succaidand in his steid ; For-quhy befor tha hard tell of sic thing, His eldest bruther Robert wes maid king Of Jerusalem quhair he suld ay remane, In that beleif neuir to come hame agane ;	41,750

And so this Robert incurrit greit skayth,  
 And frustrat war than of tha kinrikis bayth.  
 To 3oung Edgair now will I turne agane,  
 And of my storie tell 3ow to remane.  
 This ilk Edgair, of Scotland that wes king, 41,755  
 Tua sisteris had baith plesand and bening,  
 Quhilk in thair tyme exceidit ony vther,  
 Mateldis ane, Maria hecht the vther.  
 The quhilk Mateld, as my author did mene,  
 With king Henrie wes spousit and maid quene, 41,760  
 Ouir all Ingland, as that my author sais,  
 Mauld the gude quene wes callit all hir dais;  
 Quhilk to king Henrie beand in his cuir,  
 Four fair childrene into hir tyme scho buir;  
 Williame and Richart quhilk war sonis tuo, 41,765  
 Eufreme and Matild quhilk war sisters tuo.  
 The secund sister callit Maria,  
 Till ane Eustach erle of Bolonia<sup>1</sup>  
 That samin tyme in mariage gaif he,  
 To this Ewstach his lauchtfull wyfe to be; 41,770  
 Scho buir to him that samin tyme also,  
 Bot ane dochter withoutin childer mo,  
 Into hir tyme wes plesand and preclair,  
 That efterwart syne wes hir fatheris air,  
 Syne weddit wes than for that samin quhy, 41,775  
 With ane hecht Stevin, quhilk wes to king Henry  
 His sister sone, of Ingland ane greit lord,  
 Gif all be suith my author did record.  
 That samin Stevin, as that my author sais,  
 Wes king of Ingland efter in his dais, 41,780  
 As 3e sall heir within ane litill space,  
 At mair laser quhen tyme cumis and place.<sup>2</sup>  
 This king Edgair, of quhome I schew befor,  
 Of gratitude wald nocht be immemoir,

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Bouenia*.| <sup>2</sup> In MS. *space*.

	Quhilk that Sanct Cuthbert schew to him as than,	41,785
	Be his baner quhen he the battell wan	
Lib. 12, f. 195.	Into the feild aganis Donald Bane.	
Col. 1.	This king Edgair rewardit him agane, With sic reward as halie kirk suld haif; Of Coldinghame the baronie he gaif	41,790
	To Durhame kirk in heretage and fie, Ane cell of monkis ay of that kirk to be. And Beruik toun siclike amang the laif, To the bishop of Durhame also gaif, Canulfus hecht to name into the tyme;	41,796
	Quhilk efterwart of greit tressoun and cryme Convictit wes, and Beruik tane him fra, Depryvit syne out of his sait alsua. This beand done than gude Edgair the king In peax and rest did all his dais ring,	41,800
	Weill louit alss with his leigis ilkone. Sone efter syne in ane castell of stone, Callit Electum, standing be the se, Quhair now standis the gude toun of Dundie, Quhen of his regnne completit wes the nint zeir,	41,806
	He tuik his leif and baid no langar heir, And of oure Lord ane thousand zeir ago, Ane hundreth als with nyne zeir and no mo. Syne grauit wes with greit honour and tryne, Sone efter that into Drumfermyne.	41,810

HOW KING ALEXANDER SUCCEIDIT EFTER KING  
EDGAIR, AND OF HIS WORTHIE DEIDIS DONE  
IN HIS TYME, AND OF THE SCRYMGOURIS  
AND THAIR VPCUMING.

Syne efter him Alexander his brother,  
Narrest to him that tyme of ony vther,

Efter his deid succedit in his steid,  
 Fra this Edgair withoutin child wes deid.  
 Fers Alexander, as my author sais, 41,816  
 Syne efter that wes callit all his dais,  
 And for that caus, as my author did mene,  
 Becaus he wes of justice so extreme.  
 Zit neurtheles the first zeir of his ring,  
 For-quhy he wes so humbill and benyng, 41,820  
 Diuote and full of religiositie,  
 Richt mony man thair demit him till be  
 Baith blait and blunt, of wit rycht waik and puir,  
 And vnabill to sic office or cuir ;  
 And for that causs, as that my author sais, 41,825  
 The men of Ross and Murra in tha dais,  
 Perturbit hes the north baith far and neir,  
 With greit heirschip that horribill is to heir.  
 This nobill king thairof quhen he hard tell  
 So greit discord amang his leigis fell, 41,830  
 Rycht suddantlie, but ony schoir or boist,  
 Enterit amang thame with ane rycht grit oist.  
 Or euir tha wist, the maister men ilkane  
 That war in wrang war all in handis tane,  
 And on ane gallous maid ilkone to de : 41,835  
 So endit tha and thair iniquitie.  
 This beand done as ze haif hard me sa,  
 This Alexander efter on ane da,  
 Than cumand hame thair hapnit in the streit,  
 In to the Meirnis with ane woman to meit, 41,840  
 Befoir the king on baith her kneis fell ;  
 " For him," scho said, " that maid bayth hevin and hell,  
 " Heir my complaynt or thow go forder by !  
 " Wes neur wicht so far wrangit as I,  
 " In termis schort as I sall sone declair. 41,845  
 " The lord<sup>1</sup> of Mernis eldest sone and air,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *lordis*.

" My deir husband and eldest sone also,  
 " Richt cruellie this tyme he hes gart slo,  
 " Befoir ane judge becaus tha did him caw,  
 " For det he aucht to ansuer to the law." 41,850  
 This nobill king quhen he had hard hir mone,  
 And soir complaynt befoir thame all ilkone,  
 Doun of his hors he lichtit in the tyme,  
 [And swoir to be revengit of that cryme.]  
 Befoir thame all solempnit vow did mak, 41,855  
 Quhill that war done, agane vpone hors bak,  
 For ill or gude, suld neuir man him se,  
 Quhill that his vow completit than had he.  
 And sic punitioun of that thing he tuke,  
 That euerie man that saw it then forsuik 41,860  
 In all his tyme, other puir or ryke,  
 For ocht nicht fall, for to commit sidlike.  
 Quhen this wes done efter incontinent,  
 This nobill king on to Balledgar went,  
 Ane castell than quhilk into Gowrie stude, 41,865  
 Thair to remane he thocht plesour and gude,  
 With mony lord and nobill in the tyde,  
 For peax and rest the pepill to provyde.  
 That samin tyme that he did thair remane,  
 The Murra men that had thair freindis slane, 41,870  
 Ilk for his falt as 3e haif hard befoir,  
 Into thair mynd the langar ay the moir  
 Consaut hes with greit subillitie,  
 Of the gude king for to revengit be.  
 His chalmer cheild, of simpill blude and puir, 41,875  
 That of his chalmer had alhaill the cuir,  
 And vther sex siclike the tyme as he,  
 That vnder him had greit auctoritie;  
 Thir Murra men for gilt and grit reward,  
 This chalmer cheild conducit with his gard, 41,880  
 Vpoun the nycht quhen the king wes on sleip,  
 Out throw ane closet for to lat thame creip

Into ane pairt that unsuspect wes hed,  
 Quhill that tha come on to the kingis bed.  
 Syne on ane nycht togidder all did meit,  
 At that same place thair purpois to compleit. 41,885  
 Be Goddis grace the tyme than hapnit he,  
 In that same sessoun wyde walkand for to be,  
 And in the closet hard ane noy and dyn  
 At the samin place quhair tha war cumand in.  
 Thairfoir that tyme, for tressone that he dred, 41,890  
 Rycht lichtlie than he lap out of his bed;  
 Syne with ane sword [that] hang at his bed heid,  
 His chalmer cheild and all the laif, to deid  
 Without ganestand he pot thame all ilkone,  
 Quhair thair wes nane bot he and tha alone. 41,895  
 Within the houss sic noyss raiss and cry,  
 Tha walknit all in chalmeris liand bi,  
 Quhome by the law that wes thairout ilkane,  
 Or euir tha wist, war all in handis tane,  
 Syne to the king wer brocht all in the tyme. 41,900  
 And quhen tha war accusit of that cryme,  
 Rycht planelie thair tha schew him but ganestand,  
 Quha causit thame to tak sic thing on hand,  
 Ilk word be word tha schew withoutin chesone,  
 Quha causit thame for to commit sic tressone; 41,905  
 And schew the king of ilk man be his name,  
 In Murra land quhair that tha duelt at hame.  
 And quhen the king than wnderstude and knew  
 That all wes suith to him that tyme tha schew,  
 No tarie maid without stop or ganestand, 41,910  
 Quhill that he enterit into Murra land.  
 Syne ceissit nocht quhill ilkane les and moir  
 War hangit all that maid the falt befoir,  
 Be the leist lad that tyme buir ony blame;  
 Quhen that wes done tuke leif and passit hame. 41,915  
 Ane man of gude into tha samin dais,  
 That tyme in Murra, as my author sais,

Lib. 12, f. 195b. Wes with the king of greit honour and fame,  
Col. 1.

And Alexander Carrone hecht to name.  
Sic vassalage that he committit than, 41,920  
And in tha weiris sa greit honour wan,  
Throw sic vertew and deidis of honour,  
Syne callit wes to name Scrymgeour.  
Quhilk surname zit succedit hes sensyne  
To heretage be richt succes and lyne, 41,925  
Quhilk is ane hous of greit auctoritie,  
Laird of Dudop and constabill of Dundie.  
This Alexander so dred wes all his dais,  
Wes none so hardie, as my author sais,  
Ill or gude, as ze sall wnderstand, 41,930  
Agane the law to brek the leist command.

HOW ALEXANDER KING FOUNDIT THE ABBAYS OF  
SCONE AND SANCT COLMIS-INCHE, AND HOW  
HE WAS SUSTENIT THAIR BE ANE ARMEIT FOR  
THE TYME WITHIN THE YLE.

Syne Alexander, efter this wes done,  
Foundit and feft ane fair abba in Scone,  
Onto this da remanes zit to se,  
Ane plesand place of greit auctoritie. 41,935  
Syne efter that the king passit our Forth,  
So strang ane storme thair blew out of the north  
Quhilk draif the king wnto ane litill ile,  
Within the se in that menetyne and quhile,  
Quhilk callit wes that tyme Emonia, 41,940  
Sanct Colmis-insche is callit now this da.  
Into that yle, as that my author sais,  
Ane halie armet duelland war tha dais;  
Besyde ane chapell of Sanct Colme also,  
Within the yle remanand wes no mo. 41,945  
This king throw storme compellit wes that tyde,  
But meit or drink thre dayis thair to byde;

None of his awin he had my author menit,  
 Ȝit neurtheles he wes richt weill sustenit,  
 This king him self and so wes all the laif, 41,950  
 At sufficiencye that neidfull wes to haif,  
 With sic prouisioun that that armet had,  
 Tua kyis milk quhair with that tha war fed;  
 Quhilk haldin wes ane greit miracle as than,  
 Be intercessioun of that halie man 41,955  
 Sanct Colme him self, quhilk in that samin  
 quhile,  
 And Ȝit siclike, wes patrone of that yle.  
 Thairfoir that king, as my author did sa,  
 Into that place ane plesand fair abba  
 Foundit and feft for hospitalitie, 41,960  
 In sic distres gif ony hapnis be.  
 Sune efter syne amangis all the laue,  
 The landis all to Sanct Androw he gaif,  
 Als fre as man with hart<sup>1</sup> and mynd can think,  
 Quhilk callit wes that tyme the Boris-rink; 41,965  
 And to Drumfermling siclike all the laue,  
 Greit priuiledge with mony landis gaif  
 The samin tyme that done wes all this thing,  
 Daid, the bruther of this nobill king,  
 Remanand wes in Ingland, as I wene, 41,970  
 With his sister Mateldes the gude quene.  
 This ilk Daid, be fauour of the king,  
 Weddit ane ladie plesand and bening,  
 The lauchtfull air wes, as I wnderstand,  
 Of Huntlyngtoun and all Northumberland, 41,975  
 Quhilk did exceid of fairnes and of fame.  
 This fair ladie, Mateldes hecht to name,  
 This ilk Daid, be hir auctoritie  
 Declarit wes our all Ingland to be,

Col. 2

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *hard*.



Of Huntlyngtoun and als Northumberland	41,990
Baith lord and syre but ony ganestand.	
That samin tyme, as my author did mene,	
Matheld the dochter of Matheldis quene,	
And of Henrie that king wes of Ingland,	
Weddit scho wes, as ze sall wnderstand,	41,995
The empriour hecht Henrie in tha dais,	
Fourt of that name as that my author sais.	
As ze haif hard syne sone efter all this,	
The nobill quene of Ingland callit Matildis,	
Scho take hir leif out of this present lyfe,	41,990
With greit murning of mony man and wyfe.	
Hir 3oungest sister callit Maria,	
Quhilk duchess wes als of Bolonia,	
Within thrie 3eir and les efter ago,	
Siclike as scho departit than also.	41,995
Thair sepulturis, of greit auctoritie,	
Remanis 3it in Ingland for to se.	
This king Henrie throw aventure and chance,	
Sone efter that greit weiris had in France,	
And oft in France amang his fais 3eid,	42,000
And als come hame without perrell or dreid.	
Ilkone other ane lang quhile did invaid,	
Syne at the last betuix thame peax wes maid.	
The samin tyme as that ze heir me mene,	
The thre childer of Mateldes the quene,	42,005
Scho buir that tyme beand wnder his band,	
To this Henrie that king wes of Ingland,	
Williame, Richart and Ewfamia,	
Thir thrie childer sone efter on ane da,	
It hapnit thame throw aventure and chance,	42,010
Efter thair father cumand out of France,	
Throw greit tempest and stormis in the se,	
That samin tyme all pereist for to be.	
And all the laif als in thair cumpanie	
Chaipit neurir ane, and for that samin quhy	42,015

This king Henrie than efter all his dais,  
 In murning weid, as that my author sais,  
 He levit ay, withoutin play or sport ;  
 Wes nane micht caus him for to tak confort,  
 For ony way that tyme that culd be wrocht, 42,020  
 Thair deid so soir it lay into his thocht.  
 Out of beleif he wes that tyme also,  
 So agit wes for to haif barnis mo,  
 And for that caus, with mony sich full soir,  
 Ilk da be da his murning wes the moir. 42,025

HOW KING ALEXANDER DECEISSIT, AND HOW HIS  
 BRUTHER DAUID SUCCEIDIT KING EFTER, AND  
 OF HIS VERTEWIS AND NOBILL DEIDIS.

This samin tyme as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 This Alexander in the sevintene 3eir  
 Than of his regnne completit wes and no mo,  
 And of oure Lord ane thousand wes ago,  
 Ane hundreth als with sevintie 3eir and fyve, 42,030  
 He tuke his leif out of this present lyve ;  
 Syne in Drumfermling put in sepultuir,  
 On princelie wyss deuotlie with honour ;  
 Withoutin cheild to him for to succeid, Lib. 12, f. 196.  
 Thairfoir his bruther Dauid as we reid, 42,035 Col. 1.  
 With haill consent that tyme of ald and 3ing,  
 Wes crownit than of Scotland to be king.  
 This ilk Dauid, as that my author sais,  
 He did exceid all vther in his dais  
 Of singular justice and of sanctitude ; 42,040  
 With all his liegis all tyme weill wes lude.  
 Godlike he wes, full of deuotioun,  
 And mony fair place of religioun  
 Foundit and feft, as my author did sa,  
 Quhilk 3it remanis to the samin da : 42,045

Of quhome the names I sall reckin heir,  
 Into my mynd that I haif now perqueir.  
 Dundranane, Jedburgh and Calco vpone Tueid,  
 Newbottill, Melross also, as we reid,  
 Halyrudhous,<sup>1</sup> Camkynneth and Kinloss, 42,060  
 Drumfermling, Home, and also Lanarcois.  
 Thir tua last places that 3e hard me sa,  
 Besyde Carlill standis in Cumbria.  
 And mony mo than I will heir report,  
 To reckin heir becaus the tyme is schort. 42,065  
 And four bischopis, as my author sais,  
 Foundit and feft into tha samin dais,  
 Of quhome to 3ow the names I sall tell;  
 Ross and Breichin, Dumblane and als Dunkell.  
 And Abirdene at his auctoritie, 42,060  
 That samin tyme also translatit he  
 Fra Lowmorthloch, as my authour did mene,  
 To that ilk place now callit Abirdene;  
 And mony vther worthie nobill deid,  
 As 3e ma heir quha lykis efter reid. 42,065  
 Henrie his sone that eldest wes and air,  
 Ane prince he wes baith plesand and preclair,  
 Woddit ane wyfe that tyme and brocht hir hame,  
 Quhilk Adama than callit wes to name,  
 The erlis dochter of Warrania, 42,070  
 Quhilk buir to him, as my authour did sa,  
 Malcome, Williame, and Dauld also,  
 Three dochteris alss scho buir him and no mo;  
 Of quhome efter within ane litill space,  
 I sall schaw 3ow quhen tyme cumis and place. 42,075

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *Halyrudhous*.

HOW KING DAUIDIS WYFFE THE QUENE DECEISSIT,  
AND HE LEVIT CHEST AFTER HIR AND NEUIR  
MAREIT AGANE.

Sone efter this that I haif said 3ow heir, Within les space nor tua or thre of 3eir, The nobill quene, as that my author sais, So gude and godlie wes in all hir dais, And so weill louit with all man and wyfe,	42,080	
Departit hes out of this present lyfe, With greit displesour baith of auld and 3ing, And specialle of gude Dauid the king, Quhilk louit hir, as resson wald and richt, Into hir tyme aboue all vther wicht;	42,085	
And for hir saik the wedow habit tuik, Fra that da furth all wedding he forsuik, And euirmoir, as my author did sa, He levit chest wnto his latter da. Efter hir deid deuotlie with honour,	42,090	
Gudlie wes grauit in hir sepultuir, In Scone abba, with greit triumph and gloir, As scho desyrit in hir lyfe befoir; Quhilk to this da remanis 3it to se, In that same place of greit auctoritie.	42,095	
Neirby this tyme that I haif said 3ow heir, Mathildis dochter to Henrie Bellicleir, King of Ingland, quhilk wes of sic honour, Weddit befoir wes with the empriour Henrie the fourt, quhilk in tha samin dais	42,100	Col. 2.
Departit hes as that my author sais, Withoutin chyld borne of this ilk empryce, In all hir tyme that wes baith gude and wyss. This king Henrie no mo childer had he, For all the laue, as 3e hard, in the se	42,105	
Pereist ilkone bot schort quhile gane by. This ilk Matildes for the samin quhy,		

The king hir father, hecht Henrie to name,  
 Sone efter that into Ingland brocht hame.  
 The lordis all of Ingland in tha dais 42,110  
 He gart thame sueir all, as my author sais,  
 With euerie man vphaldand his awin hand,  
 Efter his deid all at hir faith to stand.  
 Decernit wes into that parliament,  
 Into that tyme with all thair haill consent, 42,115  
 This ilk Matild of quhome now that we reid,  
 Efter his deid to him scho suld succed.  
 This beand done as I haif said anone,  
 His purpois wes of hir for to dispone.  
 Richt laith he wes to wed hir on ane lord 42,120  
 Into Ingland, becaus of greit discord.  
 Ane man thair wes that tyme among the laif,  
 Callit Godfrid, erle wes of Antigaif,  
 Into his tyme of greit honour and fame,  
 Weddit this ladie and syne send hir hame. 42,125  
 Scho buir to him ane sone that wes his air,  
 Callit Henrie, richt plesand and preclair,  
 The quhilk Henrie as that my author sais,  
 Wes king of Ingland efter in his dais.  
 Robert the duke that tyme of Normondy, 42,130  
 That bruther wes to this ilk king Henrie,  
 Withoutin cheild than tuke his leif to fair  
 Out of this lyfe, for he nicht leve na mair.  
 The landis all thairfoir of Normondy,  
 Of heretage fell to this king Henry. 42,135  
 The quhilk Henrie within schort quhile also,  
 Out of this lyfe he tuke his leif to go;  
 And for this caus as I haif said 3ow heir,  
 Ouir all Ingland that tyme baith far and neir,  
 The commoun weill wes puneist and maid puir, 42,140  
 Ilkone on vther wrocht so greit injure,  
 In falt of ane the commoun weill to gyde.  
 This ilk Matildis in the samin tyde,

The quhilk thair of suld haif auctoritie,  
 Hir lord that tyme with sic infirmitie 42,146  
 In Antigave wes vexit at the hart,  
 Tha scho fra him no way than mycht depart:  
 Henrie hir sone that wes hir eldest cheild,  
 In to that tyme wes bot of tender eild.  
 Ane nobill man wes callit Stevin to name, 42,150  
 Erle of Bolone quhair he than duelt at hame,  
 Weddit the dochter of Marie I wene,  
 That sister wes to gude Matild the quene ;  
 Ane proper ladie, plesand and preclair,  
 And eik also that wes hir faderis air; 42,155  
 Als sister sone he wes to king Henrie.  
 This samin Stevin, for that ilk caus and quhy,  
 In Ingland come and askit for to be  
 Thair governour with hail auctoritie,  
 And tutour be onto Matildis cheild, 42,160  
 Onto the tyme he war of lauchtfull eild,  
 Sen he to him wes narrest in that tyde,  
 And ablist<sup>1</sup> als sic office for to gyde.  
 Quhair of the lordis war richt weill content,  
 And maid him tutour with thair hail consent, 42,165  
 Into that tyme without debait or chasoun,  
 For-quhy tha thought it wes bot rycht and resson.  
 Sone efter syne, within ane litill we  
 That he had gottin sic auctoritie,  
 So greit fauour he had of auld and ȝing, 42,170  
 Pretendit hes of Ingland to be king,  
 And gart the lordis sueir into the tyde,  
 For all his tyme ay at his faith to byde,  
 And nane vther for till ressaue bot he,  
 Into Ingland thair king and prince to be. 42,175  
 To ratifie all thing that he had done,  
 Ane herald syne into Scotland richt sone

Lib. 12, f. 196b.  
 Col. 1.

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *oblist*.

Onto king Daid, quhilk did him command  
 All Cumbria and eik Northumberland<sup>1</sup>  
 On to this Stevin, as of Ingland the prince, 42,180  
 In Lundoun toun to mak obedience;  
 And wald he nocht, than schortlie to conclude,  
 He suld persew him baith with fyre and blude.  
 To that herald befor thame all in plane,  
 This king Daid sic ansuer gaif agane: 42,185  
 "Gude freind," he said, "sa thow onto thi lord,  
 "He is no king as thow hes done record;  
 "Bot wranguslie vsurpit hes the croun,  
 "At his awin will but richt or 3it ressoun.  
 "To my nevoy Matildis, that hes richt 42,190  
 "Till all Ingland intill hir faderis sicht,  
 "I haif maid homage, sworne with aithis deip,  
 "The quhilk I think for till obserue and keip.  
 "Thairfoir pas hame and no moir at me craue,  
 "No vther ansuer of me sall thow haif." 42,195  
 To this king Stevin quhen that ansuer wes tald,  
 Dilay that tyme no langar that he wald;  
 Ane richt greit armie, as I wnderstand,  
 Richt sone he send into Northumberland,  
 And greit distruction in the land hes maid, 42,200  
 With fyre and blude of all tha boundis braid;  
 Wirkand sic wrang withoutin ony wyte,  
 The quhilk I trow wes nocht richt lang to quyte.  
 The erle of Merche that tyme wes maid till go,  
 The erle of Angus and Menteith also, 42,205  
 In the reskew than of Northumberland,  
 With mony berne that weill culd weild ane brand,  
 Rycht manlie war quhen that it stude in mister.  
 That samin tyme than the erle of Glocister,  
 With mony thousand wnder speir and scheild, 42,210  
 At Alertoun<sup>2</sup> he gaif the Scottis feild.

<sup>1</sup> This line precedes the former in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> In MS. *Allectoun*.

The bowmen, big and bald as ony boir,  
 Sic scharpe schutting maid in the feild befor,  
 With fedderit flanis scharp as rasure schair,  
 That throw thair scheildis maid thair syidis sair. 42,216  
 Syne all the laif hes tane the feild on breid,  
 With bricht brandis gart mony bernis bleid,  
 That mony freik wes fellit throw grit force,  
 And mony knycht than keillit throw the corce.  
 The Scottis kene so cruell wes that tyde, 42,220  
 The Inglismen docht na langar to byde;  
 Out of the feild tha fled with all thair speid,  
 Als fast as fyre or spark out of ane gleid.  
 Rycht mony thousand of thame thair wes keild,  
 Na fewar als of thame wer tone in feild, 42,225  
 With thair captane and nobillis all ilkone, Col. 2.  
 That samin da into the feild wes tone.  
 Syne hed in Scotland wes the spulze hail,  
 Quhairof ilk man syne efter gat his dail,  
 Baith young and auld than, be the leist ane 42,230  
 knaif,  
 Ilk man that tyme as he wes worth to haif  
 Vnto king Stevin this infortunitie  
 Quhen it wes schawin, with greit mortalitie  
 Of his armie that wes maid thair that da,  
 And all the nobillis tane and led awa, 42,235  
 Richt weill he knew but thair help and suppel,  
 In peax and rest he mycht nocht rycht lang be;  
 And for that caus as it nicht rycht weill seme,  
 Ambassadouris he send thame till redeme.  
 For thair ransoun conditioun thair wes maid, 42,240  
 And letteris writtin with seillis that war braid,  
 Subscryuit als with this king Stevynis hand;  
 That is to say, that all Northumberland  
 And Cumbria he sould frelie resing,  
 Into the handis of this David king, 42,245  
 With all the rycht that Ingland had thairto,  
 And neur agane thairwith till haif ado;



Bot euirmoir of Scottis grund till be,  
 Without reclame of superioritie.  
 This beand done without ony reclame, 42,250  
 Thir presoneris ilkone passit hame.  
 This ilk king Stevin sone efter did repent,  
 And suddantlie he changit his intent,  
 Revoikand all befoir that he had done ;  
 Thairfoir in haist rycht suddantlie and sone 42,255  
 Ane greit armie, with mony bow and brand,  
 He send that tyme into Northumberland.  
 Of thair cuming the Scottis weill that knew,  
 Waill fraklie than, suppois tha war rycht few,  
 Tha gatherit out at greit laser and list, 42,260  
 Thair ennimeye that tyme for to resist,  
 And gaif thame feild rycht manlie on ane mure.  
 Sa few tha war tha mycht nocht lang induir  
 Into that feild agane sic multitude,  
 Zit neurtheles into that stour tha stude, 42,265  
 Quhill that tha micht nocht weill ganestand that  
 sturt.  
 Syne at the last with litill skaith and hurt,  
 Out of the feild in gude ordour tha fled  
 Onto ane strenth neirhand that tyme tha hed.  
 This beand done, syne efter da be<sup>1</sup> da 42,270  
 With small battell, as my author did sa,  
 Richt oft tha met ilk vther till persew.  
 The Scottismen, suppois tha war bot few,  
 In all that tyme tha keipit weill thair awin,  
 And with thair fais wald nocht be ouirthrawin. 42,275  
 This king David quhen that he kend and knew  
 That it wes so, rycht sone for till reskew  
 Northumberland into that stait that stude,  
 Contractit hes ane richt grit multitude,  
 Our all Scotland that tyme that he micht be, 42,280  
 In that intent all on ane da to de,

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *dalie*.

Or to posses with fredome but ganestand,  
 All Cumbria and eik Northumberland.  
 In 3ork thair wes ane nobill bischop than,  
 Onto his name that callit wes Turstan. 42,286  
 To Roxburch to king Dauid come he,  
 Trewis that tyme he tuke for monethis thre,  
 And obleist wes to him thair be his hand, Lib. 12, f. 197.  
 To leif in peax than all Northumberland Col. 1.  
 To 3oung Henrie thairof wes richteous air, 42,290  
 And Inglismen no moir for to repair.  
 This beand done as I haif said 3ow so,  
 This nobill bischop tuke his leif till go,  
 Quhither or nocht he wes thairof to blek,  
 Off all he said come nothing till effect. 42,295  
 Than king Dauid fra he sic falsheid knew,  
 Richt suddanelie, his purpois till persew,  
 Passit that tyme into Northumberland ;  
 His fais all befor him that he fand,  
 Richt cruellie withoutin ony reskew, 42,300  
 At his plesour that tyme bayth tuke and slew.  
 Quhen this king Stevin than hard that it wes so,  
 Richt haistelie withoutin ony ho,  
 With all the power that tyme he micht be,  
 To Roxburgh richt haistelie come he. 42,305  
 Richt sone agane for that same caus and quhy,  
 That his lordis wald nocht to him apply,  
 Into Ingland he did agane retour,  
 But his desire and with richt small honour.  
 This beand done that I haif said 3ow heir, 42,310  
 Sone efter syne into the secund 3eir,  
 Richt nobill men betuix thame till mak peice,  
 War richt solist to gar tha weiris ceis,  
 And with greit treittie oft 3eid thame betuene,  
 Of Sanct Androis, Glasgow and Abirdene, 42,315  
 Thir thre bischopis, and of Scotland no mo,  
 Of Canterberrie and of 3ork also,

Thir tua bischopis bayth wyss and circumspect,  
 That weill culd bring sic mater till effect.  
 This ilk king Stevin bydand on that concord, 42,330  
 In Durhame lay with mony erle and lord;  
 Siclike king Daud in the samin tyme,  
 In the New Castell standis vpoun Tyne,  
 With mony nobill gudlie to command,  
 Remanit thair quhill all thing tuke ane end. 42,335  
 And on this wyiss as I sall ȝow declair:  
 That king Daud as to the richteous air,  
 His sone Malcome as ȝe sall wnderstand,  
 All Huntlyngtoun and als Northumberland  
 Resigne to him, and he till wndertak 42,340  
 On to king Stevin obedience to mak  
 For tha landis, and nocht ellis to pa.  
 The landis als siclike of Cumbria  
 This king Daud sould hald that tyme alss fre,  
 Siclike befor as tha war wont to be. 42,345  
 Quhen this wes done with all thair hail consent,  
 The king of Ingland passit hame to Kent;  
 Siclike king Daud in the samin tyde,  
 To Carlill toun thair to remane and hyde;  
 And biggit hes than round about the toun 42,350  
 New strang wallis befor wer cassin down.  
 The castell als, at greit lasar and lenth,  
 Reformit hes, with mony sindrie strenth  
 In Cumberland that tyme baith les and moir,  
 That faillit had rycht lang tyme of befor. 42,355  
 Of this king Stevin that I haif said ȝow heir,  
 All this wes done into the first thre ȝeir  
 Than of his ring, as my author did tell;  
 Syne efterwart quhat aduenture befell  
 To this king Stevin syne efter the fourt ȝeir, 42,360  
 Tak tent to me and I sall tell ȝow heir.

HOW MATILDIS THE EMPRYCE COME IN INGLAND      Col. 2.  
 WITH GREIT POWER AGANE KING STEVIN,  
 AND OF THE LANG STRYFFE THAT WAS BETUIX  
 THAME, AND EFTER APPOYNTIT AND AGREIT.

Mathild the empyrce that wes lauchtfull air,  
 And dochter als of Henrie Belliclair,  
 Schort quhile befor as 3e haif hard me sa,  
 Weddit the erle of Antygauia 42,355  
 Godfride to name, als in that tyme wes he  
 Vexit full soir with greit infirmitie.  
 This ilk Matild sone efter on ane da,  
 With greit power, as my author did sa,  
 In Ingland come hir partie to persew, 42,360  
 Thairof hir richtis gif scho mycht reskew;  
 With help and fauour, 3e sall wnderstand,  
 Of tua lordis that tyme war in Ingland.  
 Richt planelie than Mathildis part tha tuke,  
 Quhair all the laif hir seruice hail forsuk, 42,365  
 And with king Stevin and his auctoritie,  
 Plane part tha tuke bayth for to leif and die.  
 Richt lang thir tua at greit stryfe tha stude,  
 With mort battell quhair spilt wes mekle blude,  
 In all Ingland ouir all part far and neir, 42,370  
 Continewallie the space of fourtene 3eir.  
 That 3young Henry, richt plesand and preclair,  
 To this Mathildis eldest sone and air,  
 And to Godfride as 3e haif hard me sa,  
 The nobill erle of Antygauia, 42,375  
 Quhilk of befor that wes so 3young ane cheild,  
 Wes cuming than to perfite aige and eild,  
 And weddit wes than with ane ladie fair  
 To Picardie and Turyn als wes air,  
 Ane duches dochter of honour and fame, 42,380  
 That Helenor wes callit to hir name.

This ilk Mathildis in tha samin dais  
 So causit him, as that my author sais,  
 To cum till hir with greit help and supple,  
 Quhilk come with him for greit affinitie 42,385  
 Of Helenor that wes his weddit wyfe.  
 The commoun weill of Ingland than belyfe  
 Had bene perturbit in the tyme rycht far,  
 Wer nocht wyiss men richt sone thair of wes war;  
 Quhilk causit thame agrie and to concord, 42,390  
 Of this same way gif that I richt record.  
 That this king Stevin, as my author sais,  
 Sall bruik the croun of Ingland all his dais;  
 Syne 3oung Henrie, as 3e ma efter reid,  
 Efter his tyme sould to the croun succed. 42,395  
 And so it wes as I sall schaw 3ow heir,  
 In peax and rest lang efter mony 3eir,  
 Without discord of ony erthlie wycht,  
 At all plesour ilk man brukit his richt.

HOW HENRIE THE SONE OF KING DAVID DECEISSIT  
 AND WAS BUREIT IN THE ABBA OF CALCO,  
 AND OF KING DAVIDIS HIE DISPLESOUR, AND  
 VEXIT IN HIS MYND FOR HIS ONLIE SONIS  
 DEPARTING, AND OF HIS WISDOME AND RES-  
 SONE AGANIS HIS DISPLESOUR MAID TO HIS  
 LORDES.

Lib. 12, f. 197b. Sone efter syne [that] wes done all this thing, 42,400  
 Col. 1. Henrie the sone of gude Daid the king,  
 Of euerie wicht with greit weiping and wo,  
 He tuke his leif out of this lyfe till go.  
 Wes neur poet 3it with pen or inke,  
 Culd writ or dyte, or 3it with hart culd think, 42,405  
 The greit beleif of vertew but offence,  
 That euirilk man had of this plesand prince.

Off God Almichtie he had so greit ane grace,  
 Wes neur man that saw him in the face,  
 Bot he him louit hartlie fra the splene, 42,410  
 As he his bruther or his sone had bene.  
 My pen wald tyre and eik my self wald irk,  
 My mynd also wald grow baith dull and dirk,  
 To occupie so lang ane tyme and space,  
 The greit vertew and mony spetiall grace, 42,415  
 That rang in him gif I suld now report.  
 Thairfoir as now, sen that the tyme is schort,  
 Heir will I leve and tell 3ow furth the laue.  
 Into Calco quhair he wes put in graue,  
 Than of oure Lord ane thousand 3eir and tuo, 42,420  
 Ane hundreth fiftie and no 3eiris mo,  
 In that same place intumulit wes he,  
 Quhilk sepulture remanis 3it to se.  
 This nobill king that had na sonis mo,  
 No wonder wes suppois his hart wes wo, 42,425  
 And so it wes, suppois he buir it fair,  
 So sonne to lois his onlie sone and air,  
 To him alway so tender wes and deir,  
 3it neurirtheles he changit not his cheir;  
 Sic vse of ressounne in all his tyme hed he, 42,430  
 And dantit so his sensualitie,  
 To God and man, as it wes rycht weill kend,  
 Did neur thing trowand thame till offend  
 In word or deid, quhairthrow that tyme that he  
 With vice or falt nicht apprehendit be. 42,435  
 The lordis all of Scotland les and mair,  
 All come till him to keip him out of cair,  
 With play and sport, and consolatioun,  
 To keip him furth of desperatioun,  
 And causs his cair with confort to decrees, 42,440  
 Quhilk helpis mekill in sic havines.  
 This nobill king, as my author recordis,  
 Richt tenderlie ressaut all his lordis,

- With blyth visage and countenance rycht kynd,  
 Suppois he wes soir vexit in his mynd. 42,445  
 Befoir thame all syne with ane voce so cleir,  
 He said to thame as I sall schaw 3ow heir :  
 " Lordis, beleue sic trubill and wnrest  
 " Oft syis," he said, " sic cumis for the best,  
 " Sen euirilk chance be greit God is ay gydit, 42,450  
 " Baith ill and gude at his plesour prouidit.  
 " Quhat man in erd hes sic auctoritie,  
 " So weill, so wyslie, can prouide as he ?  
 " And sen his will so equale is and richt,  
 " In all this warld wes neur so wyss ane 42,455  
 wycht,  
 " Of all his werkis that culd mend ane myte,  
 " Thocht mony fuill throw folie with him flyte.  
 " Sen euirilk thing, as it is richt weill knawin,  
 " Of proper det be ressonne is his awin,  
 " Bayth ill and gude this tyme vnder the lift, 42,460  
 " Syne lent [to] ws, and nocht frelie as gift  
 " In heretage ay with ws to remane.  
 " Syne quhen he list to haif his awin agane,  
 " He is ane<sup>1</sup> fuill, I say thairfoir for me,  
 " Onto his God wald so wnthankfull be, 42,465  
 Col. 2. " To hald fra him, other be bost or schoir,  
 " So thankfullie that he lent him befoir.  
 " Quha dois so I hald him for to blame ;  
 " Forlane, tha sa, suld ay cum lauchand hame.  
 " And weill I wat all thing heir ws amang, 42,470  
 " Is lent be God, and I wait nocht how lang,  
 " At his plesour and at his awin fre will,  
 " And for na dett that he can aw ws till ;  
 " Than ressoun wald I bid nocht for to lane,  
 " Quhen plesis him to haif his awin agane, 42,475

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<sup>1</sup> In MS. *ane ane*.

" Thair at no man sould any murmoir mak,  
 " Na in his mynd sould no displesour tak.  
 " Sum thing on force sen that sic thing man be,  
 " Thairfoir," he said, " I hald it best for me,  
 " For to be blyth, thair is no better mendis, 42,480  
 " And ay thank God of all thing that he sendis.  
 " This samin tyme," he said, " and so sall I  
 " My sonis deid ressaue als thankfully,  
 " As euir man [did] ony grace or gift  
 " Gevin be God this da wnder the lift." 42,485  
 Siclike as this than on ane fair maneir,  
 And mekle mair na I haif said 3ow heir,  
 He said to thame, na I ma now report,  
 For-quhy 3e knaw my tyme is verrie schort,  
 And I haif mekill mater for till speid, 42,490  
 And of ane lang tarie had bot litill neid.  
 Now to my purpois thairfoir I will pas,  
 And tell 3ow furth the storie as it wes.  
 Quhen he had said thir wordis all in feir,  
 Ilk word by word as I haif said 3ow heir, 42,495  
 In forme and fect befoir as 3e haif red,  
 The lordis all thair of greit ferlie hed  
 Of his prudens and greit patiens also,  
 Syne tuke thair leif and hamewart all did go,  
 Withoutin stop ilk man to his awin steid. 42,500  
 The eldest sone of this Henrie wes deid,  
 Malcome to name, ane prettie plesand page,  
 Quhilk threttene 3eir that tyme wes of aige,  
 This king Dauid than maid with him till go,  
 The erle of Fyffe, with mony vther mo, 42,505  
 Richt glaidlie than at the kingis command,  
 Ouir all the partis that tyme of Scotland,  
 With greit triumph and of the kingis expence  
 This 3oung Malcome ressauit as thair prince,  
 Promittand than with haille auctoritie, 42,510  
 Efter his tyme thair king and prince to be.



The secund sone of this Henrie also,  
 Callit Williame, that same tyme maid to go  
 In Huntlyngtoun, and eik Northumberland,  
 Quhair he ressauit mony aith and band, 48,545  
 Of all the nobillis into ane concord,  
 Him to ressaue as to thair cheif and lord.  
 Sone efter syne that all this thing wes done,  
 To Carlill toun he went him self rycht sone,  
 And with Matild his nevoy thair he met, 48,530  
 Quhair euirilkone rycht gudlie other gret,  
 His sister dochter to him wes so deir,  
 Wes empyrce befor as 3e might heir.  
 Hir sone Henrie scho brocht with hir alsua,  
 The erlis sone of Antigaia, 48,535  
 Apperand prince also of all Ingland,  
 Quhilk to king Dauid that tyme maid ane band,  
 That he suld bruik, ay as him awin self lest,  
 Northumberland in gude peax and in rest,  
 At his plesour, without stop or ganestand, 48,430  
 With Huntlyntoun and also Cumberland,  
 And thair gaif our richt hardlie with gude will,  
 All kynd of richt that Ingland had thairtill.

Lib. 12, f. 198.  
 Col. 1.

HOW KING DAVID MAID HENRIE HIS NEVOY  
 KNICHT, AND HOW THE SAID KING DIUOTLIE  
 AND GODLIE DECEISSIT.

Into this tyme now that 3e heir me sa,  
 With greit triumph in Carlill on ane da, 48,535  
 With ane gilt spur of burneist gold so brycht,  
 This ilk king Dauid maid 3ounge Henrie knycht.  
 Quhen this was done as I haif said 3ow so,  
 Ilk man tuke leif and hamewart than did go.  
 This king Dauid of quhome I schew 3ow heir, 48,540  
 Syne of his regnne the nyne and tuentie 3eir,

Soir vexit wes with greit infirmitie,  
 That euerilk man knew weill that he wald de.  
 So knew himself, and for that samin quhy,  
 Into his bed that tyme quhair he did ly, 42,545  
 The sacrament wald nocht lat to him bring,  
 He thocht he wes unworthie to sic thing;  
 Betuix tua preistis with rycht clene intent,  
 Led on his feit on to the kirk he went,  
 Diuotlie thair remanit quhill neir none, 42,550  
 On bayth his kneis syne quhen the mes [wes] done,  
 In hart contreit with reuerence and honour,  
 The blissit bodie of our Saluour,  
 Rycht penitent into that samin place,  
 Ressaut hes to his greit gloir and grace. 42,555  
 This beand done syne hame agane wes hed,  
 And softlie syne laid down into his bed;  
 Syne efterwart within ane litill space,  
 Befoir thame all into that samin place,  
 Quhair that he lay that tyme in Godis bandis, 42,560  
 His spreit commendit into Christis handis,  
 The croce of Christ syne in his armes imbraist;  
 Quhen that wes done la still and gaif the gaist.  
 Vnsufficient I am in all my lywe,  
 His nobilnes and vertu till discryve; 42,565  
 Sic thing till do difficill is to me,  
 Thairfoir as now heir will I lat it be;  
 And of the tuelt buik heir I mak ane end,  
 Loving to God that me sic grace hes send.

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**GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND**  
**DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.**

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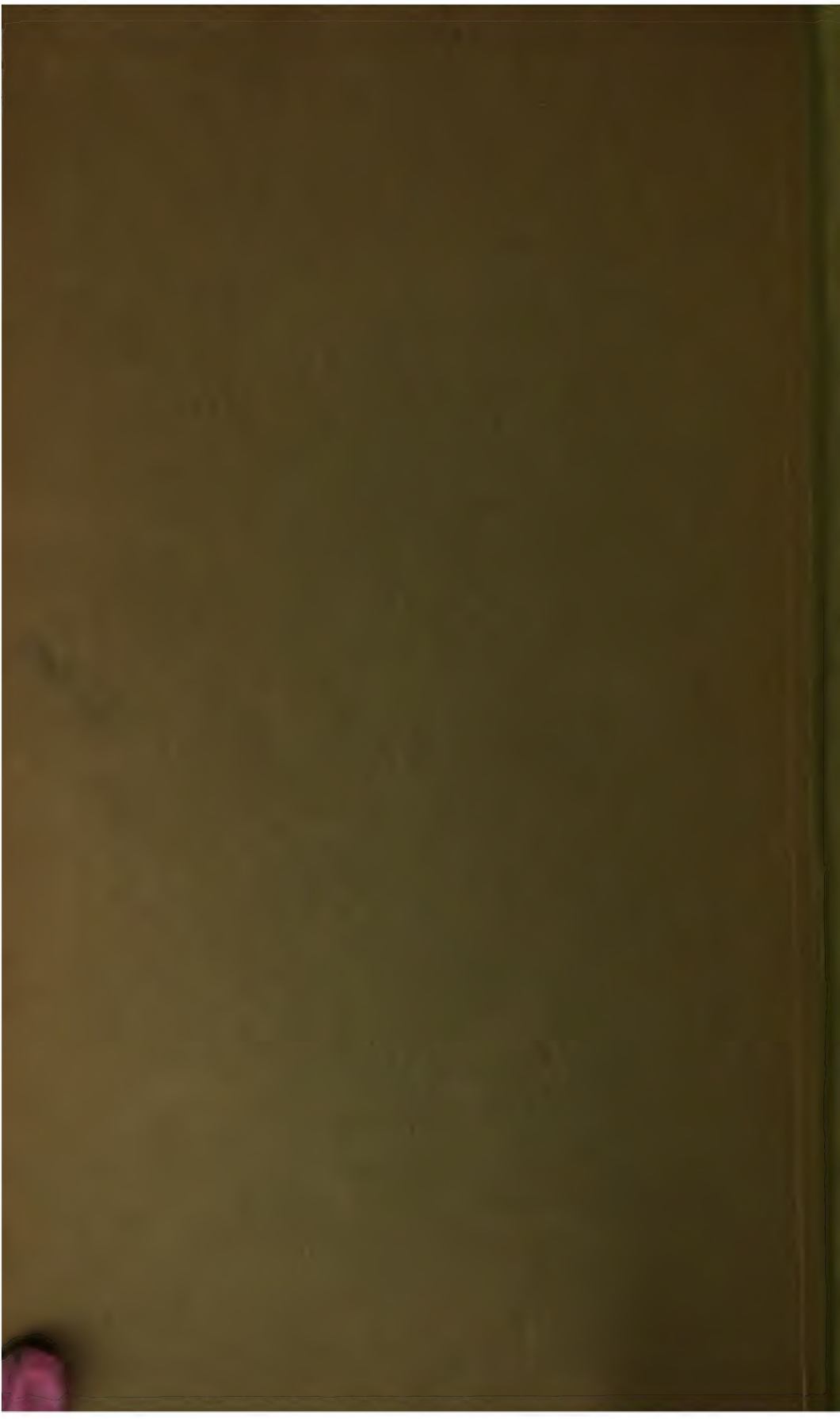
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